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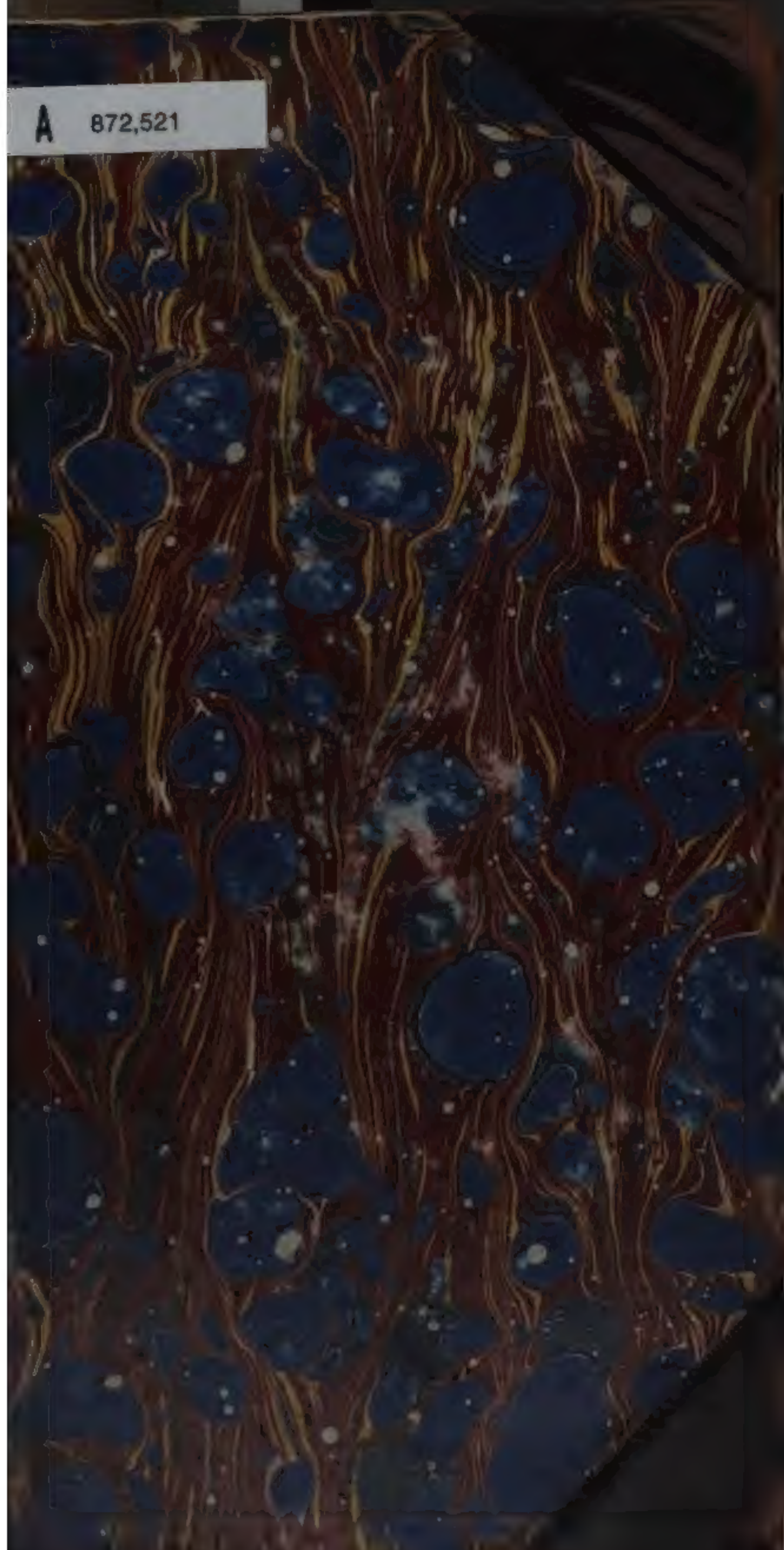
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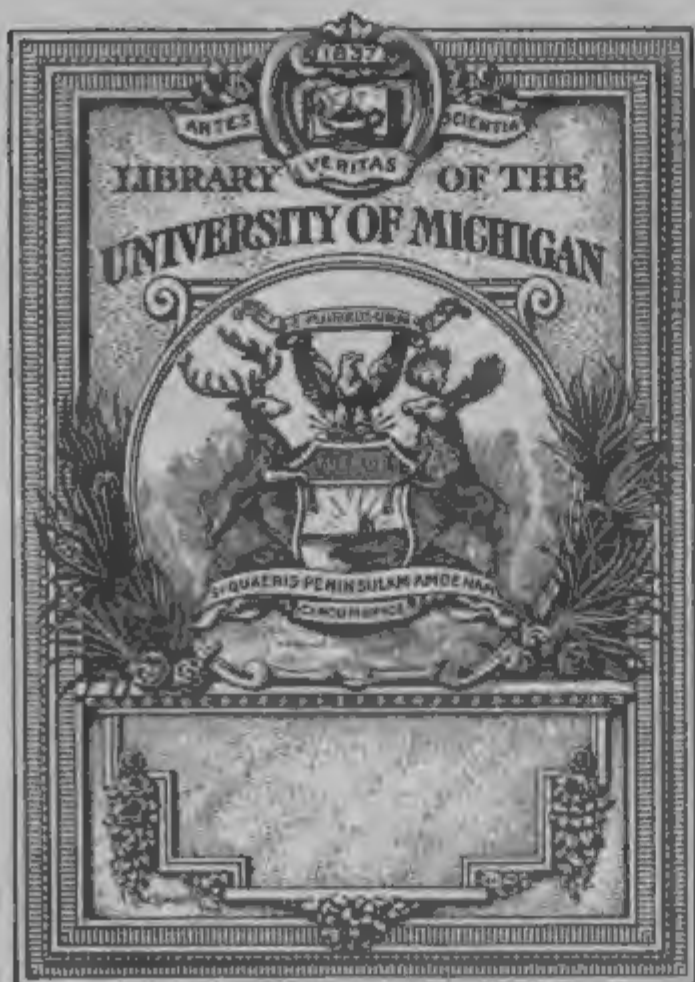
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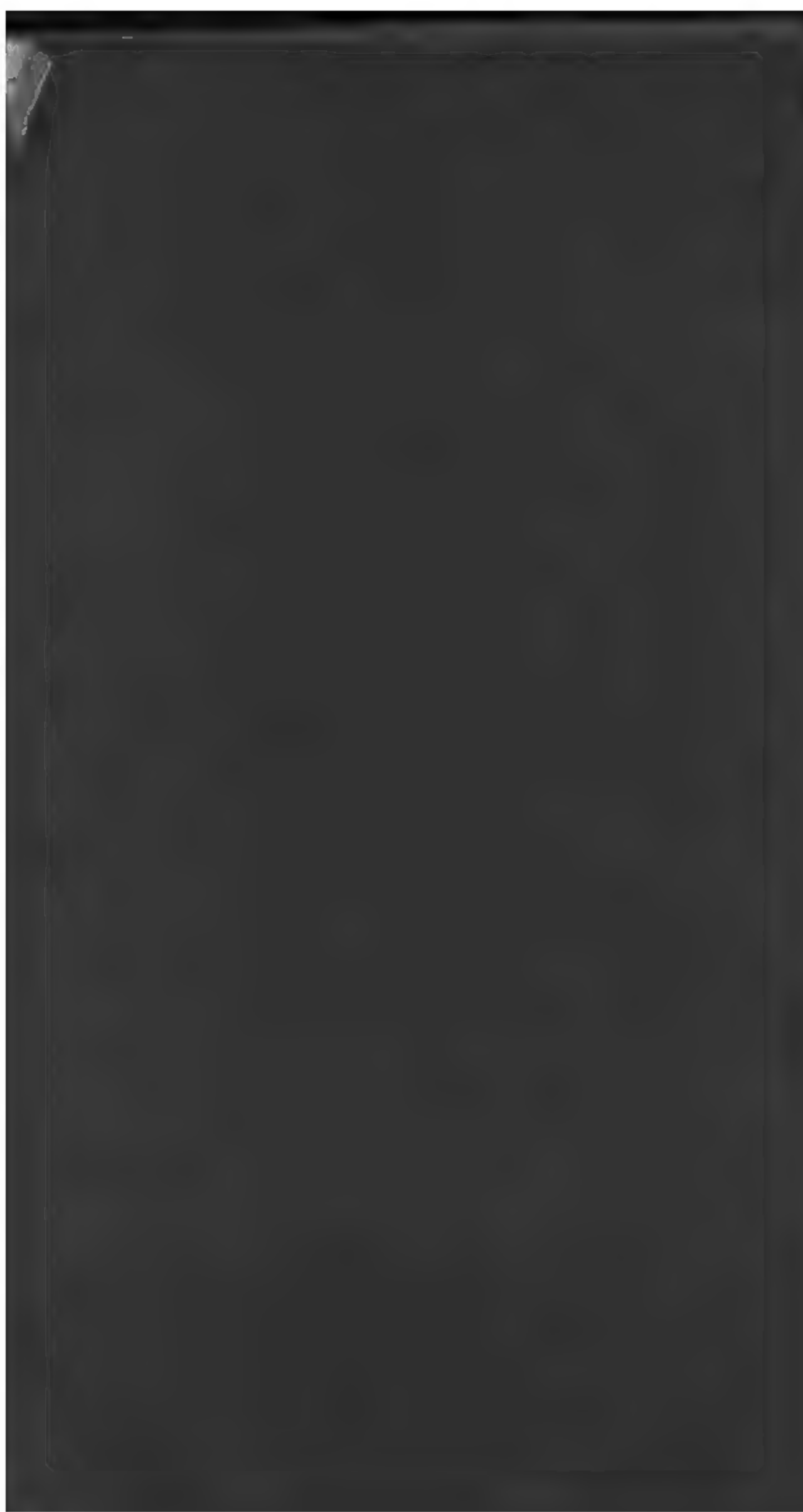
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THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Dr. Lingard's History of England.* Sixth Edition, vols. vi. and vii. London: Dolman.

LIBERTY in this country fell with the Papal Supremacy. It has been shown that the result of servility to royalty was the establishment of the Royal Supremacy. It is now to be shown that the Reformation was simply the result of royal tyranny. The establishment of the Royal Supremacy did not arise from any alteration of religion, either in the nation or the Church, nor even in the sovereign. Henry remained, in faith, a Catholic, until his death. The common idea is that the Reformation caused the separation from Rome, and that the establishment of the Royal Supremacy arose from an alteration of religion. This is an entire error. The Royal Supremacy was established simply for purposes of policy. It was merely a means of riveting the yoke of tyranny. In the statutes establishing it no religious reasons are assigned for it. The reasons assigned were only reasons of expediency. The measure was consummated in 1534. And for years afterwards—until the accession of Henry's heir—no change of religion took place. It was not even professed that the Royal Supremacy was established from a disbelief in the Divine sanction of the Papal Supremacy. This is most remarkable. The common idea is that the English Church and nation "shook off," as the phrase is, "the yoke of Rome," from a sincere conviction of its unscriptural and unchristian character, and the "errors of Romanism." This is the universal impression, among

even educated classes in this country ; nay, to some extent it is the idea of many Catholics ; at all events to this extent, that the English Church, or parliament, under Henry, renounced the Roman Supremacy. Yet it is altogether a delusion. The king compelled his church and parliament—for he was despotic—not to renounce the Roman Supremacy, but to accept his own. It was not that they “shook off” a yoke. They yielded to a yoke ; the yoke of kingly tyranny. They put their necks, and the necks of their posterity, under the yoke of a tyranny more atrocious than had ever been before imposed upon the most enslaved of civilized and Christian nations. They did so from no religious motives, nor upon any religious opinions at all. They were not asked to do so upon any religious grounds. Their enactments upon the subject were not professedly based upon any religious opinions. They did not even disavow the lawfulness of the Papal Supremacy. They took no such broad and pseudo-Scriptural ground. They simply admitted the King to be Head of the Church in this country. It might be, that logically, and theologically, this was inconsistent—as of course practically it was—with the Papal Supremacy. But they did not profess to deem it so, or if they did, they did not dare to disavow the Divine authority of the See of St. Peter. They simply said, “It is expedient, and is the royal pleasure, that the Papal Supremacy shall not be exercised in this country,” which was no more, in principle, than had been said by parliament for two centuries before. Under Edward III. parliament had declared that the Papal Supremacy should not be exercised in this country except at the pleasure of the sovereign, and now Henry only got his parliament to declare that it was his pleasure that it should not be exercised at all. Where was the difference in principle ? The supreme power in any country is that which has the supreme decision as to the exercise of power, whether spiritual or temporal. Henry’s predecessors had, with the aid of servile parliaments, already acquired the power of restricting the exercise of the Papal Supremacy at their pleasure. He prevented its exercise at all. This was not a change of religion. It was simply a spiritual rebellion. Henry said to the Holy Father, “You shall not determine any ecclesiastical causes arising in this realm. You shall not interfere in the nomination of bishops or archbishops.”

But he did not deny that the Pope was the Father of the Church. It is true that Henry asserted that he was Supreme Head of the Church in this country. But this was only putting into *words* what his predecessors had virtually asserted by their *acts*; that is, that they had the power of saying how far the Papal Supremacy should be exercised in this country. And there can be no doubt that so much had men's minds been sophisticated by the subtle but false distinctions between spiritual and temporal, and the royal power of deciding what was "spiritual" and what was "temporal," that many would see no distinction in principle between the new assertion of the Royal Supremacy and the previous assertions of the royal authority, the effect of which virtually was to make the exercise of Papal Supremacy dependant upon the royal pleasure. They desired no more than to suspend its exercise entirely. But we repeat, neither he nor his servile parliament dared to deny its *existence*, or repudiate its lawfulness, and they only set up reasons of policy and expediency against allowing its exercise.

What those reasons were, we have shown from the statutes, and will show by the result. The statutes avowed in the most shameless way two leading motives, the king's jealousy about "treasure going to Rome," and his impatience about the marriage with Anne Boleyn. Immediately upon the establishment of the Royal Supremacy Cranmer confirmed the marriage with Anne, and parliament made it treason to "slander it," i.e., to dispute its validity! Dr. Lingard justly directs the particular attention of his readers to this iniquitous act, which, as he truly observes, though soon swept away, served as a precedent for subsequent legislation of a similar character; in some *respects continued down to our own times*; as in the royal marriage acts. It was made *treason* by an English parliament to deny the validity of a marriage contracted during the lifetime of a wife, with whom the sovereign had cohabited for twenty years, and whose marriage with him had only been declared void by one of his own creatures—the wretched Cranmer—and by a parliament of slavish creatures like him! And we are taught to regard the Royal Supremacy as associated with emancipation of mind and the rise of "freedom" and enlightenment, and the "reformation" of religion. With *religion* it had nothing on earth to do; and as to *emancipation* it

was simply the riveting of one of the most grinding, degrading tyrannies that had ever been known. Lust and rapacity were almost avowed and clearly betrayed, as the motives for its establishment, even upon the face of the very statutes effecting it. And lust having been satiated in the union with Anne, rapacity was speedily gratified in the oppression of religious houses. Here again we pause to remark upon the common error that these and similar measures had any origin in a change of opinion on the part of Church or nation. Not at all. They simply resulted from the royal will. The Church of England never pronounced any opinion upon these or any other matters, except as the mere mouthpiece and at the absolute dictation of the sovereign. They had admitted the king to be her head on earth, and of course could not dispute the will of her head. She was enslaved, as was the nation. These measures were the measures merely of the crown. In fact, the first effect of the suppression of the Royal Supremacy was the establishment of the most iniquitous and execrable tyranny. How should it have been otherwise? It had been the great bulwark against tyranny. It had only been suppressed through servility to the royal will. And now tyranny had no restraint. The very assertion of the Royal Supremacy was the assertion of royal irresponsibility. And the people found a remedy only in rebellion. When some of the heads of religious houses refused to betray their trusts at the royal will, and were arraigned for *treason*, juries could not be brought to convict—so *monstrous* was the iniquity—until threatened personally by Henry's infamous minions with the fate they were made the instruments of inflicting on the poor monks. They were convicted, "and the sentence of the law was executed with the most barbarous exactitude," wrote Dr. Lingard. "They were suspended, cut down alive, embowelled, and dismembered." Such were the horrors which accompanied the suppression of the Papal Supremacy. Advocates of the Church of England disclaim any responsibility for them. The responsibility is immaterial. What is material is this, that whatever assent the Church of England gave to the anti-papal and anti-Catholic legislation of this or subsequent reigns, was extorted from her under a *terrorism*, which resulted from these horrors, and under peril of the laws by which they were perpetrated. Her assent, therefore, while sufficient to unchurch her and

cut her off from Catholic communion, was not an act to which her members can appeal as any evidence of her own sincere conviction or indeed of her own teaching. She had made herself the mistress of a tyrant; she ceased to teach. She merely became the mouthpiece and the tool of tyranny. Henceforth she only echoed with servile acquiescence the erratic utterances of an arbitrary voice. From the moment she admitted the Royal Supremacy she had surrendered all right of independent judgment, she spoke only at the royal will. So far from having emancipated herself, she had enslaved herself. She could not denude herself of responsibility. But she deprived herself of authority. She derived no excuse from her enslavement, for it was the result of her cowardice, and her mean surrender of her function. She chose to be enslaved rather than to suffer. From that moment she had no free voice, and having no free voice she could never after claim to be listened to by her children. It did not please the tyrant at that moment further to tamper with her faith, and she was permitted to retain it for some years longer. But she had solemnly surrendered to the sovereign the trust she had received to teach it, and submitted to his power of changing it when it should so please him. To this hour the Church of England, as by law established, has never been permitted by the crown freely to speak her own mind upon the subject of the Roman Primacy and the Catholic faith. And though chargeable with all the guilt of heresy and schism, because she bowed beneath the yoke of tyranny which imposed them, heresy and schism can derive no shadow of excuse from her assumed authority. She has never dared to declare freely and truly her mind, ever since it became dangerous to declare the truth. She preferred to be sordid, and she deserved to be enslaved. She kept—not the faith—but the temporalities. She bowed tamely to tyranny. She had never, even up to this time, no, nor until long after she had surrendered her freedom and become enslaved, had she ever professed the least doubt as to the Catholic faith. Her submission to the Royal Supremacy was wrung from her by terror, and her acquiescence in the measures which resulted from it had the same cause. The vulgar notion that the Church of England shook off the yoke of Rome because of the errors of Rome, is an absurd error. The Church of England never professed to find any errors in the Catholic faith, so

long as she was free. She professed to find them out long afterwards, at the bidding of the power to which she had become enslaved. They who justify their schism or their heresy by the supposed authority of the State Church, lean indeed not merely upon a broken but a rotten reed. For she had never, while free, spoken a word against the Catholic faith or the supremacy of Rome. And never said she a word against either until she had become so enslaved as to hold her very existence at the will of a tyrant, and was ruled by his minions under all the terrors of the axe, and the horrors of the gibbet;—not until after the murder of Fisher, the martyrdom of More, the butchering of monks and abbots, and the wholesale slaughter of the people.

The wholesale slaughter of the people, for the people rebelled; and heresy and schism can no more claim the credit of the *free* suffrages of the English nation than the English Church. The English people never became Protestant until they had become enslaved. The deaths of Fisher and More, and the execution of the monks, spread horror and terror throughout the country. Erasmus wrote that the English lived under such a system of terror that they dared not write to foreigners nor receive letters from them! The spirit of the nation soon rose against this revolting system, and the whole of the north of England—from the Tweed to the Humber—was in rebellion. The insurgents distinctly complained of the suppression of the monasteries, and the elevation into power of men like Cranmer and Cromwell, whom they denounced as secret enemies of the Church of Christ. The Archbishop of York, and several peers, placed themselves at the head of the rebellion, but unhappily tyranny proved too strong. The struggle was too late. The fetters of arbitrary power had already been too firmly rivetted, and England was enslaved. But from that time until the Great Rebellion—which was the result of a reaction against the royal tyranny now established and was the retribution of the Reformation,—aye, even until the Revolution, and long after, there were a constant succession of insurrections in one part of the kingdom or another, showing how intensely the people of this country were attached to their ancient faith; how reluctant they were to relinquish it, how opposed they were to the rise of Protestantism, and how it was forced upon them by royal tyranny; royal

tyranny, which could never have succeeded in enslaving them had it not been for the suppression of the Supremacy of the Holy See, which had so long proved the bulwark of freedom, and of which the downfall was the downfall of liberty in this country.

And who were the most active agents in thus enslaving England? Among others one John Russell, who with the Pagets, the Seymours, and other profligate parasites of royalty, were now rising into rank and wealth upon the ruins of the religious houses. The priors of the three Charterhouses—of London, Axeholm, and Belleval—had been executed as traitors for refusing to betray their trusts, and the abbots of Colchester, Glastonbury, and Reading, endured the like fate for the like reason. Whiting, the Abbot of Glastonbury, a “very sick and weakly old man,” was sent to the Tower, and brought to confess that he concealed some of the monastery church plate from the king’s minions. He was doomed to a felon’s death, and the *Lord John Russell* of that day, the *first* of the race who was ennobled—ennobled for such services to a tyrant as we are about to narrate—wrote thus to Cromwell:—

“My lorde, this shall be to ascerteayne that on Thursday the Abbott was arrayned and the next daye putt to execution with two others of his monkes for the robbing (!) of Glastonberye Church, the seyde abbott’s body being devyded in foure parts; and hedd stryken off; whereof one quarter standyth at Welles, another at Bathe and at Ylchester and Brgwater the rest, and his hedde upon the Abbey gate at Glaston.”

Such were the sanguinary and sordid services for which the house of Russell was raised to the peerage, a peerage which we believe has very rarely descended in their house in a direct line from father to son. Sir Henry Spelman could tell us the reason why: God’s curse on sacrilege. Sir Henry assures us that the bill for the suppression of the religious houses did not pass until Henry had sent for some of the members and declared that if it did not pass their heads should come off. The house of Russell supported such measures, as will be seen, with more than their votes. They shed the blood of venerable men the sooner to grasp their prey, and the names of Tavistock and Woburn Abbey, aye and of *Convent-garden*, attest the origin of what would be a *pauper* peerage, but for the

plunder of the monasteries. Such is the house which has ever since displayed so *natural* an animosity against Catholicity, and discovers in it something calculated “to enslave the reason and degrade the soul!”

In the meantime, those who dared to differ from the royal will in matters of religion were burnt, under the auspices of Latimer and Cranmer, the Protestant “martyrs.” What a monument of Protestant ignorance and prejudice is the “Martyr Memorial” at Oxford! erected to the memory of men who themselves burnt men to death, for differing from their royal master in religion! Latimer preached at the martyrdom of Forest the friar, whose crime was thus described in an inscription upon his gallows:

“Forest the prior
That infamous liar,
That wilfully will be dead;
In his contumacy
The gospel doth deny,
The king to be supreme head.”

The royal supremacy thus had its victims, under the auspices of the apostles and “martyrs” of Protestantism. Are our readers aware that there have never, in this country, nor we believe elsewhere, been any sufferers of death for opposition to the Papal Supremacy? The few who suffered subsequently for heresy under a Catholic sovereign suffered for reviling the most sacred dogmas of the faith; not for simply disbelieving, nor even for merely denying any doctrine; least of all for denying the Papal Supremacy. The Papal Supremacy was consecrated by martyrdoms, but inflicted none. And it was a royal rebel against the Holy See who first made it capital to deny matters even of discipline, such as the celibacy of the clergy.

At the same time the personal rancour, not less than the bigotry and rapacity of the tyrant, were gratified at pleasure. The Lord Thomas Howard, brother to the Duke of Norfolk, was attainted to appease his jealousy. The Marquis of Exeter, Lord Montague, and others fell victims to his enmity, and the envy of the Seymours at the close of his execrable reign, procured the murder of a nobler victim, the accomplished and illustrious Earl of Surrey, the heir of the house of Norfolk; while his father was marked for slaughter, and only escaped by the providential death of

the tyrant himself. Who were the harpies that thirsted for the blood of the Howards, that they might *batten* on their spoils? Those upstart minions of the Russells, the Herberts, the Pagets, and the Seymours, who were now laying the foundation of their fortunes, in spoliation, slaughter and rapine; servile sycophants to one of the most abominable tyrants who had ever filled the throne of a Christian nation. The Lord Russell had obtained leave from the king to take lands of the Duke of Norfolk to the value of £200 a year; Seymour to the value of £666; Herbert to the value of £266; and so on. They were all it seems dissatisfied with their respective shares of the spoil. The very day of Henry's death a bill was sent to the commons to secure a grant of lands to Paget, so greedy were these minions for their prey. And now they became parties to an infamous imposition which was practised upon the nation in the setting up, by false testimony, of a pretended *will* of Henry's, which had never been duly signed, and which was set up in order to secure to them the virtual sovereignty of the realm under the appearance of a "council." The retribution which followed them was terrible and exemplary, and the more remarkable as it is the first evidence of that "conspiracy of an oligarchy" which was formed at the era of the Reformation to usurp the government of England, and keep it in the hands of a few "great families," that is, *new* families; for all these conspirators were *new* men, who had risen to rank and wealth upon the ruin of the Church, and the wreck of the religious houses, and who sought to exclude the ancient nobility of England from their proper influence in the Government. The chief conspirators were Seymour the Earl of Hertford and his brother Seymour, Lord Russell, Rich, Paget, and Herbert; their first acts were for their own aggrandizement. Hertford was made Duke of Somerset; Seymour, Rich, (ancestor of the house of Holland) Paget, and Herbert, were made barons; and ample provision was made for the new peers to enable them to support their dignities. To Paget, Herbert, and others were assigned manors and lordships which had belonged to the dissolved monasteries, or still belonged to the existing bishoprics; while Somerset grasped lands to the value of £800 a year, with a pension of £300 a year from the first bishopric which should become vacant; and the incomes of a deanery and six prebends in different cathedrals. What good reasons

had these hungry harpies to exult in the Royal Supremacy and rejoice in the suppression of Popery ! Soon Somerset got his satellites, Russell, Cranmer, and Paget, to concur in a treasonable instrument conferring on him alone the whole power of the Crown ; and when Somerset and his associates had established an unconstitutional tyranny in the state, they set about to change the creed of the country. Now it was, and not until now, years after the church had been enslaved by a profligate monarch, and now was become enslaved to a rapacious and unprincipled oligarchy, now it was, and not until now ; now, and under the auspices of these conspirators, that the " Reformation " really began. Until now, no change had taken place in the religious faith of the country. And now it was changed, not at the will of the national Church, but of its oppressors and plunderers, a band of unscrupulous conspirators. These were the apostles of Protestantism, Cranmer and Seymour, or rather Seymour and Cranmer ; for Seymour aided by his satellites was for the time sovereign, and Cranmer was his servile tool. With what motives the conspirators acted in their religious measures as to religion, if their characters could leave doubtful, their acts render clear ; for the measures tending to change the religion were accompanied by others confiscating all the church property which the result of those changes would be to make " superstitious." They proposed to suppress the chantries, colleges, and free chapels, and the funds destined for the support of " obits," anniversaries and church-lights, and all the lands of " guilds," and " fraternities " for pious purposes. Even Cranmer, aware of the real object of the bill, spoke against it, says Dr. Lingard, with some warmth : " But as the harpies of the court were eager to pounce on their prey, he deemed it prudent to withdraw his opposition." Ah, fit type of Protestant prelacy, always supple and servile to courtly influence, and ready to acquiesce in any measures the moment opposition became perilous. The Royal Supremacy had been admitted by men of such character, and only such men of such character, could ever condescend to accept an episcopate, schismatic, degraded, and despoiled.

Under such auspices the " Book of Common Prayer " was in its *original* form established ; its original form, which, as many of our readers are aware, differed most essentially from its present form, so as to put the admirers

of the Church of England in an extremely embarrassing dilemma.

It is a curious circumstance that the only temporal peer of any high influence who protested against the act establishing it was the Earl of Derby, who boasted that his "*nay*" would remain on record as long as parliament remained. Alas! its record now exists to reproach the house of Derby for having swerved from their spirited ancestor's courageous fidelity to the old faith of England. But we must say this of the house of Derby, that it is free from that stain of sacrilege which so disgraces most of the houses of his whig rivals; and it contrasts nobly in this respect with the history of the Seymours and the Russells. The house of Derby was too spirited to become the parasites of profligate tyranny, and so escaped the contagion of that sin of sacrilege which in that age had such terrible retributions. Somerset's brother Seymour, of Sudeley, (mark, *Sudeley had belonged to an Abbey*, and he and his brother had shared the spoils of many religious houses;) now entered into a rivalry with his brother, which ended in his brother bringing him to the block. Then Russell and Paget and others united in destroying Somerset, and ultimately he was brought to the block. Meanwhile, the people, enraged at the monstrous sacrileges of the conspirators, rose in rebellion, and Russell and Herbert were active in slaughtering them, for which services they got earldoms; and hence, out of such achievements, arose the titles of Bedford and Pembroke. So these wicked men went on working their nefarious plots, and one after another meeting their just retribution; "*desiderium peccatorum peribit!*"

These were the men under whom the tyranny of the "royal supremacy" was rivetted upon the nation: and it was made *treason* to deny it! That the tyranny now rampant however was that of an *oligarchy* less than of a *monarchy*—an oligarchy of abandoned men who had risen into wealth and rank upon the ruin and the plunder of the Church;—is plain from this fact, that Somerset had, from an obsequious and servile council, filled with his flatterers and fools, obtained a confirmation of a commission practically vesting in him the whole power of the crown! Ere long the new tyranny pressed heavily upon the people and drove them to revolt. The suppression of the monasteries having caused an increase of mendicancy,

the most cruel statutes were passed to punish the unhappy creatures who were guilty of begging their bread. They were actually adjudged to be the slaves of the reformers, and to be *burnt in the face with red hot irons, and branded with the initial letter of the word slave!* Such was one of the first fruits of the progress of the “free spirit” of Protestantism. And this statute was passed under the auspices of Cranmer, then archbishop. It is true it was repealed in two years; but only in consequence of revolt. By acts of parliament passed by the same men who had enacted these cruel and atrocious statutes—the holy sacrifice was suppressed, and the Calvinistic service instituted.

The people at once arose in arms. Let it be observed we are not now entering into the theological question at all. Indeed we will assume for the moment that Calvinism was truth. What we are concerned in showing is, that it was imposed upon the nation against its will; by force of arms, with bloodshed and with slaughter; by all the fell weapons of a cruel tyranny. The people rose in a great part of England. And Dr. Lingard truly states that if the insurrections were finally suppressed, *it was only with the aid of foreign troops*: the bands of adventurers who had been raised in Italy, Spain, and Germany, to serve in a war against Holland, abandoned mercenaries—the brigands of Europe—ready to fight in any cause for pay. Yes, let the alarming fact be never forgotten, the liturgy of the Established Church was imposed on a reluctant nation by force of arms, and by *foreign mercenaries*. Not that the new nobility—the heads of the upstart houses which had been built on plunder and founded on confiscation—were wanting in their efforts to enslave their fellow countrymen; but they could not succeed without the aid of foreign brigands, paid out of the spoils of the ancient Church, and brought over to slaughter its defenders. The Herberts, the Pagets, the Russells, and the Greys, they were active enough in the bloody work. Herbert, the ancestor of the House of Pembroke,—Russell, the progenitor of the man who wrote the Durham letter,—Grey, Somerset, and others of this infamous oligarchy, slew the people without mercy in every part of the country merely for rising in defence of their altars—in defence of the ancient religion of England. Tens of thousands perished on the field,—thousands were

slain with cruelty—more fell in cold blood. We hear a good deal from protestant writers of the cruelties alleged to have been perpetrated under James II., on suppressing the rebellion of Monmouth. But we never hear from these partial historians of the enormous atrocities committed by the apostles of the new religion originally established. “During these disturbances,” (writes the venerable Lingard, in one of his interesting notes,) “martial law was executed in every part of the kingdom, and often, as we are told, with little attention to justice. Sir A. Kyngstone, provost of the western army (which was under Lord Russell) distinguished himself by the promptitude of his decision, and the pleasantry with which he accompanied it. Having dined with the mayor of Bodmin, he asked him if the gallows was sufficiently strong. The mayor replied that he thought so. “Then,” said Kingstone, “go up and try,” and hanged him without further ceremony. On another occasion, having received information against a miller, he proceeded to the mill, and not finding the master at home, ordered his servant to the gallows, bidding him be content, for it was the best service which he had ever rendered his master.” Such were the horrors and such the terrors, under which the new service was forced upon the people of this country. Such were the inaugural exercises of the rise and progress of this “true religion” and “spirit of freedom,” which we are told are the characteristics of Protestantism.

Meanwhile the head of that abandoned oligarchy, who perpetrated these atrocities for their own sordid purpose, carried his tyranny to a stretch of insolence previously without parallel in the history of England, and which at last scandalized even his servile associates. His friend Paget wrote to him, “of late your grace is grown in great choleric fashion, whenever you are contraried in that which you have conceived in your head.” A quaint reproach but just. His rapacity was equal to his tyranny, and was indeed, its main motive. He had grasped *two hundred* manors or estates out of the spoils of the Church. To build Somerset House, he had demolished the parish church, ordered the bishops to give up their episcopal residences, and to get materials he had pulled down several chapels and religious houses. Sacrilege brought its retribution. Russell and Herbert, with the army that they had used so cruelly in the west

against their countrymen, conspired against him with Warwick, and the servile Cranmer, ever ready to join with the strongest! Paget, and a crowd of similar creatures, soon deserted Somerset; and his fate was sealed. Before long, Warwick, surpassing in insolence the tyrant he had supplanted, unsatisfied with the dukedom of Northumberland, actually conspired to get the crown into his family;—a height of insolence to which as yet, no subject of the realm not of royal blood, in his maddest flights of ambition had ever dared to soar. The Protestant Protector, under the influence of a purer religion, and the impulses of evangelical principles, presumed to conspire, and to conspire by the darkest means, by the aid of the first Protestant primate, (for Cranmer, as usual, servile to the party in power, soon joined in the conspiracy) to set aside the true heir to the crown, and substitute a *private subject*! There is little doubt that the young king fell a victim to these vile machinations, for he perished so soon as he came under the power of Northumberland. The wicked Ridley seconded the servile Cranmer, and had the impudence to preach at Paul's Cross, maintaining the illegitimacy of Mary! But the loyalty of England, then as on so many other occasions, championed by Catholics, speedily crushed the insolent conspiracy. And the daughter of the virtuous Catherine ascended the throne.

Now to have a right impression of the reign of Mary with reference especially to religion, it is necessary to take a retrospective view of the state of opinion in the nation up to the time of her accession. And Dr. Lingard took the just view as it appears to us, when he wrote that although her subjects in general were attached to the ancient worship, they had a strong antipathy to the papal jurisdiction. The new service, he truly states, and we have surely shown, had been established upon "*compulsion, not upon conviction.*" But the supremacy of the Pontiff," continues the historian, "appeared in a different light. Its exercise in England had been abolished for thirty years." That is, abolished formally by law. In previous articles, we have shown that practically, and in effect, it had been abolished for a century and a half. "*The existing generation knew no more of the Pope, his pretensions, or his authority, than what they had learned from his adversaries.*" Ah! and that was

almost true of some generations before; and it is true, alas! in a great degree, of most of the generations since that era. And it is our object in these papers to show that to these views of the authority of the Papacy, are to be ascribed the calamities of England and of Europe; the decline of true knowledge, the fall of real liberty, the growth of tyranny, and all the other evil fruits of heresy.

“His usurpation and tyranny had been the favourite theme of the preachers” (as it has been of the writers) “and the reestablishment of his supremacy had always been described to them as the worst evil which could befall their country. In addition, it was said and believed, *that the restoration of ecclesiastical property was essentially connected with the recognition of the papal authority.*”

Ah, there was the rub. “If the spoils of the Church had been at first confined to a few favourites and purchasers, they were now become by sales and bequests divided and subdivided among thousands, and almost every family of opulence in the kingdom had reason to deprecate a measure which, according to the general opinion would insure the compulsive surrender of the whole or a part of its possession.”

Thus, then, the bulk of the people, by ignorance and prejudice, and the body of the wealthier classes, from interest, were estranged from the Papacy: while even among such as were free from corrupt influences of self-interest, by reason of the long growth of anti-papal traditions, and the spirit of anti-papal legislation, a feeling very far from that of loyal and hearty fidelity to the Papacy existed in England, or, indeed, anywhere in Europe. And then as to the Sovereign herself, the common idea of her character, as that of a blind and bigotted adherent of the Holy See, is founded upon utter ignorance. She was a pious Catholic, but like thousands of pious catholics in that age, not merely laymen, but priests and prelates, she was very far from realizing the degree of obedience due to the Vicar of Christ, and did not *hesitate to disobey him whenever she pleased*. It may startle many to read this of Mary, but it is as true of her as it is of almost all Catholic Sovereigns, in that or any other age: even of those who, by comparison, may be called “good;”—they preferred their own will to that of the Pope. Thus Ferdinand “the Catholic,” as he is called, hanged men who brought into his country Papal

Bulls against his will: just as our own Edwards did or threatened to do. And as Edward II. ordered a Papal legate to be stopped and searched at Dover, so Mary prevented a Papal legate from entering her dominions when she apprehended that he might thwart her will. In the statute reestablishing the Papal Supremacy was an express reservation of those "rights of the regalty" which the Crown of England had ever asserted; comprising the statutes of *præmunire* and *provisors*, which as we have seen practically neutralized that supremacy; and so *thoroughly*, that when Henry VIII. dared to destroy it, and when Mary wished to obstruct it, they had neither of them anything to do but to *enforce those statutes*.

The truth is that the sacredness of the Papal Supremacy, as a part of the Catholic religion, was hardly appreciated or acknowledged in that age. It was imagined, as it had been imagined ever since kingly tyranny had been riveted on the nation, that there might be the Catholic faith and worship without any practical or active principle of obedience to the Holy See. Theoretically and as a question of theology, it was *admitted*; but practically and virtually it was not realized. Hence the fall of religion and of liberty in this country. And Mary failed to retrieve their errors, because she retained that evil principle which had caused it, the latent principle of resistance to Papal authority; i.e. the principle of a power in legislation, or in sovereignty, to limit and restrain it; to prescribe the field for its exercise or the scope for its action; to say "thus far and no further." This involved of course the practical and logical destruction of the Papal Supremacy; for it implied that the political power of a nation was superior to it; and that at the pleasure of the latter it might be resisted, as it was resisted, by Mary, not less than by Henry; by Henry VIII., not more than by Edward III. And it is the more important to observe this since, in ignorance of it, whatever odium belongs to the character of Mary's reign, is associated with the Papacy; whereas, beyond a formal re-acknowledgment of the Papal Supremacy, to no greater extent than it had been admitted by those sovereigns who had most limited and restrained it, there was no recognition of the authority of the Holy See, and little or no definite obedience to it; so little indeed, that the Pope was compelled in order to attain the nominal recognition of

his authority to relinquish the sacred right to restitution, and he was not even able to change his legate.

The Queen, with something of the imperious and rebellious spirit of her father, preferred her relative Cardinal Pole, and refused to receive his successor. So little did she understand of the obedience due to the Holy See. In truth she governed England, or her ministers did for her, with the aid of her councils and her parliament, with very little recourse to the Holy See. It is true that for the most part she governed justly ; but on the other hand they, and not the Holy See, must bear the responsibility of other measures, taken without its sanction, but with the sanction of the council and the parliament. In some able papers on this subject some time ago our contemporary the *Rambler* showed that these measures of persecution were adopted not only without the sanction of the Holy See, but against the wishes of the Papal Legate, and not at the will of the prelates nor of the Queen, but at the instigation of the council ; which comprised many false friends and treacherous foes of the Church ; men anxious about the preservation of the spoils they had acquired from her property, and desirous of promoting a reaction against her by some acts of cruelty which should counteract the impressions produced by their own atrocities in former reigns. Too well they succeeded. And the flames of Smithfield, lighted up by the deceit and insidious agency of the enemies of the Papacy, its covert foes, or its false or half-hearted friends, destroyed the Catholic religion in England ; and sowed the seeds of bitter prejudices and violent passions which survive to this day. Let this fact be impressed upon the minds of all who read ; that as the first statutes for the burning of heretics were passed under Henry IV. by the enemies of the Papacy, by the very parliament which passed the last of the series of anti-papal statutes, and desired to confiscate the property of the Church ; so the burning of heretics was enforced under Mary by the enemies of the Papacy, and by the very men who, upon her death, eagerly joined in destroying it, and who had the best reasons for desiring to destroy it, as they were gorged with Church plunder, and were harpies ever eager for prey ; sycophants ever servile to power. Yes ! it is an historical fact, that force was never resorted to in this country against religious opinions properly speaking at all, except by the Protestants. For the Lollards under Henry IV., or the Protestants under Mary, were rebels

and traitors, and rebelled against lawful authority, the law and religion established by the common law of the realm. But be that as it may, the sword was never unsheathed, the stake was never erected, the fire was never lighted to destroy heretics, but by enemies of the Papacy.* The truth is, that Mary, not herself sufficiently loyal to the Holy See, failed to receive the obedience she failed to render; and thus in her instance, as in numerous others, received the retribution of a half-hearted and hesitating obedience to God. She knew the Pope was Christ's vicar, and nominally acknowledged him as such. But she did not obey him as such. And hence she was left to her own councils, and they, alas! betrayed her. When the Pope thought proper to change his legate in England, "Mary's respect for the Papal authority," writes Dr. Lingard, "did not prevent her from having recourse to the precautions which had so often been employed by her predecessors. The bearer of the papal letters was arrested, his despatches sent to the queen, and the letters of revocation secreted or destroyed. Thus Pole never received official notice of his recall."

And in that very same year the Queen and Pole *died*, within twenty-four hours of each other. Mary had failed to render the sacrifice of obedience to the Vicar of Christ; she had adhered to her own will, chosen her own councillors, and followed their measures. The result was that she failed in re-establishing the Catholic religion, which can only be founded upon the rock of loyalty and fidelity to the successors of St. Peter. Her life was shortened by disappointment, and her reign closed to usher in the re-establishment of heresy and tyranny; we say heresy and tyranny, for Mary was no tyrant to the people; and we have already shown, and shall soon see again, that the decline of Catholicity was ever the fall of liberty. When some servile minion wrote a work recommending to her absolutism, she asked the opinion of honest Gardiner, who said indignantly, "Madam, the book is nought," and she burnt it. What was the character of the reign of Elizabeth? Three words describe it. Heresy, tyranny, and

* Since Dr. Lingard wrote, such books as Mr. Maitland's learned work on the Reformation have amply established this, even on Protestant authority.

immorality. First tyranny. The principles which Mary's Catholic councillors repudiated, the Protestant queen carried out. She made herself absolute, not merely over the lives and liberties of her subjects, but their consciences. She arrogated to herself spiritual supremacy not less than temporal, and made it *treason* to deny it! She abrogated by force the religion recognized by the common law, and the ancient constitution of England, and which, in accordance with that constitution, she had taken an oath to maintain. Her instruments in rivetting the yoke of tyranny upon England were the members of that infamous oligarchy who had tyrannized over it in the name of Edward—Russell, and Herbert, and Grey, and Seymour. New peerages were created to secure the subserviency of the upper house, and in the lower a majority was secured by sending to the sheriffs lists of court candidates, out of whom the members were to be chosen. These acts, aided by cruel statutes, denouncing the terrors of capital punishment against all who resisted the royal tyranny, made the Queen absolute.

The Catholic bishops were to a man deprived of their sees, for refusing to recognise the queen's spiritual supremacy, she having herself sworn to govern according to the ancient religion and constitution which were based upon the Papal Supremacy. Even had she any right to the throne at all, (which she could not have, being a bastard,) this enormous stretch of tyranny would, by the recognized constitutional principles of mediæval Europe, have deprived her of it. Men talk of the tyranny of James II. in attempting mildly to coerce Protestant prelates into a little toleration of Catholicism. Here we have a Protestant queen at one blow depriving the entire hierarchy of the country, for refusing to take a novel oath, unheard of until the reign of tyranny had commenced in England, and directly at variance with the common law and the ancient constitution of the realm, and with the sovereign's oaths at the coronation. Yet we never hear from Protestant writers of the tyranny of this; and those who write so falsely about Papal dispensations of faith with heretics, forget the Protestant power of dispensations by which Elizabeth, their favourite paragon of royal and virgin virtue, obtained the crown by an oath she scrupled not speedily to disregard, in the oppression and persecution of a large body of her subjects. In the same way those who declaim about the cruelties of

Mary are oblivious of the fell penal laws enacted by Elizabeth, and manage always to forget that Mary *made* no penal laws, and only allowed the execution of those already in existence, whereas the restoration of Protestantism was inaugurated by the enactment of the most cruel and bloody set of penal laws ever known in any country since the times of pagan persecution. Servile heretics were, by the royal authority, thrust into all the sees of the kingdom, and they readily reinvested in their mistress all the ecclesiastical property which Mary had restored to the Church, from the plunder vested in the crown, and also agreed to a statute, by which the Queen was empowered on the vacancy of any bishopric to take possession of the land belonging to it, (with the exception of the chief mansion-house and domain) on condition that she gave in return an equivalent in tithes and parsonages appropriate ;—the reign of that system of pluralities and non-residence and misappropriation of tithes which form such a scandal in the Establishment. The oath of supremacy was then tendered by these servile instruments of tyranny to the clergy of the different dioceses. In general it was refused, writes Dr. Lingard, “the deans, prebendaries, archdeacons, and the leading members of the universities, who sacrificed their offices and emoluments, and in some cases their personal liberty, to the dictates of their consciences: but among the lower orders of the clergy, many thought proper to conform: some through partiality for the new doctrines: some through the dread of poverty: some under the persuasion that the present would soon be followed by a new religious revolution.” Merely observing, with regard to that portion of the lower orders of the clergy who it is supposed conformed through partiality for the new doctrines, that they could hardly have been sincere in their partiality for anything except emoluments; since they were all contentedly administering the catholic sacraments and services under Mary—we draw attention to this passage, as doing the highest honour to the old Catholic hierarchy of England at this, (the real era of the alteration of religion)—and, as showing at the same time the means by which heresy was established in this country ;—*brute force*. With regard to the character of the Catholic hierarchy, it should ever be remembered to their honour that all the bishops, and almost all the deans, prebendaries, heads of houses, archdeacons, and other

dignitaries of the higher orders of the clergy, were faithful to the Church, and even confessors of Christ. And it is worthy of remark that the conformists to heresy were among the *lower* orders of the clergy, the least educated, the most likely to be low-minded and sordid in their character, most subservient to the powerful and the rich. This is a fact fatal to the theory of those who ascribe the Reformation to the fault of the Church or the country, and especially to her clergy having grown too wealthy, or too haughty, or too worldly. The simple fact, that the higher orders of her clergy were faithful to the truth, and were impregnable to all the temptations of wealth, and all the blandishments of power, disproves this theory, and destroys the idea so favourite among mean and sordid-minded men, that it is good to keep the Church poor, for which pretence they have plundered her in every country and at every time. Hypocrites! as if riches could be good for *them* if evil for churchmen; as if wealth had not been, even by the most worldly or the least spiritual-minded churchmen, devoted, upon the whole, to far nobler and more liberal uses than by the laity. Ah! the monuments of churchmen's use of wealth are, or were, to be seen in sacred fanes or noble edifices, dedicated to religion, or charity, or education, in every city of Christendom; but the memorials which the rebellious of the laity have left, are the ruins, which form the silent and reproachful records of their violence, their rapine, and their sacrilege! To return, however, to the character of the higher order of the clergy in the time of Elizabeth, we repeat the great fact, that they remained in time of fiery trial faithful to the truth, and proof against all temptations to betray it. The fact was, either that they had risen greatly in character since the time of Henry VIII., when they acknowledged the Royal Supremacy, or, (which is perhaps more correct,) they had then been deceived and entrapped into a step of which experience had since taught them the fatal effects. And now they were faithful to their sacred trust, and refused to betray it at the bidding of a tyrant.

Before passing from this triumphant proof of their fidelity, let us remind our readers of another fact as much to the credit of the religious orders, that in the reign of Henry VIII., even the subservient parliament, which passed edicts of spoliation at the tyrant's will, left on record

a tribute to the memory of the religious of that age, in the acknowledgment, which stands recorded on the statute book, that in "all the large houses religion was right well observed." These great facts establish beyond all doubt the sincerity, the purity, the fidelity of the great bulk of the clergy, religious and secular, at the time of the Reformation, and especially of the prelates and abbots, (many of whom met martyrdom in defence of their trust,) and the higher orders of the clergy. So that the common notion that the Reformation in some degree proceeded from the "corruption" or "worldliness" of the prelacy, and the higher order of the clergy, is as utterly false as are all the other calumnious traditions coined by the knaves who destroyed the Church, and made current by weak and credulous men, who in every age are to be found more ready to repose faith in her enemies than in herself. No, the real cause of the religious revolution called the Reformation, and which, as we have surely shown, had nothing to do with religion, and was rather destruction than revolution, was the worldliness and wretchedness not of the clergy, but of the laity; who resenting the influence exercised by the Church, in restraining their vices, and resisting their evil passions, joined the crown in a conspiracy to cripple her sacred power; and when she refused to be chained, to destroy it altogether, that they might no longer have any check upon their wickedness, and might satiate at once their pride, their lust, and their rapacity. Ever since the time of our Edwards a wicked monarchy, and a wicked aristocracy had been labouring at their accursed work, loading the Church with all the odium which belonged to their own vices; laying upon her the obloquy of their profligate expenditure and waste of the people's money in wild wars and abandoned excesses—above all depreciating and deriding the power of the Holy See, the sole obstacle in the way of their design to create an utterly sordid and subservient hierarchy; doing her utmost to weaken and restrain the exercise of the Papal Supremacy, by legislation and by corrupt judicial coercion; and in the end entirely prostrating it and substituting the Royal Supremacy, which was sure to have sympathy with worldlings, since it was in itself the insolent triumph of worldliness, the setting up of an earthly power against that of Christ's Vicar—the setting up of the human against the Divine—the setting up, in the person of the civil ruler, of a

power which more than any other seems to correspond with that of Antichrist, as described in Scripture, because a power essentially opposed to that of Christ, or exercised in the Church by the visible headship of St. Peter. There was the true origin and the real cause of the awful destruction impiously and ludicrously called the Reformation. Through all its successive stages—from Edward to Elizabeth—the authors and agents in it were wretched men who worked for evil ends and by evil means, and in the long-run effected their object, the subjugation of the power of the Church to their own will. They worked for evil ends, for they showed by their acts in every age that their ends were plunder and spoil, and they rose to rank and wealth on the ruins of things sacred. They worked by evil means; their means were brute force, tyranny, cruelty, and calumny. They sought at first to enslave the English Church, and for a time succeeded, by ensnaring her. But this was only for a time. And they could not ultimately triumph save through barefaced tyranny and brutal force. The great fact is indisputable, that the English Church never freely assented to the religious destruction called the revolution. Up to the time of the abolition of the old English episcopate hierarchy by Elizabeth, the Church of England had never freely adopted the change of religion.

And of course after that time, the thing called a church never could freely act at all; since the bishops were mere nominees of the crown. The Church of England, we repeat, never freely adopted the religious revolution called the Reformation. Under Henry VIII. she adopted the Royal Supremacy, under compulsion, and under deception. Death was actually inflicted on many eminent persons who deemed it blasphemous assumption; and on the other hand the tyrant deceived many by disclaimers as to his constructions or application of it. But no change of religion took place under that tyrant; what occurred under Edward was too transitory and imperfect to amount to an effective alteration of the national religion; the real work was done under Elizabeth! and was done by the *entire disruption of the English Church*. Even bishops were deprived, and intruders thrust into the sees by the arbitrary power of the crown. All the prelates and higher orders of the clergy, and the entire bulk of the clergy, save only such of the lower orders as had proved them-

selves timeservers by retaining benefices under Mary, resisted the alteration of the ancient faith. There was not any "reformation" therefore by the *Church* of England. It was simply an arbitrary alteration by the power of the crown. The crown being absolute—more absolute in its tyranny than that of the Sultan of Turkey—claimed sovereign dominion over the souls and consciences of men, and said, "you shall change your religion." There was not a reformation but a revolution, nay it was rather a destruction than a reformation. The Church of England *refused* to be revolutionized, she was simply destroyed. She refused to be enslaved; she ceased from that hour to exist. What was substituted for her was a mere state establishment, filled by sordid creatures, dependents upon the crown. *The Church of England never adopted the Reformation.*

The people understood this, and rose in rebellion under Elizabeth as they had done under Edward and Henry. "There are *not ten men*," says Sadler (quoted by Dr. Lingard) "in all this country, (the north), who favour and allow of her Majesty's proceedings in the cause of religion." Observe the phrase: her *Majesty's* proceedings. No one for a moment imagined that the English Church had any part in them. The complaint was that the English Church was suppressed. The proceedings of her Majesty in the cause of religion, which were the avowed excuse of the rebellion, consisted as we have seen in destroying the Church. The measure was simply one of tyranny, was so regarded. The rebellion failed, by reason of the want of union among the nobility, and the mutual dread of betrayal which formed so melancholy a feature of their character, and painfully showed the decay of the old English spirit of truth and fidelity. That they were, most of them, (the old nobility,) now, at all events, averse to the religious revolution which had been effected, and which they saw amounted to the establishment of absolutism, is manifest; but it was now too late. They had *raised* the monster of tyranny, and could not destroy it when they would. Dr. Lingard points out significant evidences that even among those of the nobility who affected to be loyal many were so more from mutual jealousy, and apprehensions as to their safety, than from sincere attachment to their sovereign; or still less from approval of the establishment of her spiritual and temporal absolutism. Theirs

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had been the guilt of betraying the Church, and theirs was now the retribution. It was their turn now to suffer tyranny. The rebellion, with their servile assistance, was suppressed with cruel slaughter; and then, one after another, ensnared in Cecil's net-like intrigues, they were drawn to the block. And what remained of the old English nobility after the wars of the Roses was extirpated by the judicial murder of the Tudors. After the reign of Elizabeth, our peerage no more resembled or represented the old English nobility, than did the State Establishment resemble or represent the old English Church. The axe did its work. The houses of Northumberland and of Neville were destroyed; the house of Norfolk was all but extirpated, and only escaped destruction by its union with the house of Arundel; and that again narrowly escaped extermination. The vengeance of heaven fell righteously and heavily on the English nobility, which had now for many generations, and during two centuries, conspired with the crown to enslave the Church, and the small residue of them which was not extirpated was enslaved. Except the Catholic peerages, there is hardly one which, in the same family or line now represents any of the old English peerages. With those exceptions, there are hardly any anterior to the reign of Henry. The illustrious house of Derby* is the only one which occurs to our minds as a Protestant peerage which is an exception to the rule. The *titles* in some instances remain, but have been transferred to other families. In *Catholic* peerages alone, with rare exceptions, the titles and families remain united. Even of those Protestant peerages which were created after the wars of the Roses, few remain but such as were, under Elizabeth, covertly Catholic. Thus the houses of Pembroke and Derby were always regarded with suspicion as secretly Catholic. The peerage of England, however, was too thoroughly prostrated to do more than conspire. They had lost, if not their ancient courage, at all events all mutual confidence; and they did but live to ruin and betray one another. The nobility of England was destroyed; along with that old Church which they had

* The barony of De Ros is very ancient, but has passed out of the family of the original holder.

basely deserted. The iron of tyranny entered into their souls.

The history of no nation supplies any record of a tyranny so revolting, so debasing, and so oppressive. Espionage and inquisition were among its instruments; every nobleman had spies among his servants ever ready to betray him; and for those who refused so to betray, tyranny had all the terrors of the torture. Such were the means by which the suppression of the ancient religion of England was accomplished. Said we not truly when we said that it was simply the triumph of tyranny? So long as the Catholic Church existed, (and she existed only so long as the supremacy of the Holy See was acknowledged and obeyed,) tyranny could not be thoroughly established. The Church once prostrated, tyranny achieved its triumph. No Turkish tyranny ever exercised a more atrocious absolutism than that of Elizabeth; nay, not one half so atrocious, for a Turkish sovereign could never dare to alter the religion of his subjects. The establishment of Protestantism was effected by excesses of tyrannical cruelty more odious and hideous than ever disgraced the fell domination of the Pagan or the Saracen. Confessions were extorted by the agonies of torture; and then the victims were dragged to execution for crimes they had never committed. No Englishmen dared to express the least opinion upon any matter of Church or State. For a few words spoken by a country gentleman of the Queen's infamous paramour Leicester, he and his family were arrested and thrown into a dungeon; and he was tortured and executed. No one can conceive the state of abject terror in which our forefathers lived under the glorious reign of the *virgin* Queen. It is something hideous and sickening even to contemplate in history. Meanwhile cruel penal laws were passed and executed with fell tenacity of purpose. And he who writes these lines has heard the man who denounced the Catholic religion as tending to "enslave the soul," and is fond of declaiming about the "free spirit" of Protestantism, defend these laws, because, as he says, they were enacted for political purposes! No doubt they were. What cared the tyrant for religion? What did ever tyrant care about religion? What did any tyrant ever care about, save his own power and will? And according to the Protestant defenders of the penal policy of the Reformation, cruel persecution is excusable,

if perpetrated for political purposes ! i.e. for the purpose of establishing tyranny ! As if persecution ever was perpetrated for any other purpose ! or as if, even if it were, it could on that account be any the more vile than if perpetrated for the sake of establishing tyranny ! As if it was any palliation for the fiend-like cruelties of Elizabeth that they were inflicted in order to rivet on her subjects a most revolting tyranny ; and under terror of it to extirpate their ancient religion, because it was inimical to such tyranny ! What an unconscious tribute does this view of her apologists render to the character of the Catholic Church ! Tyranny could not be established until that Church was suppressed. And it could not be suppressed, save by bloodshed and torture, which brought about a reign of terror ! Ah, had the people and the peerage of England remained true to the Church, they would never have groaned under this horrible despotism. Had the Church always been as true to the Holy See as she was at the *last*, (alas, too late for anything but martyrdom), she would never have had to choose between being enslaved and destroyed ; for the *nation* would have been true to her. The fall of the supremacy was the fall of the Church, and the fall of the Church was the fall of liberty.

ART. II.—1. *Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah.* By Richard F. Burton, Lieutenant Bombay Army. Vol. III. London : Longman, 1856.

2. *First Footsteps in East Africa; or an Exploration of Harar.* By R. F. Burton. 8vo. London : Longman, 1856.

MR. BURTON has at length completed the Narrative of his Pilgrimage by the publication of a third volume, which contains the Pilgrimage to Meccah.

The reader may recollect, that having successfully accomplished the first part of his hazardous enterprise, the pilgrimage to Medinah, this active traveller reverted to the great project of exploring the interior of Arabia, which he had proposed, to the consideration of the Geographical

Society, and for which, though it had at the time been regarded as impracticable, an opportunity seemed now to present itself. He had been informed that a pilgrim caravan regularly came each year from Muscat, on the Eastern coast, to Medinah; and he hoped, by joining this caravan, on its return after the pilgrimage, to traverse with tolerable security and ease, as well as with much advantage as an explorer, the whole breadth of that vast, and to Europeans, utterly unknown region. To his great disappointment, however, he learned at Medinah, that this pilgrim caravan had long ceased to arrive from the East; and that, if he entertained the thought of crossing to Muscat, he must do so as an independent traveller. To perform the journey in Bedouin fashion is an enterprise which few Europeans could dream of undertaking. The distance is about fifteen hundred miles through a barren desert, and, even with the Bedouins themselves, occupies from nine to twelve months; and we may form some idea of the daring and determined character of Mr. Burton, from the fact of his seriously contemplating such a project, and actually entering into private negotiations with one of the chiefs for the purpose of carrying it into execution.

These negotiations, however, proved a failure. In addition to other difficulties which arose, Mr. Burton's Bedouin friend confessed that, in the existing circumstances of Arabia, no small party could, with the slightest prospect of security, attempt even a journey of a few days in the Desert, much less the transit of the entire peninsula; and Mr. Burton was reluctantly compelled to fall back upon the ordinary round of the pilgrimage, and pursue his way to Meccah in the company of the regular caravan.

There are four roads from Medinah to Meccah. The Darb El Sultani, or "Sultan's Way," which, for the most part follows the coast line, is already known from the description of Burckhardt. There is a second, by the Wady El Kura, which is often taken by dromedary caravans, and which has a regular supply of wells, together with a well secured right of passage. A third, called the "Tarik El Ghabir," is avoided by the great caravans on account of its rugged passes. Mr. Burton took the Darb El Sharki, or "Eastern Road," by Suwayrkiyah, Zari-bah, and El Birkat, a distance, upon the whole, of about two hundred and fifty miles.

The caravan received the signal to start early on the

morning of the 31st of August, 1853, and at at nine a.m. Mr. Burton parted at the "Egyptian Gate" from his Medinah friends; and, still attended by "the boy Mohammed," whom we have already met as the companion of Mr. Burton's Medinah pilgrimage, took his place in the long line of pilgrims. The number, to judge from appearance, was at least seven thousand, some on foot, some on horseback, or in litters, or bestriding the splendid camels of Syria. Mr. Burton describes no less than eight gradations of pilgrims. The lowest hobbled with heavy staves. "Then came the riders of asses, camels and mules. Respectable men, especially Arabs, mounted domedaries, and the soldiers had horses: a led animal was saddled for every grandee, ready whenever he might wish to leave his litter. Women, children, and invalids of the poorer classes sat upon a 'haml musattah,'—bits of cloth spread over the two large boxes which form the camel's load. Many occupied shibriyahs, a few, shugdufs, and only the wealthy and the noble rode in Takhtrawan (litters), carried by camels or mules. The morning beams fell brightly upon the glancing arms which surrounded the stripped Mahmal, and upon the scarlet and gilt litters of the grandees. Not the least beauty of the spectacle was its wondrous variety of detail: no man was dressed like his neighbour, no camel was caparisoned nor horse clothed in uniform, as it were. And nothing stranger than the contrasts;—a band of half-naked Takturi marching with the Pacha's equipage, and long-capped, bearded Persians conversing with Tarbushed and shaven Turks."

The expenditure of these various grades of course varies exceedingly. A man and his wife have been known to start from Alexandria with but five pounds to defray the entire expense of the pilgrimage, excepting only the slender stock of provisions which they can carry upon such a journey. And upon the other hand, the minimum expenditure for mere necessities (exclusive of gifts and luxuries,) of a man who journies from Damascus in a *takhtrawan*, or litter of the first class, to Meccah and back again, would be twelve hundred pounds!

The journey through the Desert in most respects resembles that between Cairo and Suez; but Mr. Burton takes occasion from it to enter at some length into an account of the varieties of the Arab race, which will be read with interest. The Bedouins of the Hejaz present many points

of resemblance with the kindred tribes of the greater Desert. Their manners have the same freedom and simplicity which are the common characteristic of all primitive races; vulgarity and affectation, as well as awkwardness and embarrassment, being, as he well observes, words of civilized growth, unknown to the people of the Desert. Some of their every-day usages, however, natural and unconstrained as they seem in their desert home, would provoke many a smile in European society. Thus, when two friends meet, they either embrace, or they both extend the right hand, clapping palm to palm; their foreheads are then either pressed together, or they move their heads from side to side, while for minutes together they continue their mutual inquiries. The well-known "Gaab El Burut," or "gunpowder play," too, would prove rather startling. When a friend approaches the camp, those who first catch sight of him, shout out his name, gallop up with lance in rest, and with that fierce air, which even in their friendliest moods they never lose, firing their matchlocks, and executing in sport various other evolutions, which, to a stranger, bear the most unequivocal appearance of hostility, and which, in more than one instance, have filled with alarm the very parties in whose honour they were intended.

Even among the more civilized members of the pilgrim caravan, this desert life is a wild affair enough. Mr. Burton one day observed a Turk and an Arab in violent altercation, although neither of them could speak a word of the language of the other; the cause of the dispute being, simply, whether the Arab camel driver should permit the Turk to add to the camel's load a few dry sticks, which he had picked up, as fuel, upon the march. The pilgrim persisted in placing the sticks upon the camel. The driver as perseveringly flung them off; till at last, screaming with rage, and hustling one another furiously, the Turk dealt the Arab a heavy blow. That night the pilgrim was mortally wounded, his stomach being ripped up with a dagger; and when Mr. Burton inquired his fate, he was coolly assured that he "had been comfortably wrapped up in his shroud and placed in a half-dug grave! This is the general practice in the case of the poor and solitary, whom illness or accident incapacitates from proceeding. It is impossible to contemplate such a fate without horror: the torturing thirst of a wound, the burn-

ing sun heating the brain to madness, and—worst of all, for they do not wait till death—the attacks of the jackal, the vulture, and the raven of the wild.”

The extraordinary patience and docility of the camel are nowhere seen in such a striking light as amid the disorder and confusion of these crowded marches. The driver has an established language by which he signifies his wish to the animal. “*Īkh, ikh!*” makes them kneel; “*Yâhh, yâhh!*” urges them to speed; “*Hai, hai!*” suggests caution; and so on for all conceivable contingencies. Indeed, all their docility and all their patience are needed in such scenes (and this forms the staple of the pilgrimage,) as the following.

“Darkness fell upon us like a pall. The camels tripped and stumbled, tossing their litters like cock-boats in a short sea; at times the shugdufs were well nigh torn off their backs. When we came to a ridge worse than usual, old Masud would seize my camel’s halter, and, accompanied by his son and nephew bearing lights, encourage the animals with gesture and voice. It was a strange, wild scene. The black basaltic field was dotted with the huge and doubtful forms of spongy-footed camels with silent tread, looming like phantoms in the midnight air; the hot wind moaned, and whirled from the torches sheets of flame and fiery smoke, whilst ever and anon a swift-travelling *Takhtrawan*, drawn by mules, and surrounded by runners bearing gigantic *mashals*, threw a passing glow of red light upon the dark road and the dusky multitude. On this occasion the rule was ‘every man for himself.’ Each pressed forward into the best path, thinking only of preceding others. The Syrians amongst whom our little party had become entangled, proved most unpleasant companions: they often stopped the way, insisting upon their right to precedence. On one occasion a horseman had the audacity to untie the halter of my dromedary, and thus to cast us adrift, as it were, in order to make room for some excluded friend. I seized my sword; but Shaykh Abdullah stayed my hand, and addressed the intruder in terms sufficiently violent to make him slink away. Nor was this the only occasion on which my companion was successful with the Syrians. He would begin with a mild ‘Move a little, O my father!’ followed, if fruitless, by ‘Out of the way, O father of Syria!’ and if still ineffectual, concluding with a ‘Begone, O he!’ This ranged between civility and sternness. If without effect, it was followed by revilings to the ‘Abusers of the Salt,’ the ‘Yezid,’ the ‘Offspring of Shimr.’ Another remark which I made about my companion’s conduct well illustrates the difference between the Eastern and the Western man. When traversing a dangerous place, Shaykh Abdullah the European attended to his camel with loud cries o

'Hai! Hai!' and an occasional switching. Shaykh Abdullah the Asiatic commended himself to Allah by repeated ejaculations of 'Ya Sâtir! Ya Sattâr!'—Personal Narrative, Vol. iii. pp. 113-116.

One of the stages of the journey, El Zaribah, is fixed by usage for the pilgrim's assuming the Haji garb, or what is called the ceremony of El Ihram. On the afternoon of the appointed day, before the afternoon prayer, a barber attends the intended pilgrims, to shave their heads, cut their nails, and trim their mustachios. The pilgrims must next bathe, and according to some doctors, perfume themselves. Next comes the investiture with the pilgrim dress. It consists of two long white cotton cloths, with narrow red stripes and fringes, six feet long, by three-and-a-half broad, and may best be described as closely resembling the ordinary dress of the baths in the East. One of the cloths, which is called the Rida, is thrown over the back, and leaving the arm and shoulder bare, is gathered in a knot at the right side. The second cloth, called "Izar," is wrapped round the loins, covering the person from the waist below the knee, and is secured at the middle by having the ends underlapped. The head is kept bare, as is also the instep;—the only covering allowed for the foot being a sandal, like that of the capuchin. All these formalities are scrupulously exacted from the aspirant to the pilgrimage; and Mr. Burton, true to the same strange laxity of principle which we observed in his former volumes, not only did not hesitate to comply with them all, but even submitted freely to the still more unequivocally censurable ceremonial which followed the adoption of the "Ihram." Only conceive a Christian gentleman, "placing himself with his face in the direction of Meccah," and in so many express words "*vowing* the Ihram of Hajj (pilgrimage) and the 'umrah,' (or little pilgrimage,) *to Allah Almighty;*" then "performing a two-prostration prayer," that "*Allah may enable* him to accomplish the two, and may accept them both, and *make both blessed* to him;" then reciting the "Talbiyat"—a further act of adjuration and praise to Allah, which is "repeated as frequently as possible, till the conclusion of the ceremony." (p. 125-6.) We know not how these things may appear in the eyes of Mr. Burton's co-religionists. It is true that Burckhardt led the way for him in this course of systematic mummary; but in the days of Burckhardt's

pilgrimage, the public mind had hardly recovered from the shock of the fearful religious revolution which had but just passed over it, and the religious instinct of men had scarcely recovered its tone. Nor can we believe that an age of serious and solemn thought will accept even such information as Mr. Burton brings home without reprobating, or at least deploring the manner by which it was obtained.

All the other conditions of the pilgrimage are in keeping with these. The pilgrims during the Hajj are debarred from all pursuits which tend to take away life—from “killing game, causing an animal to fly, or even pointing it out for destruction.” They are not permitted even “to scratch themselves, save with the open palm, *lest vermin should be destroyed*, or a hair uprooted by the nail!” For any infraction of them or other details of this complicated observance, they are obliged to *sacrifice a sheep!* And it is understood that the victim is sacrificed “as a confession that the offender deems himself worthy of death!” (p. 126.)

The female pilgrims are not exempt from the obligation of assuming the ihram, but for them the costume is different. The wife and daughter of one of Mr. Burton's Turkish fellow-pilgrims assumed the ihram at the same time with himself, but they appeared merely “dressed in white garments;” the only striking peculiarity of their pilgrim costume being that “they had exchanged the ‘lisam,’ that coquettish fold of muslin that veils without concealing the lower part of the face, for a hideous mask, made of split, dried, and plaited palm leaves, with two ‘bull's-eyes’ for light.” He could not help laughing at the strange figure which they presented, and “to judge from the shaking of their shoulders, they were not themselves less susceptible to the merriment which they had caused.” The reason why women are obliged to resort to this very unbecoming substitute (which might well indeed be called an “ugly,”) is, that as during the Hajj it is not permitted that the veil should touch the face, it is necessary to adopt an inflexible mask, which, by always maintaining the same position, avoids the danger of possible contact.

Upon the journey to Meccah the caravan encountered no less a personage than Abd el Muttalib bin Ghalib, the present Sherif of Meccah. He is described as “a dark, beardless old man with African features, derived from his

mother. He was plainly dressed in white garments and a white muslin turban, which made him look jet black ; he rode an ambling mule, and the only emblem of his dignity was the large green satin umbrella borne by an attendant on foot. Scattered around him were about forty match-lock-men, mostly slaves. At long intervals, after their father, came his four sons, Riza Bey, Abdullah, Ali, and Ahmed, the latter still a child. The three elder brothers rode splendid dromedaries at speed ; they were young men of light complexion, with the true Meccan cast of features, showily dressed in bright-coloured silks, and armed, to denote their rank, with sword and gold-hilted dagger."

The position of the Sheriff of Meccah is, in many respects, peculiar. The political governor of the Hejaz is of course the Pacha Ahmed, who rules as the representative of the Sultan. But the Sherif has a spiritual as well as a temporal character ; and, in virtue of this relation, aided by the national antipathies entertained for the Turks by the Arab population, he is enabled to exercise a very considerable controul, and in many instances has succeeded in thwarting most effectually the measures of the Turkish Pacha and his party.

The journey, in all about two hundred and fifty miles, occupied eleven days. The first sight of the Holy City which the Haji obtains, affords another occasion for the renewal of the complicated ceremonial of the pilgrimage.

"We halted as evening approached, and strained our eyes, but all in vain, to catch sight of Meccah, which lies in a winding valley. By Shaykh Abdullah's direction, I recited after the usual devotions, the following prayer. The reader is forewarned that it is difficult to preserve the flowers of Oriental rhetoric in a European tongue.

" 'O Allah! verily this is thy safeguard (Amn) and thy Sanctuary (Haram)! Into it whoso entereth becometh safe (Amin). So deny (Harrim) my flesh and blood, my bones and skin, to hell-fire. O Allah! Save me from thy wrath on the day when thy servants shall be raised from the dead. I conjure thee by this that thou art Allah, besides whom is none (thou only), the merciful, the compassionate. And have mercy upon our lord Mohammed, and upon the progeny of our lord Mohammed, and upon his followers, one and all!' This was concluded with the 'Talbiyat,' and with an especial prayer for myself.

"We again mounted, and night completed our disappointment. About 1 A.M. I was aroused by general excitement. 'Meccah! Meccah!' cried some voices; 'The Sanctuary! O the Sanctuary!' exclaimed others; and all burst into loud 'Labbayk,' not un-

frequently broken by sobs. I looked out from my litter, and saw by the light of the southern stars the dim outlines of a large city, a shade darker than the surrounding plain. We were passing over the last ridge by an artificial cut, called the Saniyat Kudaa. The 'winding path' is flanked on both sides by watch-towers, which command the 'Darb el Maala,' or road leading from the north into Meccah. Thence we passed into the Maabidah (northern suburb), where the sherif's palace is built. After this, on the left hand, came the deserted abode of the Sherif bin Aun, now said to be a 'haunted house.' Opposite to it lies the Jannat el Maala, the holy cemetery of Meccah. Thence, turning to the right, we entered the Sulaymaniyah or Afghan quarter. Here the boy Mohammed, being an inhabitant of the Shamiyah or Syrian ward, thought proper to display some apprehension. These two are on bad terms; children never meet without exchanging volleys of stones, and men fight furiously with quarter-staves. Sometimes, despite the terrors of religion, the knife and sabre are drawn. But these hostilities have their code. If a citizen be killed, there is a subscription for blood money. An inhabitant of one quarter, passing singly through another, becomes a guest; once beyond the walls, he is likely to be beaten to insensibility by his hospitable foes.

"At the Sulaymaniyah we turned off the main road into a byeway, and ascended by narrow lanes the rough heights of Jebel Hindi, upon which stands a small whitewashed and crenellated building called a 'fort.' Thence descending, we threaded dark streets, in places crowded with rude cots and dusky figures, and finally at 2 A. M. we found ourselves at the door of the boy Mohammed's house."—Vol. iii. pp. 142-146.

The caravan, arriving at Meccah on the morning of the 7th Z'ul Hijjah, (11th September,) anticipated by a day the commencement of the regular term of pilgrimage; and Mr. Burton had time to visit the Haram before he entered upon the solemn religious visitation of it, which forms the great duty of the Hajj.

This celebrated enclosure, the chief, although by no means the sole object of the Meccah pilgrimage, is in Moslem eyes the holiest sanctuary upon earth, ranking in this respect before the mosque of the city of the Prophet itself. It is called indifferently Bait Allah, (House of Allah,) and (from its form) Kaabah, (cube house), and stands in an enclosed oblong square, 250 paces long, by 200 broad, with a colonnade upon the eastern side, from which paved causeways, admitting four or five persons to walk abreast, lead towards the Kaabah. This building, and all its sacred appurtenances, are minutely described

by Mr. Burton, who adopts as his text the well-known description of Burckhardt, (who spent three months in Meccah,) corrected and illustrated by his own observations. The building itself has little of interest.

“ ‘Towards the middle of this area stands the Kaabah ; it is 115 paces from the north colonade, and 88 from the south. For this want of symmetry we may readily account, the Kaabah having existed prior to the mosque, which was built around it, and enlarged at different periods. The Kaabah is an oblong massive structure, 18 paces in length, 14 in breadth, and from 35 to 40 feet in height. It is constructed of the grey mekka stone, in large blocks of different sizes joined together, in a very rough manner, with bad cement. It was entirely rebuilt, as it now stands, in A. D. 1627. The torrent in the preceding year had thrown down three of its sides, and, preparatory to its re-erection, the fourth side was, according to Asamy, pulled down, after the Olemas, or learned divines, had been consulted on the question whether mortals might be permitted to destroy any part of the holy edifice without incurring the charge of sacrilege and infidelity.’

“ ‘The Kaabah stands upon a base two feet in height, which presents a sharp inclined plane. Its roof being flat, it has at a distance the appearance of a perfect cube. The only door which affords entrance, and which is opened but two or three times in the year, is on the north side and about seven feet above the ground. In the first periods of Islam, however, when it was rebuilt in A. H. 64 by Ibn Zebeyr (Zubayr), chief of Mecca, it had two doors even with the ground-floor of the mosque. The present door (which, according to Azraky, was brought hither from Constantinople in A. D. 1633), is wholly coated with silver, and has several gilt ornaments ; upon its threshold are placed every night various small lighted wax candles, and perfuming pans, filled with musk, aloe-wood, &c.’ ”—Vol. iii. pp. 154-158.

The most venerable object, however, contained in the Kaabah is the “Hajar el Aswad,” or “Stone of Destiny.” It is now called the “Black Stone” of Meccah ; although all the Moslem doctors agree that it was originally white, but became black through the sins of men.

“ ‘At the north-east corner of the Kaabah, near the door, is the famous ‘Black Stone ;’ it forms a part of the sharp angle of the building, at four or five feet above the ground. It is an irregular oval, about seven inches in diameter, with an undulating surface, composed of about a dozen smaller stones of different sizes and shapes, well joined together with a small quantity of cement, and perfectly well smoothed: it looks as if the whole had been broken

into many pieces by a violent blow, and then united again. It is very difficult to determine accurately the quality of this stone, which has been worn to its present surface by the millions of touches and kisses it has received. It appeared to me like a lava, containing several small extraneous particles of a whitish and of a yellowish substance. Its colour is now a deep reddish brown, approaching to black. It is surrounded on all sides by a border composed of a substance which I took to be a close cement of pitch and gravel of a similar, but not quite the same, brownish colour. This border serves to support its detached pieces; it is two or three inches in breadth, and rises a little above the surface of the stone. Both the border and the stone itself are encircled by a silver band, broader below than above, and on the two sides, with a considerable swelling below, as if a part of the stone were hidden under it. The lower part of the border is studded with silver nails.'"—Vol. iii. pp. 158-162.

The other objects of pilgrim veneration, though somewhat inferior in sacredness, are for the most part reputed memorials of the same events, or at least of events connected with the names of Abraham or Ishmael.

“ ‘In the south-east corner of the Kaabah, or, as the Arabs call it, Rokn el Yemany, there is another stone about five feet from the ground; it is one foot and a half in length, and two inches in breadth, placed upright, and of the common Meccah stone. This the people walking round the Kaabah touch only with the right hand; they do not kiss it.

“ ‘On the north side of the Kaabah, just by its door, and close to the wall, is a slight hollow in the ground, lined with marble, and sufficiently large to admit of three persons sitting. Here it is thought meritorious to pray: the spot is called El Maajan, and supposed to be where Abraham and his son Ismail kneaded the chalk and mud which they used in building the Kaabah; and near this Maajan the former is said to have placed the large stone upon which he stood while working at the masonry. On the basis of the Kaabah, just over the Maajan, is an ancient Cufic inscription; but this I was unable to decipher, and had no opportunity of copying it.’”—Vol. iii. pp. 162-164.

Still more venerable is the “Myzab,” the spout which carries the water of the roof and discharges it upon the grave of Ismail, where the pilgrims fight eagerly for it as it falls, in order to carry it home as a sovereign remedy.

“ ‘On the west (north-west) side of the Kaabah, about two feet below its summit, is the famous Myzab, or water-spout, through which the rain-water collected on the roof of the building is dis-

charged, so as to fall upon the ground; it is about four feet in length, and six inches in breadth, as well as I could judge from below, with borders equal in height to its breadth. At the mouth hangs what is called the beard of the Myzab; a gilt board over which the water flows. This spout was sent hither from Constantinople in A. H. 981, and is *reported* to be of pure gold. The pavement round the Kaabah, below the Myzab, was laid down in A. H. 826, and consists of various coloured stones, forming a very handsome specimen of mosaic. There are two large slabs of fine *verde antico* in the centre, which, according to Makrizi, were sent thither, as presents from Cairo, in A. H. 241. This is the spot where, according to Mohammedan tradition, Ismayl the son of Ibrahim, and his mother Hajirah are buried; and here it is meritorious for the pilgrim to recite a prayer of two Rikats. On this side is a semicircular wall, the two extremities of which are in a line with the sides of the Kaabah, and distant from it three or four feet, leaving an opening, which leads to the burial place of Ismayl. The wall bears the name of El Hatym; and the area which it encloses is called Hedjer or Hedjer Ismayl, on account of its being separated from the Kaabah: the wall itself also is sometimes so called.'"—Vol. iii. pp. 164-166.

Opposite to each of the four sides of the Kaabah stands a small building, called "Makam," one set apart for the Imaums of each of the four orthodox sects of Mahometanism—the Hamfy, the Shafey, the Hanbaly, and the Maleky; and the adherents of these several sects take their stations respectively in the immediate vicinity of the building appropriated to their sect, and there commence the ceremonial of the pilgrimage. The Makam es Shafey is built over the celebrated holy well of Meccah, Zem-Zem, which is connected in Moslem tradition, (differently by different doctors,) with the story of Agar and Ismael in the Wilderness.

As the Kaabah has but a single entrance, and this at a distance of seven feet from the ground, there is a moveable ladder or staircase sliding upon low wheels, and capable of admitting four persons abreast, which, upon the days when pilgrims are admitted to the House of Allah, is moved up to the wall. There are various explanations of this curious rite, which perhaps is in some way connected with the analogous continuation of the Persian fire temples. The Kaabah is opened but three times in the year.

There is another small building close to the Kaabah called the Makam Ibrahim, (the praying place of Abraham.) "It is supported by six pillars about eight feet high, four of

which are surrounded from top to bottom by a fine iron railing, while they leave the space beyond the two hind pillars open ; within the railing is a frame about five feet square, terminating in a pyramidal top, and said to contain the sacred stone upon which Ibrahim stood when he built the Kaabah, and which with the help of his son Ismayl he had removed from hence to the place called Maajen, already mentioned. The stone is said to have yielded under the weight of the Patriarch, and to preserve the impression of his foot still visible upon it ; but no hadjy has ever seen it, as the frame is always entirely covered with a brocade of red silk richly embroidered. Persons are constantly seen before the railing invoking the good offices of Ibrahim ; and a short prayer must be uttered by the side of the Makam after the walk round the Kaabah is completed."

Mr. Burton thinks that Burckhardt is wrong in stating that no one is ever permitted to see the stone which bears the footmark of Abraham. He himself was offered permission to do so on payment of five dollars ; but the sum was beyond the range of his finances at the time. It will be recollected that in the eyes of the Moslem, Ibrahim (Abraham) stands next in holiness to Mahomet himself ; and that the memorials of him which it is reputed to contain are one of the great sources of the venerableness of the Meccan Mosque. The stone alluded to above still shows, Mr. Burton was informed, the impress of two feet, especially the big toes ; and one of the favourite devotions of the pilgrims is to rub their eyes and faces with water which has been consecrated by being poured into these cavities.

So much of preliminary description was necessary to the better understanding of the actual ceremonial of the pilgrimage. Mr. Burton's share in the strange mockery has at least the attraction of novelty to recommend it. We hardly know in what sense to receive his description of the feeling which he experienced on the first sight of the Bait Allah.

" Scarcely had the first smile of morning beamed upon the rugged head of Abu Kubays when we arose, bathed, and proceeded in our pilgrim garb to the Sanctuary. We entered by the Bab el Ziyadah, or principal northern door, descended two long flights of steps, traversed the cloister, and stood in sight of the Bait Allah.

" There at last it lay, the bourn of my long and weary pilgrimage, realizing the plans and hopes of many and many a year. The

mirage medium of Fancy invested the huge catafalque and its gloomy pall with peculiar charms. There were no giant fragments of hoar antiquity as in Egypt, no remains of graceful and harmonious beauty as in Greece and Italy, no barbaric gorgeousness as in the buildings of India; yet the view was strange, unique, and how few have looked upon the celebrated shrine! I may truly say that, of all the worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the Haji from the far north. It was as if the poetical legends of the Arab spoke truth, and that the waving wings of angels, not the sweet breeze of morning, were agitating and swelling the black covering of the shrine. But, to confess humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride."—Vol. iii. pp. 198-200.

Without entering, however, into what after all is a purely personal consideration for himself, our sole concern at present is with the narrative of his performances during the pilgrimage; and although we are not disposed to join with those "jocose editors" who, as he told us in his former volume, have been rallying him as "turning Turke," we cannot help thinking that to our readers he will seem, by his own account, to have come very close to it.

He was attended throughout by "the boy Mohammed." They entered the Bait Allah "through the Bab Beni Shaybah, the 'Gate of the Sons of the Old Woman.' There they raised their hands, repeated the Labbayk, the Takbir, and the Tahlil; after which they uttered certain supplications, and drew their hands down their faces. Then they proceeded to the Shafei's place of prayer—the open pavement between the Makam Ibrahim and the well Zem Zem,—where they performed the usual two prostrations in honour of the mosque. This was followed by a cup of holy water and a present to the Sakkas, or carriers, who, for the consideration, distributed a large earthen vaseful in Mr. Burton's name to poor pilgrims. They then advanced towards the eastern angle of the Kaabah, in which is inserted the Black Stone; and, standing about ten yards from it, repeated with up raised hand, 'There is no god but Allah alone, whose covenant is truth, and whose servant is victorious. There is no god but Allah, without sharer, his is the kingdom; to him be praise, and he over all things is potent.' After which they approached as close as they could to the stone. A crowd of pilgrims

preventing their touching it that time, they raised their hands to their ears in the first position of prayer, and then lowering them, exclaimed, O Allāh (I do this), in thy belief, and in verification of thy book, and in pursuance of thy Prophet's example—may Allah bless him and preserve! O Allah, I extend my hand to thee, and great is my desire to thee! O accept thou my supplication, and diminish my obstacles, and pity my humiliation, and graciously grant me thy pardon.' After which, as they were still unable to reach the stone, they raised their hands to their ears, the palms facing the stone, as if touching it, recited the 'Takbir, the Tahlil, and the Hamdilah, blessed the Prophet, and kissed the finger-tips of the right hand."

At this point the pilgrim commences the ceremony called "Tawaf" or "circumambulation." The route which he is to follow being marked by a low elliptical structure of polished granite, which encircles the Kaabah. As they pass round the pilgrims recite a series of prayers at the various stations appointed for this purpose. We pray attention to their tenor, as recorded by Mr. Burton himself:

"I repeated, after my Mutawwif, or cicerone, 'In the name of Allah, and Allah is omnipotent! I purpose to circuit seven circuits unto almighty Allah, glorified and exalted!' This is technically called the Niyat of Tawaf. Then we began the prayer, 'O Allah (I do this) in thy belief, and in verification of thy book, and in faithfulness to thy covenant, and in perseverance of the example of the Prophet Mohammed—may Allah bless him and preserve!' till we reached the place El Multazem, between the corner of the Black Stone and the Kaabah door. Here we ejaculated, 'O Allah, thou hast rights, so pardon my transgressing them.' Opposite the door we repeated, 'O Allah, verily the house is thy house and the Sanctuary thy Sanctuary, and the safeguard thy safeguard, and this is the place of him who flies to thee from (hell) fire!' At the little building called Makam Ibrahim we said, 'O Allah, verily this is the place of Abraham, who took refuge with and fled to thee from the fire!—O deny my flesh and blood, my skin and bones to the (eternal) flames!' As we paced slowly round the north or Irak corner of the Kaabah we exclaimed, 'O Allah, verily I take refuge with thee from polytheism. and disobedience, and hypocrisy, and evil conversation, and evil thoughts concerning family, and property, and progeny!' When fronting the Mizab, or spout, we repeated the words, 'O Allah, verily I beg of thee faith which shall not decline and a certainty which shall not perish, and the good

aid of thy Prophet Mohammed—may Allah bless him and preserve! O Allah, shadow me in thy shadow on that day when there is no shade but thy shadow, and cause me to drink from the cup of thy Prophet Mohammed—may Allah,' &c.!—‘that pleasant draught after which is no thirst to all eternity, O Lord of honor and glory!’ Turning the west corner, or the Rukn el Shami, we exclaimed, ‘O Allah, make it an acceptable pilgrimage, and a forgiveness of sins, and a laudable endeavour, and a pleasant action (in thy sight), and a store which perisheth not, O thou glorious! O thou pardoner!’ This was repeated thrice, till we arrived at the Yemani, or southern corner, where, the crowd being less importunate, we touched the wall with the right hand, after the example of the Prophet, and kissed the finger-tips. Between the south angle and that of the Black Stone, where our circuit would be completed, we said, ‘O Allah, verily I take refuge with thee from infidelity, and I take refuge with thee from want, and from the tortures of the tomb, and from the troubles of life and death. And I fly to thee from ignominy in this world and the next, and implore thy pardon for the present and for the future. O Lord, grant to me in this life prosperity, and in the next life prosperity, and save me from the punishment of fire.’”—Vol. iii. pp. 205-208.

It is difficult to treat lightly a subject so solemn, and yet there is hardly any except a tone of levity, in which this can be alluded to without pain. Nor did it end here. This was but a single “shaut” or course of circumambulation; and there are no less than seven prescribed. Mr. Burton went through them all. He performed the first three “at the pace called Harwalah, very similar to the French ‘*pas gymnastique*,’ or Tammul, that is to say, ‘moving the shoulders as if walking in sand.’ The four latter are performed in Taammul, slowly and leisurely; the reverse of the Sai, or running. The Moslem origin of this custom is too well known to require mention. After each Taufah, or circuit, we being unable to kiss or even to touch the Black Stone, fronted towards it, raised our hands to our ears, exclaimed, ‘In the name of Allah, and Allah is omnipotent!’ kissed our fingers, and resumed the ceremony of circumambulation, as before, with ‘Allah, in thy belief,’ &c.!”

When, at the conclusion of the whole series of the Tawaf, it was resolved that they should kiss the stone, it proved a matter of no little difficulty from the crowd and confusion which prevailed all around it. But “the boy Mohammed” redeemed his fame in this crisis; and, with the assistance of half a dozen stout Meccans, ultimately wedged his way through the “thin and light-legged

crowd." Having thus obtained possession of the stone by right of conquest, they monopolized it for about ten minutes; and whilst *kissing it and rubbing his hands and forehead* to it, Mr. Burton observed it so narrowly as to satisfy himself that it is an aerolite of extraordinary size. All travellers, indeed, who have seen it are agreed in considering it of volcanic formation.

There remains yet another scene, of still, if this be possible, more revolting mummary than what we have described, although here too, Mr. Burton relates it with the same unconsciousness of any impropriety. After having succeeded in forcing his way to the stone, he underwent a similar struggle in order to approach another spot of reputed sanctity, called El Multazem. Here he "pressed his stomach, chest, and right cheek to the Kaabah, raising his arms high above his head, and exclaiming, 'O Allah! O Lord of the ancient house, free my neck from hell-fire, and preserve me from every ill deed, and make me contented with that daily bread which thou hast given to me, and bless me in all thou hast granted!' Then came the Istighfar, or begging of pardon: 'I beg pardon of Allah the most high, who, there is no other Allah but he, the living, the eternal, and to him I repent myself!' After which they blessed the Prophet, and then asked for themselves all that their souls desired most.

After embracing the Multazem they next repaired to the Shafei's place of prayer near the Makam Ibrahim, and there recited two prostrations, technically called 'Sunnat el Tawaf,' or the (Prophet's) practice of circumambulation. The chapter repeated in the first was 'Say thou, O ye infidels:' in the second, 'Say thou he is the one God.' "We then," he proceeds, "went to the door of the building in which is Zem Zem: there I was condemned to another nauseous draught, and was deluged with two or three skinfuls of water dashed over my head *en douche*. This ablution causes sins to fall from the spirit like dust. During the potation we prayed, 'O Allah, verily I beg of thee plentiful daily bread, and profitable learning, and the healing of every disease!' Then we returned towards the Black Stone, stood far away opposite, because unable to touch it, ejaculated the Tekbir, the Tahlil, and the Hamdilah: and, thoroughly worn out with scorched feet and a burning head—both

extremities, it must be remembered, were bare, and various delays had detained us until ten a.m.—I left the mosque.”

Mr Burton, however, is not always the pilgrim. In the evening he returned to the Bait Allah as a spectator.

“In the evening, accompanied by the boy Mohammed, and followed by Shaykh Nur, who carried a lantern and a praying-rug, I again repaired to the ‘Navel of the World;’ this time æsthetically, to enjoy the delights of the hour after the ‘gaudy, babbling and remorseful day.’ The moon, now approaching the full, tipped the brow of Abu Kubays, and lit up the spectacle with a more solemn light. In the midst stood the huge bier-like erection,—

‘Black as the wings

Which some spirit of ill o’er a sepulchre flings,—

except where the moonbeams streaked it like jets of silver falling upon the darkest marble. It formed the point of rest for the eye; the little pagoda-like buildings and domes around it, with all their gilding and fretwork, vanished. One object, unique in appearance, stood in view—the temple of the one Allah, the God of Abraham, of Ishmael, and of his posterity. Sublime it was, and expressing by all the eloquence of fancy the grandeur of the One Idea which vitalised El Islam, and the sternness and steadfastness of its votaries.

“The oval pavement around the Kaabah was crowded with men, women, and children, mostly divided into parties, which followed a Mutawwif; some walking staidly, and others running, whilst many stood in groups to prayer. What a scene of contrast! Here stalked the Bedouin woman, in her long black robe like a nun’s serge, and poppy-coloured face-veil, pierced to show two fiercely flashing orbs. There an Indian woman with her semi-Tartar features, nakedly hideous, and her thin parenthetical legs, encased in wrinkled tights, hurried round the fane. Every now and then a corpse, borne upon its wooden shell, circuited the shrine by means of four bearers, whom other Moslems, as is the custom, occasionally relieved. A few fair-skinned Turks lounged about, looking cold and repulsive, as their wont is. In one place a fast Calcutta ‘Khitmugar’ stood, with turban awry and arms akimbo, contemplating the view jauntily, as those gentlemen’s gentlemen will do. In another, some poor wretch, with arms thrown on high, so that every part of his person might touch the Kaabah, was clinging to the curtain and sobbing as though his heart would break.”—Vol. iii. pp. 215-217.

The feeding of the sacred pigeons he left to “the boy Mohammed,” continuing in the meanwhile to watch the curious incidents of the pilgrimage which presented themselves during the evening. One of them, a fit of the

'Malbus' or religious frenzy into which the devotees not unfrequently fall, is strange and revolting in the extreme. He hoped to wear out the piety of the pilgrims, and to obtain, at the close of the day of prayer, a space during which the Mosque might be comparatively empty and might afford him an opportunity for closer examination. But he waited in vain. The crowd remained throughout undiminished. He could not even succeed in stealing a bit of the curtain of the Kaabah; and the only reward of his waiting was that, by a judicious use of his eyes, by furtively "stepping and spanning," and by an occasional secret employment of the tape, he "managed to measure all the objects about which he was curious." (p. 222.)

After the ceremonies of the pilgrimage of the Bait Allah, came the visitation of the sacred places around Meccah. Among these Mount Arafat holds a high place. It owes its repute to a well-known legend. "When our first parents forfeited heaven by eating wheat, which deprived them of their primeval purity, they were cast down upon earth. The serpent descended at Ispahan, the peacock at Cabul, Satan at Bilbays (others say Semnan and Seistan), Eve upon Arafat, and Adam at Ceylon. The latter, determining to seek his wife, began a journey, to which earth owes its present mottled appearance. Wherever our first father placed his foot—which was large—a town afterwards arose; between the strides will always be 'country.' Wandering for many years, he came to the Mountain of Mercy, where our common mother was continually calling upon his name, and their *recognition* gave the place the name of Arafat. Upon its summit Adam, instructed by the archangel, erected a 'Madaa,' or place of prayer; and between this spot and the Nimrah mosque the pair abode till death."

Arafat is distant from Meccah about twelve miles; but the journey under the broiling sun of September is full of fatigue and even of danger. Mr. Burton himself saw four men fall down and die amid the fanatical crowd among whom he pressed his way.

The pilgrim encampment at Arafat presented a curious scene.

"From the Holy Hill I walked down to look at the camp arrangements. The main street of tents and booths, huts and shops, was bright with lanterns, and the bazaars were crowded with people

and stocked with all manner of eastern delicacies. Some anomalous spectacles met the eye. Many pilgrims, especially the soldiers, were in laical costume. In one place a half-drunken Arnaut stalked down the road, elbowing peaceful passengers and frowning fiercely in hopes of a quarrel. In another, a huge dimly lit tent, reeking hot, and garnished with cane seats, containing knots of Egyptians, as their red tarbushes, white turbans, and black zaabuts showed, noisily intoxicating themselves with forbidden hemp. There were frequent brawls and great confusion; many men had lost their parties, and, mixed with loud Labbayks, rose the shouted names of women as well as men. I was surprised at the disproportion of female nomenclature,—the missing number of fair ones seemed to double that of the other sex,—and at a practice so opposed to the customs of the Moslem world. At length the boy Mohammed enlightened me. Egyptian and other bold women, when unable to join the pilgrimage, will pay or persuade a friend to shout their names in the hearing of the Holy, with a view of ensuring a real presence at the desired spot next year. So the welkin rang with the indecent sounds of O Fatimah! O Zaynab! O Khayzaran! Plunderers too, were abroad. As we returned to the tent we found a crowd assembled near it; a woman had seized a thief as he was beginning operations, and had the courage to hold his beard till men ran to her assistance. And we were obliged to defend by force our position against a knot of grave-diggers, who would bury a little heap of bodies within a yard or two of our tent.”—Vol. iii. pp. 260-262.

Perhaps, however, the most curious of all the ceremonies connected with the Meccan pilgrimage is the “Ramy,” or “Lapidation”—the “Stoning of the Devil.” As a preliminary, our pilgrims had provided themselves with some pebbles gathered at Muzdalifah. These pebbles they washed “with seven waters” on the morning of the ceremony, and bound up in a corner of their “Ihram.”

“We found a swarming crowd in the narrow road opposite the ‘Jamrat el Akabah,’ or, as it is vulgarly called, the Shaytan el Kabir—the ‘Great Devil.’ These names distinguish it from another pillar, the ‘Wusta,’ or ‘central place,’ (of stoning), built in the middle of Muna, and a third at the eastern end, ‘El Ula,’ or the ‘first place.’

“The ‘Shaytan el Kabir’ is a dwarf buttress of rude masonry, about eight feet high by two and a half broad, placed against a rough wall of stones, at the Meccan entrance to Muna. As the ceremony of ‘Ramy,’ or Lapidation, must be performed on the first day by all pilgrims between sunrise and sunset, and as the fiend was malicious enough to appear in a rugged pass, the crowd makes the place dangerous. On one side of the road which is not forty

feet broad, stood a row of shops belonging principally to barbers. On the other side is the rugged wall of the pillar with a *chevaux de frise* of Bedouins and naked boys. The narrow space was crowded with pilgrims, all struggling like drowning men to approach as near as possible to the Devil;—it would have been easy to run over the heads of the mass. Amongst them were horsemen with rearing chargers. Bedouins on wild camels, and grandees on mules and asses, with outrunners, were breaking a way by assault and battery. I had read Ali Bey's self-felicitations upon escaping this place with 'only two wounds in the left leg,' and had duly provided myself with a hidden dagger. The precaution was not useless. Scarcely had my donkey entered the crowd than he was overthrown by a dromedary, and I found myself under the stamping and roaring beast's stomach. By a judicious use of the knife, I avoided being trampled upon, and lost no time in escaping from a place so ignobly dangerous. Some Moslem travellers assert, in proof of the sanctity of the spot, that no Moslem is ever killed here: I was assured by Meccans that accidents are by no means rare."—Vol. iii. pp. 282-284.

The worst results to our pilgrims, however, were these buffets and a bloody nose for "the boy Mohammed;" and at last, "finding an opening, they approached within five cubits of the place, and holding each a stone between the thumb and the forefinger of the right hand, cast it at the pillar, exclaiming, 'In the name of Allah, and Allah is Almighty! (I do this) in hatred of the Fiend and to his shame.' After which came the Tahlil and the 'Sana,' or praise to Allah." The seven stones being duly thrown, they retired, and entering the barber's booth, took their places upon one of the earthen benches around it.

This was the time to remove the Ihram or pilgrim's garb, and to return to Ihlal, the normal state of El Islam. "The barber," says Mr. Burton, "shaved our heads, and, after trimming our beards and cutting our nails, made us repeat these words: 'I purpose loosening my Ihram according to the practice of the Prophet, whom may Allah bless and preserve! O Allah, make unto me in every hair, a light, a purity, and a generous reward! In the name of Allah, and Allah is Almighty!' At the conclusion of his labour the barber politely addressed to us a 'Naiman'—Pleasure to you! To which we as ceremoniously replied, 'Allah give thee pleasure!' We had no clothes with us, but we could use our cloths to cover our heads and defend our feet from the fiery sun; and we now could safely twirl our mustachios

and stroke our beards,—placid enjoyments of which we had been deprived by the laws of pilgrimage.”

Scarcely had they returned from Muna to Meccah, when “the boy Mohammed” came to Mr. Burton in a state of great excitement to inform him that the long-desired opportunity of inspecting the interior of the Kaabah had now arrived, as it then was and for a short time would remain empty. He gladly availed himself of the moment, and notwithstanding the fear of detection which it was impossible to suppress, he contrived not only to make an accurate observation of all its parts, but even to draw a rough plan of it with a pencil upon his white ‘Ihram.’” This plan will be found in his volume. (p. 288.) We shall transcribe the description.

“Nothing is more simple than the interior of this celebrated building. The pavement, which is level with the ground, is composed of slabs of fine and various coloured marbles, mostly however white, disposed chequer-wise. The walls, as far as they can be seen, are of the same material, but the pieces are irregularly shaped, and many of them are engraved with long inscriptions in the suls and other modern characters. The upper part of the walls, together with the ceiling, at which it is considered disrespectful to look, are covered with handsome red damask, flowered over with gold, and tucked up about six feet high, so as to be removed from pilgrims’ hands. The ceiling is upheld by three cross-beams, whose shapes appear under the arras; they rest upon the eastern and western walls, and are supported in the centre by three columns about twenty inches in diameter, covered with carved and ornamented aloe wood. At the Iraki corner there is a dwarf door, called Bab el Taubah (of repentance), leading into a narrow passage built for the staircase by which the servants ascend to the roof: it is never opened except for working purposes. The ‘Aswad’ or ‘As’ad’ corner is occupied by a flat-topped and quadrant-shaped press or safe in which at times is placed the key of the Kaabah. Both door and safe are of aloe wood. Between the columns and about nine feet from the ground ran bars of a metal which I could not distinguish, and hanging to them were many lamps said to be of gold. This completes the upholstery work of the hall.

“Although there were in the Kaabah but a few attendants engaged in preparing it for the entrance of pilgrims, the windowless stone walls and the choked-up door made it worse than the Piombi of Venice; the perspiration trickled in large drops, and I thought with horror what it must be when filled with a mass of jostling and crushing fanatics. Our devotions consisted of a two-prostration prayer, followed by long supplications at the Shami (west) corner, the Iraki (north) angle, the Yemani (south), and, lastly, opposite

the southern third of the back wall. These concluded, I returned to the door, where payment is made. The boy Mohammed told me that the total expense would be seven dollars. At the same time he had been indulging aloud in his favourite rhodomontade, boasting of my greatness, and had declared me to be an Indian pilgrim, a race still supposed at Meccah to be made of gold. When seven dollars were tendered they were rejected with insolence. Expecting something of the kind, I had been careful to bring no more than eight. Being pulled and interpolated by half a dozen attendants, my course was to look stupid, and to pretend ignorance of the language. Presently the Shaybah youth bethought him of a contrivance. Drawing forth from the press the key of the Kaabah, he partly bared it of its green-silk gold-lettered *étui*, and rubbed a golden knob quatrefoil shaped upon my eyes, in order to brighten them. I submitted to the operation with good grace, and added a dollar—my last—to the former offering. The Sherif received it with a hopeless glance, and, to my satisfaction, would not put forth his hand to be kissed. Then the attendants began to demand vails. I replied by opening my empty pouch. When let down from the door by the two brawny Meccans, I was expected to pay them, and accordingly appointed to meet them at the boy Mohammed's house; an arrangement to which they grumblingly assented. When delivered from these troubles, I was congratulated by my sharp companion thus: 'Wallah Effendi! thou hast escaped well! some men have left their skins behind.' "—Vol. iii. pp. 288-293.

The privilege of entering the Kaabah is one which does not fall to the lot of all pilgrims. Many of the poorer class decline to do so because of the expense, others from reluctance to incur the religious obligation which a visit to that holy place is supposed to impose upon the visitant, obligations so stringent that Mr. Burton's companion, Umar Effendi, a devotee of the first water, abstained from this visitation. A man who sets foot within the sacred precincts of the Kaabah is "thenceforth for ever" bound never again to walk barefooted, never to touch fire with his fingers, and *never to tell lies*. The last-named obligation is one which few conscientious Mussulmen can afford to contract.

The last rite connected with the visit to the Kaabah is the sacrifice. This, it is true, is not a rite of absolute obligation, but a mere Sunnat, or practice of the Prophet, for which a substitute may be accepted,—the ordinary substitute being a fast of ten days, three during the pilgrimage, and the remaining seven at some subsequent time. Mr.

Burton, considering the reduced condition of his finances, was fain to adopt the alternative.

“After their departure we debated about the victim, which is only a Sunnat, or Practice of the Prophet. It is generally sacrificed immediately after the first lapidation, and we had already been guilty of delay. Under these circumstances, and considering the meagre condition of my purse, I would not buy a sheep, but contented myself with watching my neighbours. They gave themselves great trouble, especially a large party of Indians pitched near us, to buy the victim cheap; but the Bedouins were not less acute, and he was happy who paid less than a dollar and a quarter. Some preferred contributing to buy a lean ox. None but the Sherif and the principal dignitaries slaughtered camels. The pilgrims dragged their victims to a smooth rock near the Akabah, above which stands a small open pavilion, whose sides, red with fresh blood, showed that the prince and his attendants had been busy at sacrifice. Others stood before their tents, and directing the victim's face towards the Kaabah, cut its throat, ejaculating, ‘Bismillah! Allahu Akbar!’ The boy Mohammed sneeringly directed my attention to the Indians, who, being a mild race, had hired an Arab butcher to do the deed of blood; and he aroused all Shaykh Nur's ire by his taunting comments upon the chicken-heartedness of the men of Hind. It is considered a meritorious act to give away the victim without eating any portion of its flesh. Parties of Takruri might be seen, sitting vulture-like, contemplating the sheep and goats; and no sooner was the signal given, than they fell upon the bodies, and cut them up without removing them. The surface of the valley soon came to resemble the dirtiest slaughter-house, and my prescient soul drew bad auguries for the future.”—Vol. iii. pp. 302-304.

We must pass over the remaining pious visitations which Mr. Burton accomplished;—the “Days of Drying Flesh;” the visit to the “Majarr el Rabsh,” the “Dragging-Place of the Ram,” (the animal which was substituted for Ismail, according to the Mahometan tradition, in Abraham's sacrifice, at the command of the Archangel Gabriel—); the “Little Pilgrimage;” and lastly, the visits to the holy places in the environs, seventeen in number; all of which, with the exception of four, he contrived to include in the circle of his pilgrimage. It may better amuse the reader to record a scene of a more earthly character, a Meccan dinner-party, at which Mr. Burton was a guest, just before leaving the Holy City.

“Before leaving Meccah I was urgently invited to dine by old

Ali bin Ya Sin, the Zem Zemi ; a proof that he entertained inordinate expectations, excited, it appeared, by the boy Mohammed, for the simple purpose of exalting his own dignity. One day we were hurriedly summoned about 3 p. m. to the senior's house, a large building in the Zukah el Hajar. We found it full of pilgrims, amongst whom we had no trouble to recognise our fellow-travellers, the quarrelsome old Arnaut and his impudent slave-boy. Ali met us upon the staircase and conducted us into an upper room, where we sat upon divans and with pipes and coffee prepared for dinner. Presently the semicircle rose to receive a eunuch, who lodged somewhere in the house. He was a person of importance, being the guardian of some dames of high degree at Cairo or Constantinople : the highest place and the best pipe were unhesitatingly offered to and accepted by him. He sat down with dignity, answered diplomatically certain mysterious questions about the dames, and then glued his blubber lips to a handsome mouthpiece of lemon-coloured amber. It was a fair lesson of humility for a man to find himself ranked beneath this high-shouldered, spindle-shanked, beardless bit of neutrality, and as such I took it duly to heart.

“ The dinner was served up in a ‘ Sini,’ a plated copper tray about six feet in circumference, and handsomely ornamented with arabesques and inscriptions. Under this was the usual Kursi, or stool, composed of mother-o’-pearl facets set in sandal wood ; and upon it a well-tinned and clean-looking service of the same material as the Sini. We began with a variety of stews ; stews with spinach, stews with bamiyah (hibiscus), and rich vegetable stews. These being removed, we dipped hands in ‘ Biryani,’ a meat pillaw, abounding in clarified butter ; ‘ Kimah,’ finely chopped meat ; ‘ Warak Mahshi,’ vine leaves filled with chopped and spiced mutton, and folded into small triangles ; ‘ Kabab,’ or bits of *rôti* spitted in mouthfuls upon a splinter of wood ; together with a ‘ Salatah ’ of the crispest cucumber, and various dishes of watermelon cut up into squares. Bread was represented by the eastern scone ; but it was of superior flavour and far better than the ill-famed Chapati of India. Our drink was water perfumed with mastic. After the meat came a ‘ Kunafah,’ fine vermicelli sweetened with honey and sprinkled with powdered white sugar ; several stews of apples and quinces ; ‘ Muhallibah,’ a thin jelly made of rice, flour, milk, starch, and a little perfume ; together with squares of Rahah, a comfiture highly prized in these regions, because it comes from Constantinople. Fruits were then placed upon the table ; plates full of pomegranate grains and dates of the finest flavour. The dinner concluded with a pillaw of boiled rice and butter ; for the easier discussion of which we were provided with carved wooden spoons.

“ Orientals ignore the delightful French art of prolonging a dinner. After washing your hands, you sit down, throw an embroidered napkin over your knees, and with a ‘ Bismillah,’ by way of grace, plunge your hand into the attractive dish, changing *ad libitum*,

occasionally sucking your finger-tips as boys do lollipops, and varying that diversion by cramming a chosen morsel into a friend's mouth. When your hunger is satisfied, you do not sit for your companions ; you exclaim 'Al Hamd !' edge away from the tray, wash your hands and mouth with soap, display signs of repletion, otherwise you will be pressed to eat more, seize your pipe, sip your coffee, and take your 'Kaif.'

"Nor is it customary, in these benighted lands, to sit together after dinner—the evening prayer cuts short the *séance*. Before we arose to take leave of Ali bin Ya Sin a boy ran into the room, and displayed those infantine civilities which in the East are equivalent to begging for a present. I slipped a dollar into his hand ; at the sight of which he, veritable little Meccan, could not contain his joy. 'The Riyal !' he exclaimed ; 'the Riyal! look, grandpa', the good Effendi has given me a Riyal.' The old gentleman's eyes twinkled with emotion : he saw how easily the money had slipped from my fingers, and he fondly hoped that he had not seen the last piece. 'Verily thou art a good young man !' he ejaculated, adding fervently, as prayers cost nothing, 'May Allah further all thy desires.' A gentle patting of the back evidenced high approval."—Vol. iii. pp. 360-364.

At the close of the Holy Week at Meccah pilgrims commonly devote a few days to worldly pursuits and to pleasure, as a sort of compensation for the mortifications and restraints of the holy time. Mr. Burton had no further inducement to remain, and accordingly set out for Jeddah, the seaport resorted to by pilgrims, and reached that city safely, after an adventurous journey, still attended by his faithful "boy Mohammed." From this companion of his long pilgrimages he parted at Jeddah, and sailed for Suez in a small steam boat, the "Dwarka," which had been sent by the Bombay Steam Navigation Company, to carry the Indian pilgrims back from the Hejaz.

Here the Pilgrimage closes. But, as the reader is probably aware, the character of Haji does not cease with the actual pilgrimage itself, but is a permanent possession, carrying with it certain privileges which subsist during the lifetime of the pilgrim. Mr. Burton has availed himself of this advantage ; and the expedition into Eastern Africa and the visit to the forbidden city of Harar, which form the subject of a new work from his pen, is one of the first fruits of those immunities which the Haji character is supposed to involve. The Directors of the East India Company, and the Council of the Geographical Society, were for

a long time desirous to obtain reliable information as to the geography and the productive resources of the Somali country—the great tract which stretches along the eastern coast, south of the Strait of Bab El Mandeb, as far as Cape Gardafui, and extends to a considerable distance into the interior. A still greater object of attraction for adventurous explorers, is the city already alluded to, Harar, the capital of the ancient Kadijah empire. The most daring of the African travellers, Salt, Krapf, Isenberg, Barker, Rochet, and many of our own missionaries, had attempted it in vain. Its repute was almost as bad as that of Timbuctoo in Western Africa. An ancient prophecy was said to have foretold that the footsteps of the Frank within its walls would speedily be followed by decline and ruin, and death was decreed as the punishment of any too daring infidel who should be discovered within its forbidden precincts. The subject altogether is so new, and Mr. Burton's work contains so much information regarding it, that we shall be readily pardoned for extracting from it more copiously than is our wont.

As regards the Somali expedition, a formal commission for this purpose was given nearly four years since, to Dr. Carter, of Bombay, who is already favourably known in connexion with the maritime survey of Eastern Arabia; but owing to a change in some of the official departments, the project was suspended; nor was it revived till Mr. Burton's return from El Hejaz, in 1854, when it was resumed on a much more comprehensive scale. Three other officers, of much experience and enterprize, were associated with Mr. Burton; and one of these was sent to Berberah, a town upon the coast, for the purpose of disarming suspicion, by a continued residence, and of producing a favourable impression as to the intentions of the strangers. Mr. Burton himself set out on the more hazardous journey to Harar.

True to his Haji tastes, he would have desired to commence his journey on the auspicious 6th of the month Safar, sacred in the Moslem calendar, which corresponds with our 28th of October; but with all his zeal they were unable to start till the following day, Oct. 29, 1854, when they sailed from Aden; and the Haji consoled himself for the loss of the more auspicious sailing day, by carefully repeating “before entering into the open sea, the Fatihah

prayer, in honour of the Shaykh Majid, inventor of the mariner's compass."

After a scorching voyage across the Indian Ocean, Mr. Burton reached Zayla on the 31st of the same month, where he remained for nearly a month engaged in preparations for the more perilous adventure, upon which he was then to enter. That he did not suffer his Haji accomplishments to lie hidden, will appear from the following curious scene.

"On Friday, our Sunday, a drunken crier goes about the town, threatening the bastinado to all who neglect their five prayers. At half-past eleven a kettle drum sounds a summons to the jami, or cathedral. It is an old baru rudely plastered with whitewash; posts or columns of artless masonry support the low roof; and the smallness of the windows, or rather air holes, renders its dreary length unpleasantly hot. There is no pulpit; the only ornament is a rude representation of the Meccan Mosque, nailed like a pot-house print to the wall; and the sole articles of furniture are ragged mats and old boxes containing tattered chapters of the Koran in greasy bindings. I enter with a servant carrying a prayer carpet, encounter the stare of three hundred pair of eyes, belonging to parallel rows of sqatters, recite the customary two-bow prayer in honour of the mosque, placing a sword and rosary before me, taking up the Cow chapter (No. 18) loud and twangingly. At the Zohr, or midday hour, the Muezzin inside the mosque, standing before the Khatib or preacher, repeats the call to prayer, which the congregation, sitting upon their shins and feet, intone after him. This ended all present stand up, and recite every man for himself, a two-bow prayer of Sunnat or Example, concluding with the blessing on the prophet and the salam over each shoulder to all brother believers. The Khatib then ascends his hole in the wall which serves for pulpit, and thence addresses us with, 'The peace be upon you, and the mercy of Allah, and his benediction;' to which we respond through the Muezzin, 'And upon you be peace and Allah's mercy!' After sundry other religious formulas and their replies, concluding with a second call to prayer, our preacher rises, and in the voice with which Sir Hudibras was wont

'To blaspheme custard through the nose,'

Preaches El Waaz, or the advice-sermon. He sits down for a few minutes, and then rising again recites El Naat, or the Praise of the Prophet and his Companions. These are the two heads into which the Moslem discourse is divided; unfortunately, however, there is no application. Our preacher who is also Kazi or judge, makes several blunders in his Arabic, and he reads his sermons, a thing never done in El Islam, except by the *modicè docti*. The discourse

over, our clerk who is, if possible, worse than the curate, repeats the form of call termed *El Hamah*; then entering the *Mihrab* or niche, he recites the two-bow or Friday litany, with, and in front of, the congregation. I remarked no peculiarity in the style of praying, except that all followed the practice of the *Shafeis* in *El Yemen*, raising the hands for a moment instead of letting them depend along the thighs, between the *Rukaat* or bow and *Sujdah* or prostration. This public prayer concluded, many people leave the mosque; a few remain for more prolonged devotion."—(p. 60-2.)

We leave our Anglican friends to discuss with Mr. Burton the justice and good taste of the following parallel.

"There is a queer kind of family likeness between this scene and that of a village church, in some quiet nook of rural England. Old *Sharmarkay*, the squire, attended by his son, takes his place close by the pulpit; and although the *Honoratiore*s have no padded and cushioned pews, they comport themselves very much as if they had. Recognitions of the most distant description are allowed before the service commences: looking round is strictly forbidden during prayers; but all do not regard the prohibition, especially when a new moustache enters. Leaving the church, men shake hands, stand for a moment to exchange friendly gossip, or address a few words to the preacher, and then walk home to dinner. There are many salient points of difference. No bonnets appear in public: the squire, after prayers, gives alms to the poor, and departs escorted by two dozen matchlock men, who perseveringly fire their shotted guns."—(pp. 62-3.)

The most interesting portion of the narrative of his residence at *Zayla* consists of sketches of the people of the Somali, and other almost equally unknown regions of East Africa. The character of the *Eesa Bedouins*, although they exhibit more intelligence than the tribes of the interior, is in some respects one of the most repulsive to be found even among the odious races of Central Africa, the horrors of whose moral condition have contributed more to convert it into a waste and "howling wilderness," than its dreary and desolate physical characteristics. The *Eesas* have most of the bad qualities of their more savage countrymen, only somewhat softened and disguised by the lower arts of civilization.

"In character the *Eesa* are childish and docile, cunning, and deficient in judgment, kind and fickle, good humoured and irascible, warm-hearted, and infamous for cruelty and treachery. Even the protector will slay his protégé, and citizens married to *Eesa* girls

send their wives to buy goats and sheep from, but will not trust themselves amongst their connexions. 'Traitorous as an Eesa,' is a proverb at Zayla, where the people tell you that these Bedouins with the left hand offer a bowl of milk and stab with the right. Conscience, I may observe, does not exist in Eastern Africa, and Repentance expresses regret for missed opportunities of mortal crime. Robbery constitutes an honourable man: murder—the more atrocious the midnight crime the better—makes the hero. Honour consists in taking human life. Hyaena-like, the Bedouins cannot be trusted where blood may be shed. Glory is the having done all manner of harm. Yet the Eesa have their good points: they are not noted liars, and will rarely perjure themselves: they look down upon petty pilfering without violence, and they are generous and hospitable compared with the other Somal."—pp. 175-6.

"The life led by these wild people is necessarily monotonous. They rest but little from 11 p.m. till dawn, and never sleep in the bush, for fear of plundering parties. Few begin the day with prayer, as Moslem should: for the most part, they apply themselves to counting and milking their cattle. The animals, all of which have names, come when called to the pail, and supply the family with their morning meal. Then the warriors, grasping their spears, and sometimes the young women, armed only with staves, drive their herds to pasture: the matrons and children, spinning or rope making, tend the flocks, and the Kraal is abandoned to the very young, the old, or the sick. The herdsmen wander about, watching the cattle, and tasting nothing but the pure element, or a pinch of coarse tobacco. Sometimes they play at Shahh, Shantarah, and other games, of which they are passionately fond, with a board formed of lines traced in the sand, and bits of dry wood or camel's earth acting pieces, they spend hour after hour, every looker on vociferating his opinion, and catching at the men, till apparently the two players are those least interested in the game. Or, to drive off sleep, they sit whistling to their flocks, or they perform upon the Forimo, a reed pipe generally made at Harar, which has a plaintive sound uncommonly pleasing. In the evening, the Kraal again resounds with lowing and bleating: the camels' milk is all drunk, the cows' and goats' is preserved for butter and whey, which the women prepare: the numbers are once more counted, and the animals are carefully penned up for the night. This simple life is occasionally varied by birth and marriage, dance and foray, disease and murder."—pp. 179-80.

Their religion is a curious mixture of the old Sabæism with the leading tenets of Mahommedanism. Mr. Burton was made quite at home among them by his Haji character and Haji experience, and on some occasions did not hesitate to officiate in this capacity.

“The Somal hold mainly to the Shafei school of El Islam; their principal peculiarity is their not reciting prayers over the dead, even in the towns. The marriage ceremony is simple. The price of the bride and the feast being duly arranged, the formula is recited by some priest or pilgrim. I have been often requested to officiate on these occasions, and the End of Time has done it by irreverently reciting the Fatihah over the happy pair. The Somal, as usual amongst the heterogeneous mass, amalgamated by El Islam, have a diversity of superstitious attesting their Pagan origin. Such, for instance, as their oaths by stones, their reverence of cairns and holy trees, and their ordeals of fire and water, the Bolungo of Western Africa. A man accused of murder or theft, walks down a trench full of live charcoal, and about a spear's length, or he draws out of the flames a smith's anvil, heated to redness; some prefer picking four or five cowries out of a pot of boiling water. The member used is at once rolled up in the intestines of a sheep, and not inspected for a whole day. They have traditionary seers, called Tawuli, like the Greegre-men of Western Africa, who, by inspecting the fat and bones of slaughtered cattle, ‘do medicine,’ predict rains, battles, and diseases of animals. This class is of both sexes. They never pray or bathe, and are therefore considered always impure; thus, being feared, they are greatly respected by the vulgar. Their predictions are delivered in a rude rhyme, often put for importance into the mouth of some deceased seer. During the three months called Rajalo, the Koran is not read over graves, and no marriage ever takes place. The reason of this peculiarity is stated to be in imitation of their ancestor, Ishak, who happened not to contract a matrimonial alliance at such epoch; it is, however, a manifest remnant of the pagan's auspicious and inauspicious months. Thus, they sacrifice the camels in the month Sabuh, and keep holy with feasts and bonfires the Dubshid, or New Year's Day. At certain unlucky periods, when the moon is in ill omened Asterisms, those who die are placed in bundles of matting, upon a tree, the idea being that if buried, a loss would result to the tribe.”—pp. 112-13.

Having at length completed the preparations for the journey, and the equipment of his party, our Haji set out for Harar in the latter part of November. The disguise, however, which he assumed, though it included the Haji character was, properly speaking, that of a merchant—a Moslem merchant, “a character not to be confounded with the notable individuals seen on Change. Mercator in the East is a compound of tradesman, divine, and T. G. Usually of gentle birth, he is everywhere welcomed and respected, and he bears in his mind and manner that, if Allah please, he may become

prime minister a month after he has sold you a yard of cloth. Commerce appears to be an accident, not an essential, with him ; yet he is by no means deficient in acumen. He is a grave and reverend signior, with rosary in hand, and Koran on lips, is generally a pilgrim, talks at dreary length about holy places, writes a pretty hand, has read, and can recite much poetry,—is master of his religion, demeans himself with respectability, is perfect in all points of economy and politeness, and feels equally at home whether Sultan or slave sit upon his counter. He has a wife and children in his own country, where he intends to spend the remnant of his days ; but the world is uncertain—‘ Fate descends and man’s eye seeth it not’ —‘ the earth is a charnel house ;’ briefly, his many wise old saws give him a kind of theoretical consciousness that his bones may moulder in other places but his fatherland.”

After a journey of about five weeks, he reached the Forbidden City on the 3rd January, 1855. It needed all his eastern experience, and all his boldness and determination, to battle with the many obstacles which were thrown in his way ; but he successfully overcame them, and has had the glory of being the first to penetrate its mysteries, long an object of deep curiosity. We must make room for a portion of his description of the city. It would be hard not to sympathize with the feelings under which he first beheld it ; for although “ the spectacle, materially speaking, was a disappointment,” although nothing conspicuous appeared to the approaching party, “ but two grey minarets of rude shape ;” and though many would have “ grudged exposing their lives to win so paltry a prize,” yet no traveller with the true spirit of travel, and the enterprise which it engenders, could forget that “ of all who ever attempted it, none had ever yet succeeded in entering that pile of stones,” or shut his mind against the inspiration which this thought must bring with it, to one whose travelling pleasures consist mainly in the novel and exciting scenes which travel in unknown lands seldom fails to supply.

“ The present city, Harar, is about one mile long, by half that breadth. An irregular wall, lately repaired, but ignorant of cannon, is pierced with five large gates, supported by oval towers of artless construction. The material of the houses and defences

are rough stones. The granites and sandstones of the hills, cemented like the ancient Jalla cities, with clay. The only large building is the Jami, or cathedral, a long barn, of poverty-stricken appearance, with broken down gates, and two white-washed minarets of truncated conoid shape. They were built by Turkish architects, from Mocha and Hodaydah ; one of them lately fell, and has been replaced by an inferior effort of Harari art. There are a few trees in the city, but it contains more of those gardens which gives to Eastern settlements that pleasant view of town and country combined. The streets are narrow lanes, up hill and down dale, strewn with gigantic rubbish heaps, upon which repose packs of mangy, or one-eyed dogs, and even the best are encumbered with rocks and stones. The habitations are mostly long, flat-roofed sheds, double storied, with doors composed of a single plank, and holes for windows pierced high above the ground, and decorated with miserable wood-work ; the principal houses have separate apartments for the women, and stand at the bottom of large court-yards, closed by gates of *Holcus* stalks. The poorest classes inhabit 'Gambisa,' the thatched cottages of the hill cultivators. The city abounds in mosques, plain buildings, without minarets, and in graveyards, stuffed with tombs,—oblong troughs, formed by long slabs, planted edge-ways in the ground. I need scarcely say that Harar is proud of her learning, sanctity, and holy dead ; the principal saint buried in the city is, Shaykh Umar Abadir El Bakri, originally from Jeddah, and now the patron of Harar ; he lies under a little dome in the southern quarter of the city, near the Bisidimo Gate."—pp. 321-23.

The population of Harar numbers about eight thousand.

"The Somal say of the city that it is a paradise inhabited by asses : certainly the exterior of the people is highly unprepossessing. Amongst the men I did not see a handsome face : their features are coarse and debauched ; many of them squint, others have lost an eye by small-pox, and they are disfigured by scrofula and other diseases : the bad expression of their countenances justifies the proverb, 'Hard as the heart of Harar.' Generally the complexion is a yellowish brown, the beard short, stubby, and untractable as the hair, and the hands and wrists, feet and ancles, are large and ill-made. The stature is moderate-sized, some of the elders show the 'puddings sides' and the pulpy stomachs of Banyans, whilst others are lank and bony as Arabs or Jews. Their voices are loud and rude. The dress is a mixture of Arab and Abyssinian. They shave the head, and clip the mustachios and imperial close, like the Shafei of Yemen. Many are bareheaded, some wear a cap, generally the embroidered Indian work, or the common cotton Takiyah of Egypt : a few affect white turbans of

the fine Harar work, loosely twisted over their ears. The body garment is the Tobe, worn flowing as in the Somali country, or girt with the dagger-strap round the waist: the richer classes bend under it a Futih or loin-cloth, and the dignitaries have wide Arab drawers of white calico. Coarse leathern sandals, a rosary, and a tooth-stick, rendered perpetually necessary by the habit of chewing tobacco, complete the costume: and arms being forbidden in the streets, the citizens carry a wand five or six feet long.

“The women who, owing probably to the number of female slaves, are much the more numerous, appear beautiful by contrast to their lords. They have small heads, regular profiles, straight noses, large eyes, mouths approaching to Caucasian type, and light yellow complexions. Dress, however, here is a disguise to charms. A long, wide, cotton shirt, with short arms, as in the Arab's Aba, indigo-dyed or chocolate-coloured, and ornamented with a triangle of scarlet before and behind—the base on the shoulder and the apex at the waist—is girt round the middle with a sash of white cotton crimson-edged. Women of the upper class, when leaving the house, throw a blue sheet over the head, which, however, is rarely veiled. The front and back hair parted in the centre, is gathered into two large bunches below the ears, and covered with dark blue muslin or net-work, whose ends meet under the chin. This coiffure is bound round the head at the junction of scalp and skin by a black satin ribbon, which varies in breadth according to the wearer's means; some adorn the gear with large gilt pins, others twine it in a Taj or thin wreath of sweet-smelling creeper. The virgins collect their locks, which are generally wavy, not wiry, and grow long as well as thick, into a knot, tied *a la Diane*, behind the head: a curtain of short close plaits escaping from the bunch, fall upon the shoulders not ungracefully. Silver ornaments are worn only by persons of rank. The ear is decorated with Somali rings or red coral beads, the neck with necklaces of the same material, and the fore-arms with six or seven of the broad circles of buffalo or other dark horns, prepared in Western India. Finally, stars are tattooed upon the bosom, the eyebrows are lengthened with dyes, the eyes are fringed with kohl, and the hands and feet stained with henna.

“The female voice is harsh and screaming, especially when heard after the delicate organs of the Somal. The fair sex is occupied at home spinning cotton thread for weaving robes, sashes, and turbans; carrying their progeny perched upon their backs, they bring water from the wells in large gourds borne upon the head; work in the gardens, and—the men considering, like the Abyssinians, such work a disgrace—sit and sell in the long street, which here represents the Eastern bazaar. Chewing tobacco enables them to pass much of their time, and the rich diligently anoint themselves with ghee, whilst the poorer classes use remnants of fat from the lamps. Their freedom of manners renders a public flogging occasionally indispensable. Before the operation begins,

a few gourds full of cold water are poured over their head and shoulders, after which a single-thonged whip is applied with vigour. Both sexes are celebrated for laxity of morals. High and low indulge freely in intoxicating drinks, beer and mead. The Amir has strict patrols, who unmercifully bastinado those found in the streets after a certain hour. They are extremely bigoted, especially against Christians, the effect of their Abyssinian wars."—pp. 325-8.

* The picture of Harar would be incomplete without the figure of its governor.

"A delay of half an hour, during which state affairs were being transacted within, gave me time to inspect a place of which so many and such different accounts are current. The palace itself is, as Clapperton describes the Fellatah Sultan's state-hall, a mere shed, a long, single-storied, windowless barn of rough stone and reddish clay, with no other insignia but a three coat of whitewash over the door. This is the royal and imperial distinction at Harar, where no lesser man may stucco the walls of his house. The court-yard was about eighty yards long by thirty in breadth, irregularly shaped and surrounded by low buildings: in the centre opposite the outer entrance was a circle of masonry, against which were propped divers doors.

"Presently the bleary-eyed guide with the angry voice returned from within, released us from the importunities of a certain forward and inquisitive youth, and motioned us to doff our slippers at a stone step or rather line about twelve feet distant from the palace wall. We grumbled that we were not entering a mosque, but in vain. Then ensued a long dispute in tongues mutually unintelligible, about giving up our weapons: by dint of obstinacy we retained our daggers and my revolver. The guide raised a door curtain, suggested a bow, and I stood in the presence of the dreaded chief.

"The Amir, or as he styles himself, the Sultan Ahmad bin Sultan Abibakr, sat in a dark room with whitewashed walls, to which hung—significant decorations—rusty matchlocks and polished fetters. His appearance was that of a little Indian Rajah, an etiolated youth twenty-four or twenty-five years old, plain and thin bearded, with a yellow complexion, wrinkled brows and protruding eyes. His dress was a flowing robe of crimson cloth, edged with snowy fur, and a narrow white turban lightly twisted round a tall crimson cap of red velvet, like the old turkish head-gear of our painters. His throne was a common Indian Kursi, or raised cot about five feet long, with back and sides supported by a dwarf railing: being an invalid he rested his elbow on a pillow, under which appeared the hilt of a Cutch sabre. Ranged in double line, perpendicular to the Amir, stood the 'court,' his cousins and

nearest relations, with right arms bared after the fashion of Abyssinia.

"I entered the room with a loud 'Peace be upon ye!' to which H. H. replying graciously, and extending a hand, bony and yellow as a kite's claw, snapped his thumb and little finger. Two chamberlains stepping forward, held my forearms, and assisted me to bend low over the fingers, which however I did not kiss, being naturally averse to performing that operation upon any but a woman's hand. My two servants then took their turn: in this case after the back was saluted, the palm was presented for a repetition. These preliminaries concluded, we were led to and seated upon a mat in front of the Amir, who directed towards us a frowning brow and an inquisitive eye.

"Some inquiries were made about the chief's health: he shook his head captiously and inquired our errand. I drew from my pocket my own letter: it was carried by a chamberlain, with hands veiled in his tobe, to the Amir, who after a brief glance laid it upon the couch, and demanded further explanation. I then represented in Arabic that we had come from Aden, bearing the compliments of our Daulah or governor, and that we had entered Harar to see the light of H. H.'s countenance: this information concluding with a little speech describing the changes of Political Agents in Arabia, and alluding to the friendship formerly existing between the English and the deceased chief Abubakr.

"The Amir smiled graciously.

"This smile I must own, dear L., was a relief. We had been prepared for the worst, and the aspect of affairs in the palace was by no means reassuring."—pp. 296-9.

'The Amir's government, it need hardly be said, is tolerably absolute.

"The government of Harar is the Amir. These petty princes have a habit of killing and imprisoning all those who are suspected of aspiring to the throne. Ahmed's great-grandfather died in jail, and his father narrowly escaped the same fate. When the present Amir ascended the throne he was ordered, it is said, by the Makad or chief of the Nole Gallas, to release his prisoners or to mount his horse and leave the city; three of his cousins, however, were, when I visited Harar, in confinement: one of them since that time died, and has been buried in his fetters. The Somal declare that the state dungeon of Harar is beneath the palace, and that he who once enters it, lives with unkempt beard and untrimmed nails until the day when death sets him free.

"The Amir Ahmed's health is infirm. Some attribute his weakness to a fall from a horse, others declare him to have been poisoned by one of his wives. I judged him consumptive. Shortly after my departure he was upon the point of death, and he

afterwards sent for a physician to Aden. He has four wives; No. 1. is the daughter of the Gerad Ilirsi; No. 2. a Sayyid woman of Harar; No. 3. an emancipated slave girl; No. 4. a daughter of Gerad Abd el Majid, one of his nobles. He has two sons, who will probably never ascend the throne; one is an infant, the other is a boy now five years old.

“The Amir Ahmed succeeded his father about three years ago. His rule is severe if not just, and it has all the *prestige* of secrecy. As the Amharas say, the ‘belly of the master is not known:’ even the Gerad Mohammed, though summoned to council at all times, in sickness as in health, dare not offer uncalled-for advice; and the queen dowager, the Gisti Fatimah, was threatened with fetters if she persisted in interference. “Ahmed’s principal occupations are spying his many stalwart cousins, indulging vain fears of the English, the Turks, and the Haji Sharmarkay, and amassing treasure by commerce and escheats. He judges civil and religious causes in person, but he allows them with little interference to be settled by the Kazi, Abd el Rahman Bin Umar el Harari: the latter though a highly respectable person, is seldom troubled, rapid decision being the general predilection. The punishments, when money forms no part of them, are mostly according to Koranic code. The murderer is placed in the market street, blindfolded and bound hand and foot; the nearest in kin to the deceased then strikes his neck with a sharp and heavy butcher’s knife, and the corpse is given over to the relations for Moslem burial. If the blow prove ineffectual, a pardon is generally granted.

“When a citizen draws dagger upon another, he is bastinadoed in a peculiar manner; two men ply their horsewhips upon his back and breast, and the prince in whose presence the punishment is carried out, gives the order to stop. Theft is visited with amputation of the hand. The prison is the award of state offenders; it is terrible, because the captive is heavily ironed, lies in a filthy dungeon, and receives no food but what he can obtain from his family—seldom liberal under such circumstances—buy and beg from his guards. Fines and confiscations, as usual in the East, are favourite punishments with the ruler. I met at Wilensi an old Harari whose gardens and property had all been escheated, because his son fled from justice after slaying a man. The Amir is said to have large hoards of silver, copper, and ivory; my attendant, the Hammal, was once admitted into the inner palace, where he saw large boxes of ancient fashion supposed to contain dollars. The only specie current in Harar is a diminutive brass piece called Mahallak, hand-worked, and almost as artless a medium as a modern Italian coin.” —pp. 331-5.

Mr. Burton had the honour of an introduction to the Privy Council of Harar.

“After a day’s repose, we were summoned by the treasurer, early

in the forenoon, to wait upon the Gerad Mohammed sword in hand, and followed by the Hammal and Long Guled, I walked to the 'palace,' and entering a little ground-floor-room on the right of, and close to the audience-hall, found the minister sitting upon a large dais covered with Persian carpets. He was surrounded by six of his brother Gerads or councillors, two of them in turbans, the rest with bare and shaven heads; their robes, as is customary on such occasions of ceremony, were allowed to fall beneath the waist. The lower part of the hovel was covered with dependents, amongst whom my Somal took their seats; it seemed to be customs' time, for names were being registered, and money changed hands. The Grandees were eating Kat, or as it is here called 'Jat.' One of the party prepared for the Prime Minister the tenderest twigs of the tree, plucking off the points of even the softest leaves. Another pounded the plant with a little water in a wooden mortar; of this paste, called 'El Maduk,' a bit was handed to each person, who, rolling it into a ball dropped it into his mouth. All at times, as is the custom, drank cold water from a smoked gourd, and seemed to dwell upon the sweet and pleasant draught; I could not but remark the fine flavour of the plant after the coarser quality grown in Yemen. Europeans perceive but little effect from it—friend S. and I once tried in vain a strong infusion—the Arabs, however, unaccustomed to stimulant and narcotics, declare that, like opium eaters they cannot live without the excitement. It seems to produce in them a manner of dreamy enjoyment, which, exaggerated by time and distance, may have given rise to that splendid Myth, the Lotos, and the Lotophagi. It is held by the Ulema here, as in Arabia, 'Akl el Salikin,' or the Food of the Pious; and literati remark that it has the singular properties of enlivening the imagination, clearing the ideas, cheering the heart, diminishing sleep, and taking place of food. The people of Harar eat it every day from nine a.m. till near noon, when they dine, and afterwards indulge in something stronger, millet-beer and mead.

"The Gerad after polite enquiries seated me by his right hand, upon the dais, where I ate Kat and fingered my rosary, whilst he transacted the business of the day. Then one of the elders took from a little recess in the wall a large book, and, uncovering it, began to recite a long dua of blessing on the Prophet; at the end of each period all present intoned the response, 'Allah bless our lord Mohammed and his companions one and all!' This exercise lasting half an hour afforded me the opportunity, much desired, of making an impression. The reader misled by a marginal reference, happened to say, 'angels, men, and genii:' 'The Gerad took the book and found written, 'man, angels, and genii.' Opinions were divided as to the order of beings, when I explained that human nature, which amongst Moslems is not a little lower than the angelic, ranked highest, because of it were created prophets, apostles, and saints, whereas the other is but a 'Wasitali,' or connection between the

Creator and His creatures. My theology won general approbation, and a few kinder glances from the elders.

“Prayer concluded, a chamberlain whispered the Gerad who arose, deposited his black coral rosary, took up an inkstand, donned a white ‘Badan’ or sleeveless Arab cloak over his cotton shirt, shuffled off the dais into his slippers, and disappeared. Presently we were summoned to an interview with the Amir; this time I was allowed to approach the outer door with covered feet. Entering ceremoniously as before, I was motioned by the Prince to sit near the Gerad, who occupied a Persian rug on the ground to the right of the throne. My two attendants squatted upon the humbler mats in front, and at a greater distance. After sundry inquiries about the changes that had taken place at Aden, the letter was suddenly produced by the Amir, who looked upon it suspiciously, and bade me explain its contents. I was then asked by the Gerad whether it was my intention to buy and sell at Harar; the reply was, ‘we are no buyers or sellers; we have become your guests to pay our respects to the Amir, whom may Allah preserve! and that friendship between the two powers may endure.’ This appearing satisfactory, I added in lively remembrance of the proverbial delays of Africa, where two or three months may elapse before a verbal letter is answered, or a verbal message delivered, that perhaps the Prince would be pleased to dismiss us soon, as the air of Harar was too dry for me, and my attendants were in danger of the small pox, then raging in the town. The Amir, who was chary of words, bent towards the Gerad, who briefly ejaculated, ‘The reply will be vouchsafed.’ With this unsatisfactory answer the interview ended.”—pp. 346—50.

His stay at Harar was but of two days. He returned to the coast; not, however, at Zayla, from which he had set out, but at the more southern port of Berberah, where he hoped to organize at his leisure a far more effective and systematic exploring expedition. This hope was frustrated by an unfortunate collision with the native population, which terminated in bloodshed, and so exasperated the already sufficiently violent antipathy with which all foreigners are regarded, as to render any further attempt to penetrate the interior perilous in the extreme, or rather indeed, utterly hopeless. He returned, in consequence, to England; and the first fruits of his leisure are before us in the works now under review.

The appendix contains several interesting papers, one of which is an account of an attempt by Lieutenant Barker in 1841, to reach Harar by a different route from that

chosen by Mr. Burton. It will be read with much interest.

The essay on the Harari language, with a tolerably extensive vocabulary (Appendix 2,) is an interesting addition to our materials for the study of those African languages which belong to the Arabian stock. It forms a useful supplement to the researches of Fresnel, Arnauld, Krapf, and the other philosophers who have devoted themselves to this enquiry.

Mr. Burton's "East Africa," though, as a whole, no doubt, less curious and novel than his *Medinah and Meccah*, will, we believe, be read by most persons with more real pleasure. Exhibiting everywhere the same thorough acquaintance with eastern life and manners, and the same almost intuitive appreciation of the true Oriental spirit, it is far more free from that unbecoming levity, and that strange indifferentism, not to use a more grave term of reproof, which we have had so many occasions to condemn in the former publications.

Of both works it must be confessed that they evince a spirit of enterprise as well as a familiarity with Oriental life and manners, and a fitness for Oriental research, such as have not been found united in any traveller since the days of Niebuhr and Burckhardt.

ART. III.—" *The Jesuits.*" London: Religious Tract Society.

MOST of our readers have either seen or heard of those classical places of resort known as the "Transpontine" theatres. If it has ever been their fate to have witnessed a performance of the legitimate drama at one of those popular temples of amusement, they must have observed the exceeding favour with which a certain class of characters were received. They will have remarked that a most striking feature about these personages was that they always approached perfection, as near as would seem attainable upon this grovelling sphere of ours. Spotless in every relation of life, breathing the noblest and most

inspiring sentiments, and rising superior to the very complicated snares and temptations laid for them, they wend their weary way through life and through the play, cheered only by their conscience and the rapturous applause of a virtuous audience.

Foremost in this favoured class must be placed our excellent fellow-countryman, The British Tar, so admirably impersonated by Mr. T. P. Cooke and Mr. Hicks, (the immortal "'icks,") of the Victoria theatre. And it must indeed be confessed that one of the most perfect of earth's creatures is the British Tar of the "Wictoria." It is he who in forcible language denounces as unworthy the name of Briton the wretch who "'aving 'eard the cry of a female in distress," hesitates to fly to her assistance. It is he who clad in the traditional check and the roomy nether garments, comes rushing in to the rescue of the aforesaid unhappy lady, calling on the assailants in the traditional form of speech, to "Belay there;" and it is he who upon this admonition being disregarded, engages the whole party at fearful odds, and so brings on the traditional "terrific combat." It is he, too, who amid the breathless suspense of pit and galleries, springs over the "practicable" gunwale to save a drowning fellow-creature. What applause as he reappears bearing his "inanimate burden!" And that such noble traits of character may not go unrewarded, we not unfrequently find him at the end of the piece (as in the melodrama of the Charming Polly) raised to the dignity of captain or even admiral!

Not less amiable is his brother philanthropist, the Yorkshireman, with his barbarous dialect, emphatic thumps over the region of the heart, and tiresome homilies. Nor must we forget the Irishman, that extraordinary composite creation which from the day that Shadwell brought Teague O'Divilly on the stage as a type of the Irish priesthood, down to within a few years of our own time, has been popularly accepted as the standard model for drawing natives of the Emerald Isle. We pass over the "faithful servant" immortalized in Nickleby, the testy father (better known in the profession as the "Heavy Father," and better still on the French boards as the "Pere Noble,") always disinheriting his son, and happily reconciled to "the dog" at the end of the piece: and lastly, the reduced gentleman who has seen better days, poor yet proud, and who gets periodically affected on the

score of his "wife and chee-ild:" because these characters are somewhat more founded in nature than the others, and in spite of their being so hackneyed, have really some claims to popular sympathy.

The virtuous Tar aforesaid, and the Yorkshireman with his overdone sensibilities, we need hardly observe, have no existence in the world about us. They are mere fancy creations. Why, in the first place, are such amiable dispositions to be confined to the Ridings of Yorkshire? Who ever saw a sailor with such an exquisitely-trimmed beard, or with such unimpeachable white trousers, or with such noble ideas on morality and the social virtues, or with such fluency of language and elegance of diction? Diogenes himself, lantern in hand, might explore every frigate in the fleet without the remotest chance of stumbling on such a being. No one will of course deny that they are a brave, simple, honest class of men; but still they are far from being endowed with the virtues of Preux chevaliers. Nay, if anything, they are an unrefined and even coarse body of men. A curious speculation might here arise, as to how we are to account for the lowest dregs of the population taking delight in such chivalrous and almost Quixotic excellence, a question which it is unnecessary to enter into now, and which a "hopeful" man, to use a Carlylism, might solve by imputing it to that yearning after "the good" which always lingers in the breasts of even the most debased of human creatures.

But there is yet another stereotyped character who is frequently seen to stalk across the boards, and whom we have purposely reserved for this place, viz., "The Jesuit Priest." For as we have just seen that there exists in the popular mind a tendency to set up for itself a fanciful (and untrue) image of what it admires, so it is but natural it should seek to set up an image of what it *hates*, and an image equally unfaithful with the other. Both are equally devoid of corresponding prototypes. Accordingly the sort of stuffed figure which is brought on the stage as "a Jesuit Priest," represents him not as he *is*, but as popular prejudice would *have* him. Like the snow image which boys construct with unwearying toil only to knock to pieces in a few moments; or more like the waxen models which, it was whispered, Catherine dei Medicis used to make of her enemies, and melt away afterwards before a slow fire.

The features of the stage Jesuit are well known. He

generally makes his appearance in some Jacobite play, it being the tradition that he should be always implicated in the treasonable designs of those days. He is a dark gloomy man, with grave but insinuating accents. He is usually clad in a "sad coloured" suit, or perhaps "a riding-dress of the period," with a flowing wig and jack boots. There is always some mysterious despatch about which he is interested. He is wont to have influence over the ladies of the play, especially the mistress of the mansion, the wife of his "honoured patron," but at the same time treats her despotically, addressing her sternly as "daughter," and bringing spiritual terrors to play upon her for divers mundane purposes. He has a trick of introducing himself, at awkward moments, through "*the sliding panel*" in preference to the door, and usually pitches his voice in a bass key. When the lovers are arranging their own private matters in the wood, his form is seen among the trees at the back; and after overhearing their plans, he then (*vide stage direction*,) "smiles grimly and exit." Paterfamilias in the boxes feels a proper indignation as he points him out to his offspring. And what delight at the end, when the soldiers come in the queer cocked hats "of the period," and the unhappy man is led off! Douglas Jerrold's pretty comedy of "*The House-keeper*" has a most "effective" Jesuit among its *Dramatis Personæ*.

But as the drama is addressed only to a limited circle, it was found advisable (and profitable too) that this popular portrait should be more widely disseminated, and by a more practicable medium. Having been found to do so well on the stage, the Jesuit was forthwith introduced into the *Novel*. In this shape the character was found so satisfactory that all the leading novelists of the day betook themselves to the manufacture. There is a certain picturesqueness about the mythic Jesuit which makes him highly important in works of fiction. Accordingly Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Maberly, Miss Sinclair, Charles Lever, Ainsworth, and even Thackeray, have all introduced him with great effect. We must not forget the importation from other countries—the Peres Rodin and D'Aigriquy of Eugene Sue, and Spindler's German conception of the same idea.

It is amusing, too, to observe how faithfully the established model is followed by them all. For the Jesuit of

the novel, as for his brother of the stage, there is a traditional mode of treatment. He of the novel deals more in speeches than in action. He delivers long harangues about his order, and about the end justifying the means. These are all generally for the special behoof of some rich and romantic devotee, whom "the wily priest" is trying to bring over to leave her property to "The Order." The Provincial and even the General are often brought upon the scene. Some of them, like Mr. Ainsworth's impersonation, are familiar with the poisoned draught; while Thackeray's Father Holt draws a pistol from his holster and shoots his man dead upon the spot. But these are violent distortions of the character.

Straws floating on the surface will show the direction of a current, and we cannot but regard the favour with which these caricatures are received as a certain symptom of the deep and lasting hate with which the Society of Jesus is regarded. And yet we will venture to say that it is from these two sources, (these unfaithful images, the work of their own hands,) that the English people derives all its knowledge of the order! It would not be too much to say that no body of men have ever been so cordially or so groundlessly hated; and stranger still, in most cases by people who have never seen, heard, or even read of them; a prejudice which seems to have been born with them, and to have grown with their growth. Not a crime in the catalogue of sins, but has been laid to their door. In fact, these overwhelming charges, this unnatural wickedness, would necessarily incline the cool and reflecting mind to pause and bethink him that it were just possible that such charges, from their very monstrousness, might be overdrawn.

But it is not our task to be the apologists of the Jesuits. From the early days of their institution to the present time, has flown a full and constant stream of abuse in the shape of bulky volumes, treatises and pamphlets, swelling stronger with every age, until at last for a while it swept them under. We intend in this paper presenting a few specimens of these fierce diatribes, to show the foul and vindictive manner in which the little band has been assailed. These we shall take at random, limiting ourselves to the small brochures and lighter musquetry of the time, which, as we said, are as significant of the course of prejudice, as are straws of the direction of a current. We

do not propose to ourselves to attempt any refutation—hardly even to suggest any antidote beyond the virulence of the slander itself, which like an overdose of poison defeats itself by its own excess. In truth we shall be content if we provoke a smile at the absurdity which characterizes even the most malignant of these productions.

Of the celebrated “*Lettres Provinciales*,” the most deadly shaft ever aimed at the society, we shall content ourselves with saying what Voltaire has written in his “*Siecle de Louis XIV.*” “On tâchait dans ces lettres de prouver qu’ils avaient un dessein formé de corrompre les mœurs des hommes.....Mais il ne s’agissait pas d’avoir raison, il s’agissait de divertir le public.” The work is too well known to require further notice here. But we will turn to one who, though not so formidable an adversary, had the merit at least of being a good hater; we mean the great literary leviathan Joseph Scaliger. One of the Society was presumptuous enough to dissent from the views of the autocrat on some matter of criticism. The consequence is a deluge of vituperation on the whole body. Hearken a moment to the following, which, in the fulness of his heart, he poured forth unto his friends, the young Vassani, who had been sent to be educated under this gentle master.

“The Jesuits,” says he, “are like sea-gulls, Strip those birds of their wings and scarcely anything is left. So, in like manner, strip the Jesuits of their abusive language and their calumnies, and you shall find nothing sound, nothing erudite; or at least, precious little. They wish to draw the direction of letters altogether to themselves, and teach only what concerns their own interests. We are all a deal too gentle with them; we ought to show them their own donkey natures (*asnerie*).....There are three sorts of Jesuits; the married ones, (i.e. laymen in the world,) such as Velsar and Lipsius; and the unmarried ones, who are either preachers or not. They wish it to be believed that they know Greek and Hebrew, but they know nothing except their metaphysics: while that is nothing but a mass of sophisms.....The Jesuits are great corruptors of Books.....The Jesuits are *Devils Incarnate*: (*Diablen en chair*): they have small fry, who write and hunt for them, while they have only to select and judge. The Jesuits are admirably taken care of. They eat of the most delicious dishes, and drink the finest wines; thus their wits are sharpened. There are a few decent Jesuits, such as And, Schott, and F. Duceè. At this time they are the plagues of religion and letters. Many of them are atheists (!!) that is the more learned portion, those who

read our writers.* There are two classes of them, those who pass their lives in courts, and who are men of the world; and those who are entombed in the libraries; sheer pedants, who must always be scribbling, right or wrong. They are always chattering.....In their constitutions it is set down that they are to live on the more delicate kinds of meat, such as chickens and the like—for the other kinds only dull the intellect. But they give them to the younger members only.”†

He finally concludes with one parting shot:

“Coton is a *fool*: and so in truth is every Jesuit.”

And this, be it remembered, of the celebrated Pere Coton, one of the shrewdest spirits the order ever possessed. It is indeed amusing to watch the fiery critic, raging like some wild animal, and lashing himself into fury whenever the odious name is mentioned. It has the effect upon him that the piece of scarlet has upon the bull. Epithets of the choicest kind are showered on them without stint, culminating generally with his favourite one of “ass.” This indeed seems to have been a popular term with the polite reformed controversialists of that day; for we find Osiander, when reduced to extremity, ingeniously eliciting it from his opponent’s name. Thus, from “FRANCISCUS COSTERUS JESUITA” he gets the effective anagram of “CERTO TU ES ASINUS AFRICUS: SIC.” But retribution was at hand; for another Jesuit retorted on him with equal ingenuity, and in his own coin. He transformed “LUCAS OSIANDER PRÆDICANTIUS” into “NIL TU ASINE CARPES; I AD CARDUOS.”

As to what Scaliger has said in the “good set terms” we have quoted, touching the abusive language held by the order, it will at once occur to any one at all familiar with the controversies of the time, that it was the Calvinists who were always notorious for calumnies and outrageous forms of speech; while the Jesuits, on the other hand, treated their adversaries almost too courteously and gently. Few, too, even of their enemies will accuse them of knowing nothing except their metaphysics. As to their mode of diet, it can only be said that if beef and mutton

* A naive admission.

† Scaligerana, p. 117. Colon. Agrip. 1667.

were not so conducive to the improvement of the intellect as the finer sorts of meat, they were quite right in abstaining from such food. It is curious that the two young men who had been placed under the critic's care shewed their appreciation of his teaching by embracing the Catholic Faith.

We pass to another doughty enemy of the order—Gaspar Scioppe! And that he may not lack due weight and authority, we shall furnish him with an introduction from Scaliger's own hand, "Scioppius" says he, "scripsit adversus Jesuitas. Il veut monter trop haut, et est ridicule comme le singe qui tant plus monte-t-il haut, tant plus montre-t-il le derriere." Every scholar knows the graceful history of the Jesuit Strada, its elegant Latin, exciting episodes and descriptions. Its author had, however, the misfortune of incurring the anger of Scioppe, who forthwith launched a volume at his head, bearing the alliterative title of "In-famia Famianæ Stradæ." This assumed to be a Philological Review of the Jesuit's work, but it served the author as a convenient medium for delivering himself of the most virulent abuse against the Society in general. In the early part of his work he confines himself to critical observation, acid enough to please the heart of a Croker or "Immortal Jeffrey;" but lighting on the name of Arias Montano, at length he finds the long coveted opportunity arrived. Such a diatribe is seldom to be met with, extending as it does to the length of nearly forty pages. Among other things he sets himself seriously to prove that St. Ignatius *really* received instruction in many things from the arch enemy of mankind in the flesh. The casual mention of the Mendicant Friars furnishes him with another text.

"When the Jesuit Fathers are providing for their wants, they keep in mind the advice Joseph gave to Pharaoh, viz., to heap up good store of corn in his garners. Truly this is a WONDROUS THING, (and plainly the finger of God is here!) that in this age of ours, so perverse and greedy (as other religious orders experience, making so little by *begging*) the Jesuits should know how to extract from the public whatever they find necessary for themselves, and *do* it so effectually. We must surely set it down as a miracle that men of a griping and penurious nature cannot bring themselves to refuse these Jesuits anything! So that plainly this MIRACLE (of Jesuitism) must be matched with that wrought by God in favour of his own people or the Egyptians, when they gave over to the Jews

whatsoever they demanded. The same takes place in respect to the Jesuits, so that they bear off with them whatever they ask for: which is a sure proof that they are under the special providence of God, and are dearly loved by him!"*

And so on in the same pleasant style. He, too, strange to say, later on embraced the creed he used to assail with such bitterness.

We next come to a curious little work with the following exciting title: "LE CABINET JESUITIQUE contenant plusieurs pièces, *tres curieuses* des Reverends Pères Jesuites, avec un Recueil des Mystères de L'Eglise Romaine."† A taking title truly! How greedily would the owlets of Exeter Hall clutch the volume, and with trembling hands turn over the "*pièces tres curieuses*." There is a delicate irony, too, in giving them their ecclesiastical titles in full. The frontispiece is admirably calculated to stimulate curiosity, and gives good promise of the cheer provided inside. A Jesuit in the full dress of his order stands in the centre with the globe under his arm, (not the newspaper of that name), while a human head wrapt up in a handkerchief is seen hanging from his hand. Just from beneath his robe peeps out the cloven foot. A minister of the Established Church in a handsome wig is on his knees beside him with his hand tied, and is undergoing a painful process of having a sharp instrument driven into his eye by a creature with horns and tail. Behind, another Jesuit is busy saying mass, dressed in defiance of all canonicle rules in a broad leafed Quaker's hat, and a black cloak.

Among the "*pièces tres curieuses*" are the "*avis secrets de la Societè de Jesus*," which, as the author informs us, was found at the sacking of one of their colleges by the Duke of Brunswick, and by him politely presented to the "Pères Capucins," to whom we are indebted for their being given to the world. Then follows a profane parody on the "Pater Noster," supposed to be addressed by them to Philip of Spain; and another on the Ave Maria addressed by the French to their queen, commencing in this fashion:—

* Amstel. 1663, p. 159.

† Cologne (no date).

Lors qué Judas trahit son Maistre en le baisant,
 Il dit, Ave Rabi! ceux de la Compagnie
 De Jesus, comme luy, en trahissant ta vie
 Avec celle du Roy, humbles te vont disant

AVE MARIA!

Ces bannis pour avoir tiré, par trahison
 La dent du Roy defunct, d'une honteuse fuite
 Avoient esté chasséz : mais il eurent en suite,
 Pour en tirer le cœur, une abolition.

GRATIA PLENA!*

Further on comes a "right merrie" ballad entitled
 "Jesuitographia."

1. Opulentas civitates
 Ubi sunt commodotates
 Semper quærunt isti Patres!
2. Claras œdes, bonum vinum
 Bonum panem, bonum linum
 Et pallium tempestivum.†

And so on for nearly fifty stanzas. It will be observed how the "stock" charge of good living is brought up once more. In fact, it was all through a most valuable weapon in the anti-Jesuitical crusade. We have seen a comparatively modern ballad, similar in tone and metre to the one just quoted, but which with all its animosity is so spirited that we cannot resist the temptation of giving it here.

IN JESUITAS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Mortem norunt animare,
Et tumultus suscitare
Inter Reges, et sedare | 2. Tanquam Sancti adorantur,
Tanquam Reges dominantur,
Tanquam Fures depredantur! |
| 3. Dominantur Temporale
Dominantur Spirituale
Dominantur omnia malè. | |
| 4. Hos igitur Jesuitas,
Heluones, Hypocritas,
Fuge, si cœlestia quæras! | 5. Vita namque Christiana
Abhorret ab hac Doctrina
Tanquam ficta et insana! |

Returning to our pamphlet, we find some verses of the kind known as "Bouts rimés," then so much in vogue at the French court, addressed with the same ironical respect

* P. 151.

† P. 162.

we before noted, to “Messieurs les Reverends Pères Jesuites.” Here is a short specimen:—

Jesuites! vos Esprits sont toujours au.....Bivac
 Vous etes plus mechants que des dragons.....D'Afrique
 Et toujours plus pensifs q'un faiseur de.....Musique
 Vous rêves quelqu'usure ou quelqu'autre.. ...Micmac!
 Marchands de blè, de vin, de bois, et de.....tabac
 Vous tireriez, ma foy! de l'argent.....d'une brique.
 Rien ne peut échapper a votre.....politique
 Car vous en sçavez prendre et.....ab hoc et ab hac!*

Taking our leave of this facetious production we pass on to the “Jejunium Jesuiticum,” or “Jesuitical Fasting,” which professes to be an exact account of how Lenten manners are managed by the Society. Its members, (who are politely styled throughout the work “Satan’s own children,” are bemonstered in the usual fashion. There are divers pleasant tales recorded which almost seem as if they had been cut out of a “*Standard*” or “*Morning Herald*” of yesterday. Tales of aged females, a prey to mortal sickness, sending to the Jesuit confessor to beg for leave to eat a little meat, sternly and inflexibly refused. A second application is made, accompanied by a few gold pieces, and lo! the required permission is accorded. No name, place, or date, of course. This, by the way, is a peculiarity common to most of these productions.

But here is something stimulating, smelling of sulphur and brimstone: “The conclave of Ignatius, or his enthronization at the late meeting in hell!”† An imaginary description of an assembly of the Society in that tropical locality where the speakers ingeniously unfold their various schemes and villanies.

Brimstone again! “Pyrotechnica Loyolana! Ignatian Fireworks, or the FIERY JESUITS temper and behaviour, Exposed to Public View for the sake of LONDON. By a Catholic Christian. ‘Out of their mouths issue FIRE and SMOAK and BRIMSTONE!’ Rev. ix. 17.”‡ This is a rare

* Francof. 1595. P. 179.

† Conclave Ignatii: sive ejus in nuperis Inferni comitiis enthronizatio. London, 1680.

‡ London, Printed for G. E. C. T., 1667.

work in every sense of the word, written in the quaintest old English imaginable ; and which in its tales of horror must leave behind it every book of the kind. Not an atrocity that can be conceived but is stuffed into it. Here is a droll idea—speaking of St. Ignatius on a certain occasion, “Belike the cacodæmon or ill spirit that used to *accompany* him at Mass, did then *act* him ; as he did F. Coton when he conversed with the witch ; yet the most cunning of them in their magick practises have sometimes been met with (i.e. over reached) as at Prague, while five Jesuits were playing the devils, a sixth real *Devil* came from hell into their company and so *hugged one* of them, that *he* died within three days after.” It will be recollected that a similar intrusion was said to have taken place some years ago at a theatre in London, which had been a chapel previously : when the scenic representatives of Satan found themselves assisted in bearing off Don Giovanni by the *real* “original old established” party. Here are a few choice epithets for what he calls the “*Ignatian Rookeries*.” “These Furies whose colledges and Professed Houses are the receptacles of the guilty, the Refuges of Dishonesty, the Shops of Iniquity, the Academies of Impiety, the Chairs of Infection, the High Places of Anti-Christ, &c., &c.” Another forcible and taking title is “The New Art of Lying covered by Jesuites under the *vaile* of Equivocation.”* This, strange to say, is written in a gentler and more philosophical spirit. So much cannot be said for “*Les Jesuites mis sur L’eschaufaut pour plusieurs crimes capitaux*,”† written by an apostate Jesuit, who lays on his colours with a profusion that would do honour to an Achilli ; among other things he gives an account of how children are made away with by the society to a startling extent. The mention of this reminds us of a little Latin pamphlet entitled, “*Ars Mentiendi Calvinistica*,” wherein a similar charge is alluded to and refuted. This really laughable accusation is worth giving here. It sets forth that on a certain day in August, 1600, a great supper of Jesuits came off at their house in Madrid, and that the company having indulged rather freely, a violent quarrel and general *melée* took place, which, awful to relate, ended in the massacre of all the members of the

* London, 1634.

† Leyden, 1648.

society present, by each others hands! After this frightful tragedy, a judicial examination of the premises being instituted, no less than three hundred childrens' heads(!) were discovered!

Next let us turn to "The Jesuits Unmasked! or Politick observations upon the ambitious pretensions and subtle intreagues of that CUNNING SOCIETY."* At the commencement we find this notice: "To prevent mistakes of importance be pleased to remember that there are four sorts of Roman Priests, namely, Clergimen, Monks, Fryars, and Jesuites." These latter being thus defined; "A Society of Priests of an Hermaphorodite order, for they are neither clergimen, monks, or fryars, yet pretend to be all these together and statesmen to boot." Having thus prevented "mistakes of importance," he proceeds to open the old ground where his fathers dug before him, and which has been worked with untiring vigour to the present day. The ending is amusing:—

"Finally I protest again that 'tis my hearty desire the Jesuits or Ignatians may reep the benefit of this pamphlet; for whatsoever they say, I *love them*. Yet I dare not hope they will profit by what I have done; for that these fathers have an invincible obstinacy in the defence of their greatest enormities, and like *Apes* break the glass wherein they behold themselves *so ugly* instead of amending their deformities.

"Would to God this were
"THE END."†

The "Parrarell of the Doctrine of the Pagans with the Doctrine of the Jesuits," ‡ is only worthy of notice here from the choice and appropriate text of Scripture it bears upon its title page: "I will discover thy skirts upon thy face...and I will cast abominable filth upon thee, and make thee vile, and will set thee as a gazing stock." The argument is stale enough, being the same in principle as that which Middleton brought forward in times nearer our own with considerable success. We next stumble on the "Tableau des Peres de La Societe," which is comical enough, but we shall only give "a brick of the Babel," as Lord Byron says, in the shape of the last two lines:—

* London, 1679.

† P. 27.

‡ London, at the Buck and Sun, 1726.

“ Allez abominables pestes
Allez au Diable a qui vous estes.”

“ Ex pede Herculem,” the rest is in the same happy vein. Their fertility of invention in book titles is perfectly wonderful. Here is one pretty elaborate:—

“ THE JESUITES LOOKING-GLASSE! wherein they may behold Ignatius (their patron) his Progresse, their own Pilgrimage; His life, their beginning, proceedings and propagation, which may serve as a forewarning for England to chase away in time this TRAYTEROUS and insociable Societie, or dis-ordered Jesuitical Order. By L. O. that hath beene an ocular witnesse of their Imposture and Hipocrisie.”*

This instructive work is to be had at the “ Signe of the Blue Bible.” The reader will not fail to remark the ingenious play of words in “ *insociable* Societie,” and “ dis-ordered order.” All through the book we are told of “ Colledges” having so many “ Fellows” a title we believe not as yet known in the “ Insociable Societie.” We are further given a complete list of all the Houses and “ Fellowes,” over the world; for, as the chronicler sorrowfully adds, “ these infernall frogs are crept into the West and East;” but as some consolation, when Riga was captured by the king of “ Sweathland,” “ the Jesuits were constrained to forsake that *nest* which is now turned to better use.” He finishes with a passage Exeter Hall might envy: “ For this wicked and idolatrous, Bloodye Societie would (if they could) cut the verie throats of all true Englishmen that are true professors of God’s Holy word; and bring in an Army of Spanish Cannibals to tyrranize over us like so many infernal Belzeebubs!”† This was the true chord to touch. In those days any talk of bringing the Spaniards down upon them was the true mode of awakening the sympathies of every honest Englishman. “ Spanish” and “ Popish” were then almost convertible terms. That every Spaniard was a Papist, and that every Papist had more or less of the Spanish Leaven in him, were two essential articles of the Briton’s faith. Every disappointed buccaneer who had been beaten off in his attempts upon the golden shores along the Spanish main,

* London, 1620.

† P. 69.

brought, home tales and histories of murders tortures, foul deeds that shun the light, and even as alluded to above, of Cannibalism. So, our author was exceedingly wise in his generation in coupling the "Societie" with a name so odious to all loyal, noble, freehearted, and liberal minded Britons!

Mr. Gee, of the University of Oxford, next claims our attention. Let us introduce

"The Foot out of the Snare: with a detection of sundry late practices and impostures of the Priests and Jesuits in England.

<p>"Whereunto is added a Catalogue of</p>	<p>{</p>	<p>1. Popish Books lately dispersed in our kingdom. 2. The Printers, sellers, binders, and dispersers of such Bookes. 3. Romish Priests and Jesuites resident about London. 4. Popish Physicians practising about London.</p>
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"The Fourth edition carrying also a gentle excuse unto *Master Musket* for stiling him Jesuit."*

Considering all the information this work professes to give, it might fitly be denominated "The Papist Hunter's Vade Mecum;" but alas, and alack-a-day! there is more upon the title than is contained inside: the "practises and impostures" are indeed enumerated, but no "detection" could we find! The headings of the chapters are of a spirited character, that of the first being to this effect:—"A sluttish feast of Popish Tales and Fitters, (?) most of them of the New Dressing by bungling cooks of the Pope's Kitchen: together with sauce for divers of them." The second chapter promises still better entertainment:—"The second service being two dishes, dressed by the slippery equivocating Master-Cook, Father Persons, or rather he himself served in for a Suttelty, to feed the eyes, and not the taste of the beleieving Guests." This introduces some hard hitting, and two harmless stories are related and so Father Persons is "served in for a suttelty." Another chapter, dropping all metaphors of the cuisine, begins in this fashion:—"A chapter of later Dog-Tricks: more petty cubs of the same Fox hunting for silly Goslings." In the course of this our attention is called to

* "London, sold at the great south dore of Pauls, 1624."

what he terms "a pretty young sucking Lie." Then we have a chapter on "Other hooks to pull in Patrimonies and Moneys into the box of these jugglers." The following extract on the casting out of devils may be found amusing.

"Now the company of Priests for potency of Breath do put down Leno, Hell, the Divell and all ! for the Divell who can well enough endure the loathsome odors and evaporation of Hell is not able to endure the vapour issuing from the mouth of a Priest, but had rather go to Hell than abide the smell. And hence it is that in the baptism of children the Priest breathes and *spets* into the mouth of the child—which no doubt is very soveraigne, especially if the Priest lungs be but a little ulcerated. One Will Trayford and Sarah Wills being possessed, Trayfords *Divell* rebounded at the dint of the Priests breath, and was glad to get him out at Trayfords right eare like a mouse.....Yea this is but a flea biting to the Priest gloves, his hose, his girdle, his shirts."

Then we are told the names of sundry of these "*Divells*," such as "Lustie Dick, Killico, Hob, Corner-Cap, Purre, Haberdicut, Cocobatto, Kelicocam, Wilkin Smolkin," &c., &c. "Kelicocam" and "Smolkin" seem to us right good names for "*Divells*," especially for such eccentric "*Divells*" as Will Trayford's.

Turning now to the sort of "Hue and Cry" list which is appended to the book, we find some very graphic portraits, such as "F. Harvay, a very dangerous Jesuite ;" "F. Townsend, alias Ruckwood, a Jesuite, a little black fellow very compt and gallant, lodging about the midst of Drury Lane." Then we have the two Fathers Palmer, "both Jesuits lodging about Fleet Street, very rich in apparell. The one a flanting fellow, useth to weare a Scarlet cloak over a crimson Sattin Suit." Lower down we find some one characterized as "a very poisonous fellow," and another unoffending Father as "a limping hobbling Priest." Nor must we forget "Father Ward, a ruffler with a Rapier by his side."

The success of this pamphlet was so great, that Mr. John Gee was induced to give the world another, entitled "NEW SHREDS of the OLD snare broken by the foot of J. G."* It is introduced by the following pleasant rhyme,—

* London, 1624.

“ All who can sing or say
Come and heare a Jesuites Play.”

This is in the same quaint style as the other, but in other respects is dull enough, though one of the chapters begins, “ The second comedie of a female apparition acted by the thrice honourable company of Jesuit-Players to the Pope’s Holiness.”

We next come to a swollen vellum-bound tome, extending to some 1300 pages, rejoicing in the title of “ *Le mercure Jesuite.*” * This first saw the light at Geneva, and so great things might reasonably be expected from it. It turns out, however, to be nothing more than a sort of “ *recueil*” of official documents, decrees, and the like. But at the end a little bit of drollery is introduced in the shape of a quasi facetious post mortem dialogue, (in the manner of Mr. Landor,) between M. Servin, a councillor of Parliament, and the Pere Coton, before alluded to. † The two are supposed to meet in Hades, when the Councillor, “ *faute de meilleur compagnie,*” as the book says, joins the Jesuit. “ Good morning, mon Père, what brings you here?—COTON. Good morning—you see I am dead too, like yourself.—SERVIN. *Parlez vous sans equivoque ?*—COTON. Certainly. Equivoques I find are not in vogue here.—SERVIN. Where are you going now?—COTON. I wish to reach the Elysian Fields.—SERVIN. So do I.—COTON. If that be so, we can go together.—SERVIN. I see only one objection, and that is this ; you folk by the rules of your order are obliged to walk in pairs. Now I have no wish to appear to belong to your society, by being found in your company, or in short, to be taken for a Jesuit—*especially in these parts,*” &c., &c., and so on. The whole, however, is conceived in a more temperate spirit than the usual run of such effusions.

Let us pass now to “ *SERIOUS CONSIDERATIONS for repressing the increase of Jesuites, Priestes and Papists, without Shedding of Blood. Written by Sir R. C. and presented to King James of Happie Memorie.*” † Well here is a tolerant spirit at last, one with gentle, liberal views ! Nothing of the sort. He merely disapproves of

* Gen. 1631.

† P. 918.

‡ 1641.

shedding blood because it had unfortunately been found useless as an arm of restraint. We should, he thinks, cast about for some other more efficacious method. "Therefore," says he, "except it be demonstrated the whole Roman Citie which consists not of one Broode but of a succession of Persons, may be *cut off* at the first stroake as one entire head, I see no cause to think our state secured by sitting on the skirts of some few Seminaries, leaving in the meantime a multitude of snarlers abroad, who already shewe their teeth and only wait opportunity to Bite fiercely." He is blessed, however, with a certain Pharisaical charity, for "Although it hath been affirmed of the Church of Rome QUOD PONTIFICUM GENUS SEMPER CRUDELE neverthelesse out of charity let us hope that all Divels are not so black as they are paynted." His notable scheme is that a good round sum should be devoted to acquiring secret information "which may be readily obtained from Sivill, (Seville) Valadolid, Doway, Louvaine and other places: and by forewarning given of their approach they may be *waited for at the Ports* and from thence soon conveyed to a *safe lodging*." Having thus provided for what he calls "The whole Regimente of Jesuites," he anticipates that England would be at length free from annoyance. In support of his views he mentions a curious circumstance, viz., that Walsingham, by means of secret bribes, knew of the departure of every priest and seminarist from Rome, Douay or other colleges, and so was enabled to receive them on their landing and have them "conveyed to a safe Lodging."

A little pamphlet, if it can be so termed, of five or six pages, printed on the vilest of paper, as if for selling in the streets, purposes to be "A Letter from a Jesuit, or the Mystery of Equivocation."* This, it says, was intercepted in some mysterious manner, and is now laid before the public, to put them on their guard against those "Jesuits who are to be seen ruffling in courts, exchanges, everywhere in muffling habits of hectoring gallants." The intercepted letter is certainly a most ingenious composition, and professes to be a letter of introduction given to a Friar by a Jesuit in Paris. But, as will be seen, the Friar knew not what he was carrying.

* "With allowance." Anno Dom. 1679.

[LETTER.]

"Mr. G. an Irish Friar of the Order of St. Benedict Is the bringer unto you of News from me by means Of this letter. he is one of the most discreet wise and least Vitious persons that I ever yet (amongst all I have conversed with) Knew & hath earnestly desired me to write to you in his favour & To give him a letter for you of credence in his behalf & my Recomendation which thus granted to his merit I assure you rather than to his Importunity &c. &c."

This seems a simple letter enough, and to use the words of the writer, "I dare lay a wager the honest reader sees no more harm in all this than the silly Fryar did that carried it. But alas! deceiving a poor Fryar with such a neat piece of gullery is nothing to the practises of the politicians of the right Roman breede." As so by dividing the letter as it were into two columns, and reading them first straight down, a very different meaning will be discovered. O these Jesuits!

But perhaps we have dwelt long enough upon this strange class of productions. We shall therefore throw together a few of the more piquante titles we have as yet not touched upon, and then conclude. We have not ventured to unfold the secrets of "CABBALA! ou l'ouverture de Caballe Mysticalle des Jesuites, revelé par songe a un gentilhomme,"* nor the valuable information contained in the "Paradoxa Jesuitica." We have not touched upon the "Jesuite Disarmè," nor upon his brethren, the "Jesuita Vapulans," and "Jesuita Revapulans," nor upon the "Jesuitici Templi Stupenda," all no doubt interesting. We have likewise passed over the "Relatio de Stratagematis et sophismatis Politicis Jesuitarum Societatis ad monarchiam Orbis Terrarum sibi conficiendam," as also "A Letter from a Jesuite in Paris to his correspondent in London, showing the most effectual way to ruine the Government of Protestant Religion," also the "Colloquium Jesuiticum" and the "Anatomia Societatis Jesu," with scores more, the recapitulation of which would only be wearisome.

In closing our random notice of these long-forgotten writings, still curious for the analogy which they bear to the weapons of modern literary crusade, the best commen-

* Leyden, 1602.

tary we can make upon them is a remark of the acute Bayle's, viz., that in his day there were numbers of persons who honestly believed all the calumnies in the "Anti-Coton," (a satire against the Jesuit of that name,) although its falsity had been proved in a manner convincing to all but those destitute of good sense. This opinion, coming from a not always unprejudiced quarter, ought to have proportionate weight. But, in conclusion, it may be asked, why have we thus chosen to disinter these poor effusions of malignity instead of allowing them to moulder away unthought of and forgotten? Why not let the turgid stream roll on without calling attention to its existence? But as we before remarked, we were anxious to show the outrageous, and even laughable extent to which the "begriming" of the Society had proceeded, and from the fact of its being *overdone* infer its total groundlessness. As in the course of common life, if a man's character be extravagantly blackened, it has often the effect of helping him back to his good name; for the wise naturally think, when some of the charges are so ridiculous, others may turn out equally groundless. It is on this principle that we have written.

But in truth this animosity to the Jesuits will, we think, remain one of the great unsolved problems of the human race. Such deadly malignity, such poisoned and envenomed hatred, is almost incredible, and very nearly allied to insanity. We might be almost tempted to explain it as a feeling near akin to the horror a certain dark personage is supposed to entertain of holy water. Without entering into this speculation now, we shall only say that, though the Jesuits have borne their part in the trials and tribulations of that immortal Church, to which they have been such faithful children, like her they have risen triumphant above them all. Already is the Great Order making rapid way towards its olden grandeur. It is spreading in the East and in the West. Its colleges are rising on the banks of the Mississippi and the Ganges. And we venture to predict that, at the time the famous Eastern traveller shall be seen standing on the broken arch of London Bridge, sketching the ruined temple of St. Paul's, there will be found in the sunny lands left behind him, many a dome and spire, many a snowy pile raised to religion and education by the hands and labours of the children of Loyola!

ART. IV.—*History of Richard Cromwell and the Restoration of Charles II.* By M. Guizot. Translated by Andrew R. Scott. 2 vols., 8vo. London: Richard Bentley, 1856.

THIS book is a valuable sequel to the *History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth*, which engaged our attention at the time of its appearance, and a notice of which appeared in the Number of this Journal for July, 1854. Most of what then occurred to us in the way of observation upon the peculiar fitness of the distinguished author for the prosecution of the studies to which he had devoted himself, and in the benefit of which the public had been so large a sharer, is equally applicable to the matter in hand. Himself a witness, an actor, a leader and a victim under revolutionary governments, sagacious of all their springs and all their movements; disabused if man ought to be, or could be, of their illusions; learned in the analogies that all revolutions present to students of history, from the days of Harmodius and Aristogiton to the Deux Decembre; possessing in addition a peculiar inclination for the study of English history, or at least particular phases of it; and having withal the indispensable acquirements of scholarship in an uncommon degree; M. Guizot has qualified himself for the production of the work before us, by a close and conscientious investigation of all the evidence, historical or documentary, that could throw light upon a very obscure but most instructive period of Constitutional History. His perfect familiarity with all the books of reference bearing upon the previous subjects of inquiry to which we adverted in our former paper, is equally noticeable in his treatment of the short period preceding the restoration. Price, Ludlow, Skinner, Clarendon, Whitelock, Cooke, Baker, Hutchinson, Burton, the Commons Journals, and an almost infinite variety of documentary authorities have been carefully collated, and are constantly referred to. The same features of style also, or nearly the same, are everywhere observable. We have hardly at any time remarked M. Guizot more sober of embellishment, or less visionary than in the present volumes. Although the colouring is not very vivid, though

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the work is quite free from professional portrait-painting, or Macaulayism of any kind, it cannot be said that the interest is allowed to languish; as the details, though numerous, are not too minute; are never unimportant, are evidently accurate, and hang so closely together that the student never loses sight of their connexity. One is pleased, moreover, to miss altogether the swagger and self-sufficiency so remarkable in some of our own historians, the absence of which, although not an argument of sound scholarship, is generally found to characterize it. We have, of course, very often had occasion to notice M. Guizot's facts and views, as who has not had that is in contact with the literature of the day? and doubtless our observations include considerable varieties of opinion; but we are not aware of his ever having betrayed anything like the assumption which men in this country, not the twentieth part the tithe of Guizot in learning, or worth of any kind, perpetually exhibit in virtue of shallow information, strong prejudices, and active fancy. It is not, indeed, that M. Guizot does not sometimes exhibit extraordinary complacency in fondling a pet theory, which of course, according to the caprice or dispensation that guides paternal likings, is often an ill-favoured one; nor that we ourselves can claim credit for particular tenderness on such occasions in dealing with what seems open to censure. This not only the paper to which we have already alluded, but another, taken at random, in the same Number, (*The Theory of Jesuit History*), will sufficiently show. But the praise of learning, more especially constitutional learning, sobriety of judgment in the absence of very powerful disturbing agents, sound philosophy from time to time, and a general spirit of candour, it is rarely possible to refuse to M. Guizot, and they are nowhere more perceptible than in the *History of Richard Cromwell*.

We believe that, previously to the publication of M. Guizot's work, there were few personages in English history of whom less was known than Richard Cromwell; and few periods involved in greater obscurity than that of his few months of office, for it can hardly be called power, and the stormy weeks immediately preceding the Restoration. Why that has been so, with such ample materials at hand for accurate and interesting history, it is perhaps needless to enquire. A period of transition such as that occupied by the administration of Richard Cromwell, is always

full of the instruction to be gathered from delicate conjunctures, great opportunities lost or caught at the bound, resources husbanded or squandered, the best policy defeated by the irresistible course of circumstances, or only developing itself when no policy can avail. But, be that as it may, this whole mine of constitutional and historical learning, remained till within the last few years closed against any one who did not choose to consult, as M. Guizot has done, volumes and state papers without end. We are very far indeed from saying that Dr. Lingard did not avail himself of every source of information open to him in common with M. Guizot, or that his History does not, within the proper range of its duties, convey to us a clear and faithful picture of the period to which M. Guizot's studies have been more especially directed; but what we mean to convey is, that it was reserved for M. Guizot to lay bare the whole anatomy of the time to the general reader, to show him all its facts and all their bearings, in a work of moderate dimensions.

It is a comparatively vulgar triumph of genius to found an empire or a dynasty; but to perpetuate it is the prerogative of few. The greater and the more overpowering the merit of the man; the more effectually it crushes opposition, bridles discontent, and silences murmurs; the more real is the danger for his successor probably of very different materials from the great man himself; unless the latter has had that surpassing genius of organization which enabled him to transmit his power with his memory. Hence it is, perhaps, that the modest worth of Washington was more really serviceable to his country than splendid talent, in the foundation of a government, which, although from the circumstances of the case, it seemed to be somewhat out of joint, has notwithstanding held together, and promises to hold together for a considerable time; and under which a cluster of small colonies has grown to a great nation. Indeed, had Cromwell had the honesty and simple-mindedness of Washington, had he been less of a diplomatist, and understood less accurately the art of governing, so far at least as it is supposed to include chicanery and deceit, it is not very clear that the English people, although disinclined to the republic as it afterwards was to the revolution, might not have come in course of time to regard it as a

regular government: and from utter inability to overthrow it, and with the example of Holland before their eyes, have grown reconciled to a state of things which, whatever may be its defects, is certainly compatible with progress and security at home, as well as respect and power abroad. The very efforts however which the Protector made to consolidate his power and secure its transmission to his sons, involved the destruction not only of his own family, but of the republican form of government, as it kept constantly before the eyes of the people, not a pale reflection, but the quick and vigorous substance of monarchical power wanting only the name; while the people never ceased to connect both the name and the thing, with the family of Stuart.

Trusting in all probability to the favourable chances always belonging to possession, Oliver determined upon handing down his own title and power to his son Richard, with regard to whose defects of character it is possible he may have been somewhat blinded by parental affection, but whose inferiority to himself in every particular must have been well known, and a constant source of apprehension to him. He must have felt too that the sectaries in and out of the army, and all other uneasy spirits whom he had himself been able to cajole or intimidate, would soon take advantage of his removal to intrigue against the power of his son, perhaps to subvert, but at all events to unsettle it,

And with perpetual inroads, to alarm,
Though inaccessible his fatal throne,
Which if not victory was yet revenge.

Perhaps he may have relied upon some latent strength of character, which circumstances might develop in Richard, but if so, the event proved how signally he was mistaken. "An addressing house of Commons," says Burke, "and a petitioning nation; a house of Commons full of confidence, while the nation is plunged in despair; in the utmost harmony with ministers whom the people regard with the utmost abhorrence; who vote thanks when the public opinion calls upon them for impeachments; who are eager to grant when the general ruin demands account; who in all disputes between the people and the administration pronounce against the people; who punish their dis-

orders, but refuse even to inquire into the provocations to them; this is an unnatural, a monstrous state of things in the Constitution.”* But Richard Cromwell was destined to succeed to something more difficult and more unmanageable than this. He had to deal with an addressing house and a petitioning army; petitioning too in the style in which an army knows how to petition. He had a parliament sufficiently obsequious, and a nation utterly impracticable; he had a show of union in the houses, and sectaries outside ready to tear each other, but anxious to begin by quartering him. He had committees adjusting the limits of prerogative and privileges, while a majority of the men of action were looking for pure democracy. He had his council of state in Whitehall, and councils of officers elsewhere suggesting measures which were looked upon as commands. To govern without parliament was impossible, and with parliament little less so. If his house of Commons was unanimous and devoted, it would not represent the people, and if it did represent the people, it could reflect nothing but anarchy. Oliver would have doubtless continued equal to the occasion, for his very name was sufficient to secure the undisputed succession to his son.

M. Guizot has however disabused the general reader of a very vulgar error, which represented Richard Cromwell as a good-natured good-for-nothing youth, perfectly satisfied to keep the throne warm for Charles, although rather anxious to get rid of the responsibility and toil of government; at least this is the impression left upon our mind by that popular book of fiction called Goldsmith's *History of England*, which found its way into the hands of most school boys some twenty years ago, and is still regarded as an authority by the simple. It would appear, however, that Richard was by no means wanting in ability, and that he had rather a taste for government, that is to say for the civil list, palatial quarters, guards of honour, and the other concomitants of royalty; although he was almost as much an enemy to work as his worthy successor Charles. But so far from gladly relinquishing his authority, he clung to it with a tenacity that has seldom been observed in real princes, remaining in Whitehall

* Thoughts on the causes of the present discontent.—*Works*, vol. ii., p. 289.

for a considerable time after he had been dismissed from the protectorate, and taking care not to notice the civil hints he received from the officers to accommodate himself elsewhere ; until gentle though firm compulsion had been applied, and not until his little bill upon the nation had been duly honoured. He was not without a certain grace of manner either, that recommended him to all with whom he had to deal, officially or otherwise ; nor was he destitute of tact in nice and difficult conjunctures : but these qualities are only useful when found in combination with others, in which he was singularly deficient, namely, resolution and promptitude. Those who were about his person conceived a real attachment for him, and he could hardly be said to have an enemy anywhere, even amongst those who most opposed his pretensions, and were most hostile to his father. Accordingly his government seemed to begin under the best auspices ; and if something like real discontent showed itself from the outset, he found the appearance at least of satisfaction with which his accession to the protectorate was greeted, and also the composition of his first parliament, so satisfactory ; that his own spirits and those of his friends revived. There seemed, in a word, to be a general accord amongst men, to submit to his government for want of better, if for no other reason ; so that the French Ambassador conceived great hopes of the popularity and stability of the second protectorate, and wrote to Cardinal Mazarin to that effect. But as the following extract will show, those difficulties had already begun to surround him from which it was not in his character to rescue himself.

“ If Hyde could have read the hearts, or even the letters, of Cromwell's own sons and their most devoted adherents, he would not thus have lost their confidence. In the midst of this general and eager submission to their government, they were filled with anxiety and disquietude, and felt convinced already that their success was superficial and illusory, and their peril imminent. Three of them in particular, enlightened by their own pressing interests or by their great experience, Henry Cromwell in Dublin, and Thurloe and Lord Faulconbridge in London, took no false or flattering view of their position. On the 7th of September, by the same messenger who conveyed to Henry Cromwell a detailed account of his father's death, Thurloe thus wrote to him : ‘ I must needs acquaint your Excellency that there are some secret murmurings in the army, as if his Highness were not general of the army, as his father was ;

and would look upon him and the army as divided ; and as if the conduct of the army should be elsewhere, and in other hands. I am not able to say what this will come to, but I think the conceit of any such thing is dangerous.' A week later, on the 14th of September, Lord Faulconbridge wrote to his brother-in-law : ' All seemingly wears the face of calmness, but certainly somewhat is brewing underhand. A cabal there is of persons, and great ones, held very closely and resolved, it's feared, to rule themselves, or set all on fire. These forebodings found immediate credence from Henry Cromwell ; naturally restless, distrustful, and melancholy. As soon as he learned that his father's life was in danger, and before he received intelligence of his death, he had almost despaired of the future. ' If no settlement be made in his life-time,' he wrote to Thurloe on the 8th of September, ' can we be secure from the lust of ambitious men ? Nay, if he would declare his successor, where is that person of wisdom, courage, conduct, and (which is equivalent to all) reputation at home and abroad, which we see necessary to preserve our peace ? Though I know none like his Highness, yet he himself is not sufficient for these things but by and through his communion with God.' When Cromwell was dead Henry immediately had his brother Richard proclaimed in Dublin, and wrote to him soon after, on the 18th of September ; ' I lost no time, and I used what diligence and industry I could, according to my bounden duty, to make your Highness's entrance easy and your government established.....Now I humbly beg your Highness's pardon for what I am about to say : I may not, unless your Highness commands me against my will and condemns me to my grave, any longer undergo the charge I did in your father's life-time ; I am not able to live always in the fire.' And he, therefore, implored Richard to permit him to come to London to converse with him open-heartedly on the reasons which led him to desire retirement, and on their common dangers. ' I do think it dangerous,' he adds in a subsequent letter, written on the 20th of October, ' I do think it dangerous to write freely to your Highness, or for you to do it to me, unless by a messenger that will not be outwitted or corrupted ; for I make no question but that all letters will be opened which come either to or from your Highness, which can be suspected to contain business.' The sons of Cromwell had good reason to feel anxious and uneasy. Their father's body lay in state at Somerset House ; and yet the impression which his death had produced, and the unanimous assent which it had gained to the appointment of his successor, had already ceased to be anything more than a vain outward show. The personal ascendancy of a great man is never revealed with more striking clearness than after his decease ; and the innumerable pretensions that rise up in the void which he leaves, give the measure of the space which he alone could fill, republicans and cavaliers, generals, officers, and soldiers, mystical sectaries and free thinkers, parliamentary and regimental orators, all the

parties that Cromwell had held in check, the malcontents who trembled before him, and the ambitious men who bowed beneath his irresistible superiority, the high-minded patriots and the chimerical visionaries whom he had offended, indeed all those various classes whom by consent or force, by persuasion or constraint, he had reduced alike to silence and inaction,—began again after an interval of a few days, to hope and to act, at first with some reserve and with little noise, but ere long with presumption and almost with publicity. Under the pretext of uniting in devotional exercises, the officers met on every Friday at Wallingford House, the residence of Fleetwood, whose rank, as Lieutenant-General of the Army, rendered him the natural centre around which they rallied, and whose weak-minded vanity, pious affectation, and ambitious wife, made him an easy dupe to military or popular factions. The more ardent malcontents had their secret meetings at the house of Desborough, a rough, haughty, obstinate soldier, who used to boast that he had prevented Cromwell from making himself king, and who yielded with great unwillingness to Richard's Protectorate, although he had openly acknowledged it himself, and induced others with whom he had influence to do the same. At these meetings all the questions of the day were debated, feelings of discontent were expressed, and projects of all kinds suggested; and the spirit of sedition spread from these foci throughout the main body of the Army, where the Anabaptists, Quakers, Millenarians, and other subaltern enthusiasts whom Cromwell himself had never been able to crush, resumed at the same time their turbulent and inflammatory preachings."—Vol. i. pp. 11-14.

On the other hand Richard early "received assurance of the friendly dispositions" of the foreign powers with whom his father had been in alliance. The sycophancy of Cardinal Mazarin is rather nauseous, but it were to be wished after all that England had adopted towards France under the French Republic, and even under Bonaparte; the same moderation that she was thus early taught by France and which she has lately learned to put to account with so much advantage. The ambition of Napoleon was fed by the resistance of England, whose subsidies only created armies for him to annihilate and furnished him with pretexts of conquest, until Heaven itself interfered so visibly for his downfall in Russia. But it is not less true that Cardinal Mazarin needlessly lowered the dignity of the crown he served, not only in the expression of his sorrow for the death of Oliver, but in the style whether of his condolence or his congratulations offered to Richard. Richard's request that foreign courts should go into mourn-

ing for his father as it was their habit to do on the death of sovereign princes, was anticipated by the servility of the French court.

Nothing can be more fulsome than the adulation administered by Cardinal Mazarin, nor, on the other hand, can anything exceed the meanness of the details of corruption into which he entered. The correspondence of the Cardinal with M. de Bordeaux, the French ambassador, is perhaps the most instructive portion of the History. While expressing and feeling a certain interest in the continuance and security of Richard's Government, Mazarin spares no injunction to the ambassador to make him acquainted with every circumstance that might enable him to take advantage of its weakness. He condescended to bribe Lord Faulconbridge with a present of "two handsome barbs" and even wishes to be informed what kind of jewels Lady Faulconbridge would fancy; yet at a later period we see France and Spain equally anxious to secure the favour of the now despised Charles to the extent of being desirous to seize his person, in order that it might appear his restoration was due to them, and that he might be found upon their territories and thence pass over to his own when the time should come. The following is Cardinal Mazarin's letter of congratulation to Richard on his accession to the Protectorate.

" Cardinal Mazarin to the Protector.

" Paris, September 25, 1658.

" Sir,

" I have so many reasons for being sensibly affected by the death of his late most Serene Highness, the Protector, that I shall not employ many words to express to your Most Serene Highness the grief which it has caused me, which I well feel to be one of those which are contained in sad silence because they are beyond expression. And truly, even if I did not regard the interest of the king and of the state, on the loss of a prince so illustrious, and so well intentioned towards the crown, he gave me, even in the last moments of his life, such glorious and such obliging marks of his esteem, confidence, and friendship, that I cannot sufficiently regret his loss. But what mitigates in some degree my displeasure at this most unfortunate occurrence is, to find that your supreme Highness has been proclaimed his successor with such universal applause, and that I am fully persuaded that you will not only conform to his views for the establishment of an indissoluble union with France, but that you will be pleased to honour me with the

same good will which His Highness entertained towards me, as I have a very strong desire to deserve it by my services."—Vol. ii. p. 445.

We should be glad to make more frequent extracts from this portion of M. Guizot's work, but we are so completely embarrassed in the choice, and the correspondence is so uniform in its features, that we have thought it more desirable to confine ourselves to the body of the book; nor does anything occur to us at this moment more interesting than Richard's meeting with his first parliament. The scene is faithfully described by M. Guizot. It is singularly characteristic of the man and the situation. The ill-suppressed indignation of the republican members of the House of Commons, on being summoned to attend the Protector at the bar of the House of Lords, showed with sufficient clearness what forbearance the Protector had to expect from a body of men, the most active, sincere, and enthusiastic in the state, and held out an indifferent prospect of a quiet or happy protectorate. The Protector himself, or his immediate advisers, seem to have had a clear perception of the difficulties of his position, and Richard's speech to the two houses is about the most judicious that could have been contrived. Full of the scriptural jargon of the period, it does not express the same confident assurance of divine protection, which Oliver seemed to think was his by right of conquest. While his own accession to the protectorate is treated as a matter of course, he does not take the airs of legitimacy, or seem to say, he is at the helm in his own right. He very carefully, but not too ostentaciously, puts forward his father, in whose place he has been made to stand, and for whose memory and merits alone he seems to claim regard. At the same time he is not wanting in modest promises to govern by means of parliament, and to co-operate with every well considered measure that shall emanate from the two Houses. The Lord Commissioner Fiennes, on the other hand, in the same canting style, two-thirds psalmody and one-third business, cleverly breaks to the House the duty they are expected to perform. He informs them that their functions are somewhat those of what in modern times would be called a constituent assembly, but at the same time he gives them warning, although not in a tone of warning, that

they are spared the trouble of devising or attempting anything like organic change; they are not called upon, he says, to construct, but merely to consolidate, and at the utmost, to embellish. This however is rather hinted at, and to be guessed, though easily guessed, from his highly figurative speech, than bluntly put. He never for one moment has the appearance of stating that it is intended to limit the privileges of the parliament, or narrow its discretion. But it is assumed throughout that, although the exercise of certain functions rightly appertains to them as legislators under a new order of things, yet the order in question, although new, is settled, and not subject to discussion. The "Petition and Advice" are treated as the ark of the constitution, not to be profanely approached or irreverently scanned. It is taken without controversy to be a species of sacrilege to lay hands upon the work of the great master, hardly cold under the hand of death, and at the same time expression is given to a degree of confidence in the houses generally, better calculated to keep waverers in the direct line than any threat or peremptoriness of manner could have been. We subjoin the passage.

"On the whole, and with the exception of a few irregular and contested elections, the Assembly was freely chosen, and composed for the most part of independent men; among its five hundred and sixty-four members, there were about fifty determined Republicans. A hundred, or a hundred and forty members who wavered between the Protector and the Republic, seventy-two lawyers, a hundred officers, and others in the employment of the Government, and two hundred persons of neutral or unknown opinions. On ascertaining this result of the elections, the Protector and his advisers expressed neither confidence nor discouragement. 'The men in the Parliament are very numerous, and beyond measure, bold,' wrote Lord Faulconbridge to Henry Cromwell, on the 15th of February; 'but they are more than doubly over-balanced by the sober party. So that, though this make their results slow, we see no great cause as yet to fear.' Thurloe who, in general, was but little inclined to hope, entertained even less misgivings, and grew animated at the approach of the conflict, like a wary and veteran partisan. 'Our enemies on all sides are active,' he wrote to Henry Cromwell, on the 4th of January, 'and will leave no stone unturned to give us trouble, both at home and abroad.. ... This is like to be a very troublesome scene; and, I persuade myself God will bless courage and lively actions, and will be displeased with despondencies and melancholy motions. I can say by experience, that, I never in all my life made a true judgment of things in a melancholy frame and temper of spirit; and whatever measures I took

whilst I was in that case, I wholly disliked them when I was out of it, and have fully resolved with myself never to do anything, or take up any resolutions, whilst I am melancholy, having always found my thoughts erroneous at such a time. The cause is as good as ever, and the same that ever it was, and the enemies are baffled men, and if we can believe that God will be with us, He will be with us ; and who then can be against us ?

“ On the 27th of January, 1659, Richard, attended by a pompous retinue, proceeded by water to the parliament-stairs, and after waiting a few moments in the House of Lords, repaired to Westminster Abbey, Major-General Desborough bearing the sword of state before him. The members of both houses were already assembled in the church, as we are told, ‘ sparsim and in confusion.’ After a sermon had been preached by Dr. Goodwin, as the audience were rising to depart, a quaker standing near the pulpit suddenly addressed the congregation with incoherent exhortations. Richard paused, heard him to the end, and returned to the House of Lords. The Usher of the Black Rod was then sent, by his order, to summon the members of the House of Commons to attend him.

“ Several of them, who had formed part of the procession, were there already, standing at the bar according to ancient usage ; but about a hundred and sixty had collected in their own House, and when the Usher came to summon them, not more than ten or twelve obeyed his call. ‘ I went up as one of your servants,’ said Sir Arthur Haslerig afterwards, ‘ to see in what order we should be. I saw where the Lords were. I asked where the Commons should be, and they said, ‘ At the bar, where were servants and footmen.’ More than a hundred and fifty members remained in the House of Commons ; while in the other House, Richard, after standing for a moment uncovered, resumed his seat and his hat, and opened the Session of Parliament. His speech was short and simple, but expressed in a royal tone. ‘ I believe there are scarce any of you here,’ he said, ‘ who expected some months since to have seen this great assembly at this time, in this place, in peace.... Peace was one of the blessings of my father’s government.....He died full of days, spent in great and sore travail ; yet his eyes were not waxed dim, neither was his natural strength abated, as it was said of Moses. He was serviceable even to the last.....He is gone to rest, and we are entered into his labours.....It is agreeable, not only to my trust, but to my principles, to govern these nations by the advice of my two Houses of Parliament.

“Through the goodness of God, we are, as I have told you, at this time, in peace ; but it is not thus with us, because we have no enemies. There are enough, both within us and without, who would soon put an end to our peace, were it in their power. It will be becoming your wisdom to consider of the securing of our peace against those who, we all know are, and ever will be, our implacable enemies. What the means of doing this are, I shall

refer to you. This I can assure you, that the armies of England, Scotland, and Ireland, are true and faithful to the peace and good interest of these nations.....If they were not the best army in the world, you would have heard of inconveniences, by reason of the great arrear of pay which is now due unto them.....This being matter of money, I recommend it particularly to the House of Commons. You have, you know, a war with Spain, carried on by the advice of parliament. He is an old enemy, and a potent one, and therefore it will be necessary, both for the honour and safety of these nations, that that war be vigorously prosecuted.....The other things that are to be said I shall refer to my Lord Keeper Fiennes.....I recommend unto you, my Lords, and you, Gentlemen of the House of Commons, that you will in all your debates maintain and conserve love and unity among yourselves, that therein you may be the pattern of the nation, who have sent you up in peace, and with their prayers, that the spirit of wisdom and peace may be among you. And this shall also be my prayer to you ; and to this let us all add our utmost endeavours for making this a happy Parliament.'

"Lord Commissioner Fiennes began his speech in the tone of a true courtier. 'The wise man,' he said, 'having proposed this question—'What can the man do that cometh after the king?'—he answereth himself thus—'Even that which he hath already done.' And to the like question at this time, 'What can he say that speaketh after his Highness?' The like answer may not be unfitly returned, 'Even that which hath been already spoken.' His speech as this opening indicated, was a mere commentary on that of the Protector. A commentary expressed in emphatic and involved language, amid the mazes of which the idea and plan of conduct entertained by the Government were, nevertheless, discernible. 'His late Highness,' he said, 'as you know, and the whole world knows, was a man of war, yet he died in peace, and left these nations in peace at home, and victorious abroad.....But that is not all ; his late Highness not only left these three nations in peace, within, and betwixt themselves, but he left them in unity. And as it was his and the late Parliament's worthy work and care to unite these three nations into one commonwealth, so His Highness hath held it incumbent upon him to bring them united to, and in this Parliament, according to the practice of the late Parliament, and the express declaration of their intention. That all Parliaments for the future should be Parliaments of the three nations.....And all the materials of this House are so fitted and squared beforehand, by the Humble Petition and Advice, and other good laws made by the late Parliament, that by the help of God there will be no need of any new hammering, nor that there shall be heard the noise of any hammer or axe, much less of spear or sword, or any tool of iron, for what is to be further done in the building of this house.....The

Petition and Advice hath not taken in anything that should have been left out, nor left out anything that is essential ; but, whoever shall well weigh the same, and look into it with a single eye, will find that both our spiritual and civil liberties have been squared, stated, and defined therein, with a great deal of care and exactness.....And yet, there is still behind a great and glorious work in the location and composure of these parts, though never so well fitted. The application of things to persons, and of persons to things, and the right jointing and cementing of one part to the other, by a spirit of love within, and establishment of due and necessary order without, will make this House to rise up into a strong, a perfect, and a beautiful structure and fabric amongst us. What then remains but that His Highness, and both houses of Parliament should set about this noble work, till they have brought it to perfection?.....We have a wholesome and divine counsel to preserve us from falling into the snare of the grand enemy of our peace ; and that is, to hold the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. What is that bond of peace ? In a moral sense, it is that treble knot of true love and good understanding between His Highness and the two Houses of Parliament ; in a public consideration it is the constitution of our Government, whereby we have another treble cord, besides that of the three nations united into one Commonwealth, namely, the constitution of their supreme Legislative power, consisting of a single person and two Houses of Parliament. Which cord, while it is kept well twisted together, will be a great strength to itself, to the nation, and to the people of God, in these and all our neighbouring nations round about us ; but if it once begin to unravel, and the two ends fall one from another, and from the middle, all will run to ruin.' That the Protectoral form of Government should be regarded as firmly established, and that its basis should be respected as much as that of an ancient monarchy, was the chief aim of Richard and his counsel. 'That which all here seem to be fixed in,' wrote Thurloe to Henry Cromwell, on the 14th of December, 'is to adhere to the Petition and Advice ; and if the foundation thereof be admitted, namely, a single person and two Houses of Parliament, I hope we may agree in all other things.' "

The difficulties of the Protector were now hourly on the increase—his parliament, pliant as it was, required the utmost management. It soon exhibited a respect and tenderness for the good old cause, that were matter of well grounded apprehension to Richard and his advisers. The oath of fidelity to the Protector ; the constitution of parliament itself involving the very existence of "the other house," and matters of an equally exciting kind were vehemently debated ; and although by all the arts with which

constitutional government, has made us familiar, parliamentary majorities were secured, and shining victories obtained; there was real discomfiture in nearly all his triumphs. But in the very infancy of these debates he was compelled to use an act of vigour, which if he had known how to adhere to and repeat, he might have given to events a different turn. He was obliged to dissolve a council of officers. It was a hazardous experiment in his hands, for the army knew nothing of Richard, and notwithstanding his general popularity even with them, the officers were fully determined that their day should come, although they did not perhaps fully realize the extent of their victory. At length, although Monk, who was destined to act so large a part in the Restoration of Monarchy, and fill a space proportionately large in English history, was absent from the scene of parliamentary conflict and intrigue; the army triumphed, and Richard was forced to dissolve his first parliament, and thus prepare for his own deposition with almost as little ceremony as his father had used to any of the assemblies decorated with the name of parliament during his reign.

Perplexed in what way to give a complexion of legality to their proceedings, the officers determined to recall the remnant of the Long Parliament and act under its sanction, but Richard was spared the humiliation of undoing his father's work. Neither did the officers take that responsibility upon themselves. They called upon the speaker Lenthall to issue his writs to the remaining members of that assembly, thereby leaving it to be understood that the Long Parliament was the sovereign authority of the country, unlawfully deposed and put aside for a time, and not now reconstituted, but reviving and reappearing by its own intrinsic virtue and undoubted right. Richard was all the while treated with forbearance if not with respect; the memory of his father still overshadowed him, nor did the revived parliament while deposing him from power, and annulling all that had been done in contempt of their privilege, fail under the direction of the army to make a decent provision for him in his enforced retirement. But although the Commonwealth was apparently restored, it was manifestly dying out. The old Cromwellian system of purges was vainly resorted to in order to shut out those whose influence was supposed to be adverse to pure republicanism.

Those members who had been arbitrarily excluded in 1648, were as arbitrarily excluded now, none being permitted to sit except those who had continued to sit until the expulsion of the parliament by Cromwell in 1653. Hence the revived parliament lost infinitely more in character than it acquired in unanimity. It could not complain of injustice with clean hands. The legality of its decisions was open to question, as they were come to in the absence of members forcibly and unlawfully excluded, and a precedent was established incompatible with the purity or safety of parliamentary government; while at the same time the hopes of the royalists everywhere revived, not so much at any actual prospect of success, as owing to a universal and tacit, but perfectly well understood agreement amongst men that the revival of monarchy was inevitable.

It is about this period that Monk comes prominently into view, and all the features of his character are brought out. The promptness of his adhesion to the Long Parliament; the impenetrable dissimulation which deceived as it was intended, and as was its perfection, friends and enemies, royalists and republicans in a like degree; the cautiousness with which he kept his conduct always under the protection of legality; the tact with which he preserved the devoted attachment of his army while at the same time he so ostentatiously set the civil above the military power; the skilfulness of his precautions against the jealousy of the parliament which he bewildered rather than convinced by his professions of respect and loyalty; these and the other features of character are well developed and properly insisted upon by M. Guizot. Nor is his description wanting in power. On the contrary we follow with great interest every step of Monk in his return from Scotland and his encounter with Lambert, until we see him finally installed in his quarters in London, after having sagaciously procured the removal of the forces, on whose attachment he could not rely. His conduct during the few days of existence allowed to the Long Parliament is not the least remarkable throughout his career, and the readiness with which he suppressed a movement in the city then so zealous in favour of the free parliament he was believed to have resolved upon; the steadiness with which he upheld the authority of the assembly, whose end he was hastening—the decision with

which he staked his popularity upon the execution of his orders in the confidence that he should soon recover and justify it; and the course of events which proved him to have guessed accurately, are graphically detailed by M. Guizot, and we had marked for extract this last episode of Monk's career, but we prefer giving insertion to his interview with his relation Greenville, an agent of the King, as being more characteristic, though perhaps not quite so interesting. We give the extract accordingly, and perhaps at greater length than we can afford.

“The day now drew near when the parliament was at length to pronounce its own dissolution. On the evening of the 15th of March, a number of persons citizens and people were assembled in front of the Royal Exchange; at about five o'clock a man came up with a ladder, a pot of paint, and a brush; he was accompanied by some soldiers, as though he had come by the order or with the consent of the general. He rested his ladder against a wall, in a niche of which, twenty years before, a statue of Charles I. had stood; but after the King's execution, the statue had been pulled down, and the following inscription in Latin written in its place:—*Exit Tyrannus Regum ultimus Anno libertatis Angliæ restitutæ primo, Annoque Domini, 1648.* The painter went up, effaced this inscription with his brush, and throwing his cap in the air shouted, ‘God bless King Charles II.’ His proceedings were hailed by the crowd with loud acclamations; and bonfires were immediately kindled in the courtyard of the Exchange and in the neighbouring streets. On the next day, the 16th of March, the parliament met, the question arose in whose name should the writs be signed, ordaining the election and assembly of the new parliament, which was to meet on the 25th of April. ‘In King Charles's,’ said Prynne, ‘after the death of the King his father, this parliament was in law dissolved. King Charles II. alone can summon another.’ This legal question was overruled, and it was decided that the writs should issue under the authority of the Republican government in the name of the keepers of the liberties of England. The instructions which were to be given to the Council of State, which was to carry on the administration of affairs in the interval between the two parliaments were then discussed; one of the articles conferred on it the power to send ambassadors or agents to foreign princes. Scott rose and demanded that an exception should be made to the exercise of this power, and that the council should be debarred from sending any agent to Charles Stuart. This proposition created a great tumult in the house. ‘I demand in my turn,’ said Mr. Crewe, a zealous Presbyterian, ‘that before we dissolve ourselves, we should bear our witness against the horrid murder of of the King and protest that we had neither hand nor heart in that

affair.' Numerous voices were heard in support of that suggestion, some speaking like Mr. Crewe with sincere indignation, and others hastening from cowardice to denounce the deed which they had formerly approved. Scott at length succeeded in obtaining a hearing, 'Although,' he said, 'I know not where to hide my head at this time, I dare not refuse to own that not only my hand but my heart also was in it, and I can desire no greater honour in this world than that this inscription should be engraved on my tomb. Here lieth one who had a hand and a heart in the execution of Charles Stuart, late King of England.' Scott's voice was drowned by cries of reprobation; he left the house accompanied by several of his friends. The dissolution bill was passed and that Long Parliament which for twenty years had been the real sovereign of England, and which in spite of all its faults, wrong doings, and reverses, was destined to occupy so large a space in the history of its country, and exercise so powerful an influence over its after fortune, hastened to separate amid irreverent marks of the public joy after having voted as a last resolution: 'That Friday the 6th day of April, 1660, be set apart for a day of public fasting and humiliation, to be solemnized throughout the nation under the sense of the great and manifold sins, and provocations thereof, and to seek the Lord for His blessing upon the parliament now shortly to be assembled, that the Lord will make them healers of our breaches, and instruments to restore and settle a government in the nation upon a foundation of truth and righteousness.'

"Three days after the dissolution Monk granted Sir John Greenville an interview in St. James' Palace, not however in his own apartments, but in the room of his confidant, Morrice, and under the seal of the strictest secrecy. Greenville had for a long time been unsuccessfully soliciting this favour; left in possession of that letter from the King to Monk, of which Nicholas Monk on his journey to Scotland had declined to be the bearer, he had sought in vain since the General's arrival in London for an opportunity of delivering it to him, and conversing with him on its contents. On the ground of their relationship Greenville paid frequent visits to Monk, who received him kindly, but studiously avoided any private conversation with him. In vain did Greenville persist in remaining in the reception-room later than other visitors. As soon as he found himself alone with him, Monk invariably dismissed him with some such phrase as 'Good night, cousin, I have business to attend to,' or 'I am going to bed.' When the Long Parliament was on the eve of its dissolution, Greenville applied to Morrice, who was his relation also, in order to obtain an interview with the General. Monk sent Morrice to him and suggested that he might confide to him as their mutual friend whatever he might have to communicate, and that he might be sure that Morrice would faithfully report all he said to the General. Greenville obstinately refused to do this. 'My commission,' he said, 'is to

the General himself, and it is of such a nature, and of so great importance, that I can and will impart it to him alone. If he still persists in denying me a private hearing, I am resolved to speak to him wherever I may meet him next.' Touched by so much perseverance and discretion combined, and thinking moreover that the proper moment had arrived, Monk, as soon as the parliament had ceased to exist, sent word to Greenville that he would receive him on the next day.

"On the evening of the 19th of March, Greenville proceeded to St. James' to the apartments of Morrice, whom he found alone. Monk came in shortly afterwards by a private staircase. Morrice left them and posted himself at the door. As soon as they were alone, 'I am infinitely obliged to your Excellency,' said Greenville, 'for this opportunity of discharging myself of a trust of great importance both to yourself and to the whole kingdom, which has long been deposited in my hands. Whatsoever may become of me, I think myself very happy in having this good occasion ~~of~~ performing the commands of the King, my master.' He then presented to Monk the King's letter, together with his own commission, authorizing him to deliver it. Monk stepped back, and with great gravity holding the letter in his hand without opening it, asked Greenville how he dared to speak to him on such a matter, and whether he had fully considered the danger he ran in so doing. 'I duly considered this matter long ago,' answered Sir John, 'with all the danger that might attend it, and nothing would deter me from the performance of my duty in this and other particulars, at his Majesty's command; but I was the more encouraged to undertake this business in regard your Excellency cannot but remember the message you received in Scotland by your brother!' Without venturing any reply, and changing his manner altogether, Monk took Greenville by the hand and embraced him affectionately. 'Dear cousin,' he then said, 'I thank you with all my heart for the prudence, fidelity, care, and constancy you have shown in this great affair, and I am much pleased also at your resolute secrecy in it; for could I have understood that you had revealed it to any man living since you first trusted my brother with it, I would never have treated with you, which now I shall do most willingly, and with you the rather because you are one of my nearest kinsmen, and of a family to which I owe many obligations.' Monk then opened the King's letter, and after having read it, 'I hope,' he said, 'the King will forgive what is past both in my words and actions, according to the contents of his gracious letter; for my heart was ever faithful to him, but I was never in a condition to do him service till now; and you shall assure his Majesty that I am now not only ready to obey his commands, but to sacrifice my life and fortune in his service; to witness this I call this honest man from the door;' and he called Morrice into the room. They conversed together for some minutes, Monk insisting on the great difficulties and dangers

which yet stood in their way, and pointing out what, in his opinion, the King ought to do to surmount them. Greenville requested him to put what he had said into writing, and to send it to the King by a messenger of his own. 'No,' replied Monk, 'secrecy is the best security; if his letter should be intercepted before I have completed reforming the army, it would be impossible for me to keep it in temper or hinder the subversion of all I have hitherto done. I am unwilling by indiscretion to venture a relapse. You shall be my messenger, without letters; and the king would have no reason to give credit to a messenger from me, but he surely will believe his own envoy. In concert with Mr. Morrice write down the substance of our discourses, that it may serve for your instruction, and come here to-morrow evening that we may read them together.' Monk then withdrew in haste to put an end to an interview which his attendants might have remarked.

"Greenville returned the next evening, his instructions were ready prepared; Monk promised the King his active and devoted service, and advised him first to grant a general amnesty, from which four persons at most should be excepted; secondly, to ratify and confirm in their acquisition the possessors of confiscate property, whether they had obtained it by gift or purchase; and thirdly, to secure liberty of conscience to all his subjects; and fourthly, to remove out of Flanders and the whole Spanish territory, and to take up his residence at Breda, not less for his own safety than for the satisfaction of his friends in England, who placed no confidence in the disposition of Spain towards him. When he had diligently perused and commented upon these instructions, Monk asked Greenville if he was quite sure not to forget any part of them, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, he threw the paper into the fire, charging him not to commit them again to writing till he came to Brussels, where the king then was, and then to communicate them to none but his Majesty.

"Before he withdrew, Greenville told the General that the King had authorized him to offer to him for himself and his officers an annual sum of £100,000, to be paid to them for life, together with the office of Lord High Constable of England for himself, and the right of appointing any one of his friends to some other great office under the crown. But Monk, notwithstanding his aversion, had too much sense not to be aware that a man who is paid in advance loses his value, 'No,' he said, 'there is sufficient reward in the conscience and satisfaction of serving my prince and obliging my country, I will not sell my duty nor bargain for my allegiance; so that for any regards towards me I am wholly resolved to trust to the good pleasure of his Majesty.'"—Vol. ii. pp. 166-73.

We pass over the interval between the dissolution of the Long Parliament, and the election of the Free Parliament,

or Convention, that recalled the King. Although all that occurred on these occasions, and throughout the entire period is full of interest, and questions of great moment were agitated in that last assembly. The debate on the amnesty is peculiarly interesting, but we only pause to express our sorrow that the constitutional questions which found their settlement in the deplorable revolution of 1688, were not disposed of then, when the same conditions might have been laid upon the King that were fixed by the first revolutionary parliament; and from beneath which it was the incessant study of all the Georges to wriggle. Had the bill of rights dated from the restoration of Charles, we never should have heard of William and Mary, the civil wars in Ireland, the wars with France, the Williamite confiscations, and the centuries of worse than slavery that oppressed the Catholics of the empire. We think, however, a review of this period would be incomplete without M. Guizot's own picture of the closing scene. Although the passage is a long one, the reader would not easily pardon us were we to curtail it.

“ At daybreak the army, more than thirty thousand strong, was drawn out in battle array on Blackheath, where it silently awaited the coming of the King. It was sad and disquieted, but resigned to its fate. It had seen all the governments that it loved, the Commonwealth, Oliver Cromwell, and its own dominion fall one after another; among its leaders the majority and these the greatest of them all, had gone over to the royal cause, others still popular among the inferior ranks were proscribed and compelled to fly for having formerly maintained a deadly conflict against the King. The republican spirit, military pride, and religious ardour were still powerful in the army; but it no longer had confidence either in those who commanded or in itself, and bowing its head beneath the secret consciousness of its errors it accepted the restoration of monarchy as a necessity, regarded submission to the civil power, as a duty and devoted itself to the maintenance of public order, and the preservation of private interests. The King arrived, accompanied by his brother and attended by his staff, with Monk at its head, and by a brilliant cavalcade of volunteers, elegantly dressed and adorned with plumes and scarfs. As they pranced about in every direction, an officer, bending towards Monk, whispered in his ear, ‘ You had none of these at Coldstream. But grasshoppers and butterflies never come abroad in frosty weather.’ Many men in the ranks shared in these feelings of ill humour. But Charles was young, vivacious and affable; he presented himself gracefully to the army, and singularly enough it was the anniversary of his birth day; he

was just thirty years of age. He was well received ; Colonel Knight, on behalf of all the regiments, presented to him an address full of the utmost protestations of loyalty, which the soldiers confirmed rather by their submissive countenances than by their acclamations. The King left Blackheath, delighted at having got through this trial satisfactorily. Arriving at St. George's Fields he met the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Councilmen of the city of London, who were awaiting him, in a richly decorated hat, to offer him their addresses and a collation. He halted there for a few moments, and was more cordially received, and felt more at his ease amid the throng of citizens than among the ranks of the army. His road from St. George's Fields to Whitehall, was one continued ovation ; he was preceded and followed by numerous squadrons of mounted guards, and volunteers magnificently dressed and caparisoned ; the train bands of the City and of Westminster, and the various corporations with their banners, formed a double line through which he passed ; the sheriffs, the aldermen, and all the municipal officers of the city, with a host of servants in splendid liveries crowded round him ; the Lord Mayor with Monk on his right hand, and the Duke of Buckingham on his left bearing the sword before him ; five regiments of cavalry formed his escort, the streets were strewn with boughs and flowers, the houses hung with flags, the windows, balconies, and the roofs crowded with innumerable spectators, men and women, nobles and citizens, all in their gayest attire ; the cannons of the tower, the bells of the churches, the bands of the regiments, and the shouts of the crowd, filled the air with a deafening and joyous sound. 'I stood in the Strand, and beheld it, and blessed God,' says an eye-witness. 'All this was done without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him, but it was the Lord's doing, for such a restoration was never witnessed in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity ; nor was so joyful a day and so bright ever seen in this nation, this happening when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.'

"Charles himself expressed his delight and surprise with some little irony. 'I doubt not,' he says, 'it was my own fault I was absent so long ; for I see no one who does not protest he has ever wished for my return.'

"He arrived at Whitehall somewhat later than he had announced, for it was seven in the evening when he reached the palace. The two houses were awaiting him. He received them each in turn, the Lords in the great hall of the palace, and the Commons in that same banquetting hall through which, eleven years before, the King his father had walked on his way to the scaffold. The two speakers, the Earl of Manchester and Sir Harbottle Grimstoue, addressed the King in speeches at once pompous and sincere, and expressing in terms of somewhat laboured eloquence, of monarchical enthusiasm, of attachment to the religion and liberties of the

country ; Lord Manchester more particularly explained his views with firm frankness: 'Great King,' he said, 'give me leave to speak the confidence as well as the desires of the peers of England. Be you the powerful defender of the true Protestant Faith, the just assertor and maintainer of the laws and liberties of your subjects ; so shall judgment run down like a river, and justice like a mighty stream.' Charles was doubtless struck by this expression, for, in replying to Lord Manchester, he repeated it almost literally. 'I am so disordered by this journey,' he said, 'and with the noise still sounding in my ears, which I confess was pleasing to me because it expressed the affections of my people, that I am unfit at the present to make such a reply as I desire. Yet this much I shall say unto you, that I take no greater satisfaction to myself in this my change than that I find my heart really set to endeavour by all means the restoring of this nation to prudence and happiness ; and I hope by the advice of my Parliament to effect it. Of this also you may be confident, that next to the honour of God, from whom principally I shall ever owe this restoration to my crown, I shall study the welfare of my people, and shall not only be a true defender of the faith, but a just assertor of the laws and liberties of my subjects.' The King's answer to the house of Commons was very similar but somewhat shorter ; and he excused himself from further discourse with them on the ground of extreme fatigue. The two houses took their leave. The King was in fact so utterly wearied, that he was unable to proceed as he had intended to Westminster Abbey on that day, in order to take part in the solemn thanksgiving service and he ended the day which had witnessed the re-establishment of monarchy in England by offering up his prayers to God in the reception room at Whitehall.

"At the same moment, throughout the kingdom thousands of hearts full of joy, were also raising themselves in thanks to the Almighty, and praying him to bless the King whom he had restored to his people. The restoration of Charles II. was not the consequence, but the cause of a passionate outburst of the monarchical spirit. Devastated by the civil war, ruined by confiscations, baffled in all its attempts at insurrection and conspiracy, conquered in turn by all its enemies, by the Presbyterians, the Republicans, the Cromwellians, and soldiers,—the Royalist party had given up the conflict, but had not renounced its opinions or its hopes. At once in action and persevering, it had suffered the rule of all successive tyrannies whether strong or weak, glorious or disgraceful, watching them pass with anger or contempt, and waiting until God and necessity should put the king once more in the place of this chaos. While thus waiting the Royalists found themselves joined by most of their former adversaries in succession ; from conviction, from passion, from resignation, or from personal interest, the Presbyterians, the political reformers who would not be and did not think themselves revolutionists, a great many Cromwellians, both

civilians and soldiers, and even some Republicans, took advantage of one conjuncture or another to range themselves beneath the banner of monarchy, and what was still more important, that portion of the population which had held aloof from all parties, those innumerable, and unknown spectators who merely look on at political struggles and derive from these only their conduct and their faith,—this mass of the people could now see safety and find hope only in the re-establishment of the monarchy. On the 29th of May, 1660, the Royalist party, which had not conquered, had not even fought, was nevertheless national and all powerful—it was England.”

The period which followed suggests to M. Guizot one of those subtle political problems on which he so much loves to speculate.

“England might justly think herself entitled to trust in her hopes; she was not unreasonable in her requirements; weary of great ambitions, and disgusted with innovations, she only asked for security for her religion, and for the enjoyment of her ancient rights under the rule of her old laws. These the King promised her. The advisers who then possessed his confidence, Hyde, Ormonde, Nicholas, Hartford, Southampton, were sincere Protestants, and friends of legal government. They had defended the laws during the reign of the late King. They had taken no part in any excessive assumption of power on the part of the Crown. They had even co-operated in promoting the first salutary measures of reform which had been carried by the Long Parliament. They expressed themselves resolved, and so did the King, to govern in concert with the two houses of parliament. The great council of the nation would therefore be always by the side of royalty, to mitigate and, if necessary, to restrain its action. Everything seemed to promise England the future to which her desires were limited.

“But when great questions have strongly agitated human nature and society, it is not within the power of men to return at their pleasure unto a state of repose; and the storm still lowers in their hearts, when the sky has again become serene over their heads. In the midst of this outburst of joy, confidence, and hope, in which England was indulging, two camps were already in process of formation ardent in their hostility to each other, and destined ere long to renew, at first darkly but soon openly, the war which seemed to be at an end. During the exile of the sons of Charles I., one fear had constantly preyed upon the minds of their wisest counselors and most faithful friends; and that was, lest, led astray by example and seduced by pleasure, they might adopt a creed, ideas, and manners foreign to their country—the creed, ideas, and manners of the great courts of the continent. This was a natural fear, and fully justified by the event. Charles II. and his brother, the

Duke of York, returned in fact into England the one an infidel libertine, who falsely gave himself out to be a Protestant, and the other a blindly sincere Catholic ; both imbued with the principles of absolute power ; both dissolute in morals ; the one with elegant and heartless cynicism, the other with shocking inconsistency ; both addicted to those habits of mind and life, to those tastes and vices which render a court a school of arrogant and frivolous corruption, which rapidly spreads its contagious influence through the higher and lower classes who hasten to the court to imitate or serve it.

“ Afar from the court among those laborious artizans of the towns and in the families of the landowners, farmers, and labourers of the country districts, the zealous and rigid Protestantism of the nation, with its severe strictness of manners and that stern spirit of liberty which cares neither for obstacles nor consequences, hardens men towards themselves as well as towards their enemies, and leads them to disdain the evils which they suffer or inflict, provided they can perform their duty and satisfy their passion by maintaining their right, now took refuge. The Restoration had scarcely given any glimpses of its tendencies, and yet the Puritans were already preparing to withstand it, feeling they were despised, and expecting soon to be proscribed, but earnestly devoted, no matter at what risk or with what result, to the service of their faith and of their cause ; unyielding and frequently factious sectaries, but indomitable defenders, even to martyrdom, of the Protestant Religion, the moral austerity and the liberties of their country.

“ On the very day after the Restoration, the court and the Puritans were the two hostile forces which appeared at the two opposite extremities of the political arena. Entirely monopolized by its joy, the nation did not see this, or did not care to notice it. Because it had recovered the king and the parliament, it believed that it had reached the termination of its trials, and attained the summit of its wishes. People are short-sighted. But their want of foresight changes neither their inmost hearts nor the course of their destiny ; the national interest and feelings, which in 1640 had caused the revolution, still subsisted in 1660, in the midst of the reaction against that revolution. The period of civil war was passed ; that of parliamentary conflicts and compromises was beginning. The sway of the Protestant Religion and the decisive influence of the country in its own government,—these were the objects which revolutionary England had pursued. Though cursing the revolution and calling it the rebellion, royalist England nevertheless prepared still to pursue these objects, and not to rest until she had attained them.”—Vol. ii. pp. 256-264.

The scene detailed in this extract, and the reflections it embodies, will sufficiently account for its perhaps unusual length. Of the scene itself we shall say nothing. Fancy

and truth have each had more than one turn at describing it. The return of Charles makes a fascinating picture in romance, as well it may, and M. Guizot has given us the unembellished truth. But the reflections it prompts to the reader, as well as those it suggested to the author, are full of matter as melancholy as it is instructive. Charles II. was doubtless the worst prince that ever reigned in England, for if we had leisure to follow out the investigation, there is not one of her many bad princes who would suffer by comparison with him. This is partly because his vices were all of the meaner and less kingly description. There is nothing to establish satisfactorily that he was what is popularly called an infidel; on the contrary, the presumption is, that he was a speculative Catholic, as in his dying moments he sought the consolations of religion, but this presumption deepens the shade of a character when all is shadow, and there is not a solitary light. His denial of God in the outward profession of Protestantism, not only on the occasion of his return, but throughout the whole of his reign, indefensible as it is in the eye of God and of honour, would only argue a weakness too common, at least amongst aspirants to a throne. The Duke of York was almost more guilty in that respect than his heartless brother, for with stronger religious opinions he too continued a professing Anglican during the greater portion of his brother's reign. Hardly a year passes that some Lutheran or Evangelical princess from Germany does not embrace the Greek faith as a matter of course, and without causing particular scandal or provoking remonstrance from her co-religionists. Henry IV. of France set an earlier example still of what to all appearance was the abandonment of religious belief in exchange for a crown; but he extended his protection to those who had once been his fellow Protestants, and during his life they were not only free from persecution, but continued in the full enjoyment of their rights. It was in the power of Charles to have mitigated at least, the persecution of the English Catholics, as his grandfather had established for a time the security and privileges of the French Protestants. Out of regard possibly for the French alliance then so much valued, the English Catholics, notwithstanding their former fidelity to the cause of royalty, were less molested under the government of Cromwell than they had ever been since the days of Mary, or were destined to be till perhaps the time of George III., and it cannot be

pretended that Charles, under favour of that loyalty which greeted his arrival, and which was not to be extinguished by all the vices of his character, might not have kept the Catholics, already forgotten and below contempt, almost completely out of view. With the exercise of that tact which he had so much at command when interest or pleasure called it forth, he might have turned the public mind into other channels, and saved the country the disgrace of some of the penal laws which overload the statute book, more perhaps in his reign than in any other. His unhesitating sanction of every penal enactment, his still more odious countenance of the impostures of Oates and Bedloe, the impassiveness with which he saw the scaffold drenched with the blood of his innocent friends, form a picture of selfishness, poltroonery, and cold-bloodedness, that ought to make the character of the voluptuary at once more dreadful and more loathsome than any other that history presents.

In Ireland his ingratitude and cruelty are still more apparent. The act of settlement stands the most unexplained, the most superfluous piece of ingratitude on record. The convenient designation of "innocent Papists" had been adopted in the act of settlement, so as to secure some compensation to the Catholic loyalists; and there was no reason of expediency, however petty, much less any high reason of state to prevent Charles from extending it so as to include all those who had lost their estates in his father's defence. He must have sanctioned the arrangement under which the soldiers of Cromwell held the lands of the confessors of royalty, from pure apathy and indolence. An Irish parliament could readily have been found to reinstate in their possessions those noble sufferers as meritorious at least as any who had adhered to the King in England, without a word of complaint at home; where attainders and confiscations, less just than those should have been then, were looked upon as the natural and not undesirable consequences of the restoration. But so far from adopting any such course, he gave his approval to the worst of the many confiscations that impoverished the Irish Catholics, men who had they loved their own barns better than his house, in their remoteness from the great theatre of the civil war, notwithstanding the twofold odiousness of their characters as Catholics and Irishmen, should have possessed the land

in peace, and whose descendants must at this day have been the principal proprietors in Ireland. It surely would not have cost the royal conscience much to connive at justice, to do mercy by stealth, to be grateful by stratagem, but he was of those who seem born "to make men waver in their faith, and hold communion with Pythagoras;" unless it be perhaps that the deficiency of reason saves the brute creature from some of its attendant vices; for among the anecdotes read of beasts we have many evidences of love and remembrance, and some illustrations of revenge, but not one instance of ingratitude.

Were we disposed to agree with M. Guizot in his explanation of the perfidy, hard-heartedness, and treachery of Charles, we should accept his imputed infidelity as an explanation of the entire. A consistent infidel, if such there be, should acknowledge no restraints but those which limit his power of enjoyment. Impunity is his morality. But independently of the fact already noticed, of his having at his last moments had recourse to the aid of the religion whose members he had himself, under his own sign manual, proscribed or condemned; there are too many instances in history of princes whose faith was strong but barren, and whose lives were not only a scandal to religion, but a reproach to humanity. The very first Christian emperor, whom however we are far from wishing to degrade by a general comparison with Charles, the great Constantine himself, furnishes a melancholy example of the extent to which a dead faith is consistent with immorality of the most heinous description. The murderer of Crispus and Fausta was in speculation a sincere Christian, learned in the niceties, we might almost say the technicalities of Christian belief, and in practice as munificent a benefactor of the Church as its entire history can show. A greater still than he, Charlemagne, was notorious for less terrible but almost more pernicious scandals. Henry VIII. was not only orthodox but a zealot on every point of Catholic belief but one. Louis XIV. and our own unfortunate James are examples of earnest faith, insufficient to set bounds to the coarsest immorality, and even George IV., though destitute of faith, honour, or religion; a monster, who had as little the bowels of humanity as the complexion of a man; who violated every duty and profaned every relation of life; whose vengeance respected no sanctuary, and whose love was more abomin-

able than his revenge; even he who was only not as vicious as Charles, because he had not equal opportunities, even he had his religious scruples, even he was susceptible of bigotry, could appeal to the sentiments of "his excellent and revered parent," and was able to distil a tear before giving his sanction to the removal of Catholic disabilities.

George certainly had no religion, but we consider Charles to have been in the position of the Irish patriot, who when reproached with selling his country, had the candour to admit the sale, and congratulated himself upon having so saleable a commodity as a country in the market. And it was to this sale of his religion that most of the errors and disasters of the next reign are attributable. The cold-heartedness and cowardice with which he allowed the public mind in England to be wrought to that pitch of fanaticism, of which the English mind alone is capable, but which may be averted by a little discernment; produced that mutual exasperation between the country and James, which made the country anxious to exclude James from the sovereignty, and determined James to pursue the infatuated course he followed, in order to rid himself of the enemies he dreaded, and with so much reason. Hence the incessant alarms of Popish plots and massacres, that literally threw the entire country into periodical madness. Hence the passing of the test act towards the close of the reign of Charles, by which Catholics were first excluded of necessity from the House of Lords. Hence the attempt to exclude the Duke of York from the succession, and hence, in a word, all the calamities of the succeeding reign, and all the miseries that were entailed upon the Catholics of the empire for more than a century, and from the effects of which they still suffer, partly in yet unremoved disabilities, but more in the cowed spirit, subdued tone, undignified attitude, imperfect union, and want of masculine education, which years of political subjection and social inequality, or compassionate patronage, more demoralizing still, had conspired to produce. Had the King of England the magnanimity or the policy to forget the quarrels of the Duke of York, as the King of France abandoned the quarrels of the Duke of Orleans, our destiny might have been very different; but it is not the less true that the unfortunate policy he adopted originated in the heartlessness of his brother, and that our suf-

ferings are as much ascribable to the wickedness of Charles as to the infatuation of James.

M. Guizot is only correct when he says that the royalist party included all England, for although it was given to Monk to be the principal agent in the restoration, and although but for him it is possible the restoration might never have taken place, contrary to the wishes and feelings of the people; it is not the less true that never was a movement more hearty or more spontaneous than that of the English people for the recall of its prince. Nor was this a coolly reasoned proceeding, grounded upon a calculation of advantages and disadvantages, and resulting from a comparison of the monarchical and republican forms of government. It was a simple, unreasoned, instinctive return of the people to a system into which it had grown, and from which it had been violently divorced. It was the rebound of the tree, the righting of the vessel. It might be traced in that adherence to monarchical forms and titles of nobility that was remarkable throughout the duration of the Commonwealth, and which Cromwell thought to have converted to his own advantage. But this feeling in England had identified itself with the fortunes of one family, and therein lay one of the differences between the restoration of the Bourbons and that of the Stuarts. Apart from the consideration that the family of Bourbon had been restored by foreign arms, although it may to a certain extent have been welcomed by the country, it is plain that Bonaparte had taught the French people to associate the idea of monarchy with another family than that of their ancient kings. Monarchy was in the French manners and traditions whatever might be written in their laws, but monarchy had ceased to be necessarily connected with the name of Bourbon, and late events have proved it to be most acceptable under the rule of a Napoleon. During the constitutional presidency of Napoleon III., persons were not wanting to encourage a well-known general to play the part of Monk, a part for which his supposed discretion and taciturnity were considered to qualify him. Perhaps he entertained no such views himself, but had he known and understood the history of the English restoration, he should have missed from the French nation a condition of mind essential to the success of his project, and which was so apparent in the English people at the close of the Com-

monwealth, enthusiasm for the family to be restored, as identified with the principle to be reinstated.

We also fully concur with M. Guizot when he states that the day after the Restoration the hostile camps were pitched, whose battle was to be decided in 1668, but we consider his description of the English people as distinguished from the English Court very highly coloured: as in fact, one of those winding up flourishes in which even the gravest historian will sometimes indulge without any very careful adherence to the state of facts. The "zealous and rigid Protestantism," for instance, "of the nation" which was to be found amongst the citizens of the towns and the landowners, farmers, and *labourers*, is one of the things which we at home are less able to understand than is M. Guizot. In the first place, what is called the Protestant religion of England, or English Protestantism has always been to us a fable and a mystery. Swedish Protestantism, Genevan Protestantism, perhaps Anglican Protestantism is a something to be understood; but English Protestantism, such as M. Guizot speaks of, and in virtue of which the *Times* claims for England, identity of religion with America, reminds us of nothing more forcibly than of an ingenious toy the companion of our infancy, and called, we believe, a half-penny fairy, either end of which might serve for head or feet, which set upon its feet would stand upon its head, or placed upon its head would recover its feet with a nimbleness our wonder and delight. As to identity of religion, or rather of religions between America and England, one might as well speak of uniformity of instinct in a menagerie, a uniformity at any moment susceptible of illustration by opening the cages of the animals. But the extension of this rigid Protestantism with its severe strictness of life to the farmers and labourers of England, is one of the few mistakes that betray the foreigner in M. Guizot. Never since the northern insurrection under Elizabeth, has the English peasant been remarkable, or almost appeared susceptible of religion of any kind. The English rustic in manuer, intelligence, and appearance is less removed from animal nature than the peasant of any other country. England, with intellect running over and often sadly to waste, can afford to make this acknowledgment, and she is not the less for that in the van of intellectual progress, but her peasantry is at present, and has been as far back as we can trace, the dullest and most unintelligent, we do not

reflections as seldom as we can. Our object is to write for Catholics rather than for Protestants, with a desire of presenting to their view a mine of theology as yet but little explored,—a mine full of the richest treasures of Christian piety and devotion, the sacred object of which is the Virgin Mother of God. And the one point to which above all others we would earnestly request their attention is the following. We propose to show how, in all ages of the Church, one idea of the ever Blessed Virgin—and only one—has pervaded the minds of the faithful, has penetrated Saints and people alike, is drawn out and dwelt upon in ecclesiastical hymns and offices, sermons and treatises, and has filled with the odour of its sweet savour the entire atmosphere of the Catholic world. Two years ago the Church explicitly and formally declared the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception to be a doctrine that has ever been contained in the deposit of revelation; and she then rejoiced the Catholic world, by putting beyond the possibility of doubt a truth which we had always believed. But nevertheless if we reflect upon the dignity and the prerogatives of Mary, and if we attempt to analyze the conceptions of our own minds in order to obtain a clear apprehension of the ineffable purity of her who gave human nature to God, notwithstanding the aid of the recent definition, we shall find ourselves unable to form a grander idea of her super-eminent sanctity, than that which had indoctrinated the minds of the Catholic Body in all the preceding periods of its existence; and we shall find it equally impossible to express this conception in language more emphatic, more warm, or more exhaustive of its theme, than in the language commonly used by the doctors and preachers of early and mediæval Christianity.

When then the ancient doctors of the Church set themselves to contemplate the dignity and the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin Mother, the first thought which arose to their minds was, that she was undoubtedly a *new thing* upon the earth, a *new creation*—new in the sense that she was totally unlike the rest of mankind with respect to the purity which adorned her, the graces that God had imparted to her, and the love which He bore to her from all eternity.* She was not merely the greatest among the

* Passaglia De Concept. Virginis. P. i. pp. 19-46.

study to which his life is devoted, he unites an extensive acquaintance with the writings of the Fathers, a familiarity with the labours of St. Thomas and his numerous commentators, and an accurate knowledge of hermeneutical science. No one can peruse, for example, the treatise on the primacy of St. Peter, without perceiving that its author is fully able to cope with the best biblical scholars of Protestant Germany; and that too, in a department of sacred literature, which has neither been so extensively nor so carefully studied by Catholics, as its great importance would appear to demand. In England the writings of Professor Passaglia are as yet but little known. This is to be attributed in part to the necessities of the country, which render it almost impossible for men who are incessantly occupied with missionary work to spare time for more abstract pursuits; and in part it is owing to other causes. But we entertain a strong conviction, that in proportion as the science of theology is afforded more extended opportunities of taking root amongst us, and in proportion as the Church herself, increasing in the number of the priests who serve her altars, becomes strengthened and consolidated throughout the land, not only will the learned works of this Professor be readily awarded their due mead of praise and consideration, but we shall find that national energy of character which is ever attempting fresh practical works to the glory of God, eager to devote itself with equal promptitude and alacrity of spirit, to the illustration and the defence of sacred dogma.

We have no desire in the following pages to carry our readers into the midst of any angry or heated controversies concerning the conception of the Blessed Virgin. Controversy indeed there must always be, so long as the thousands around us continue to refuse to Mary that honour and that homage which her dignity demands: but still it may be attempered and kept, as far as possible, in the back ground, and this we shall at present endeavour to do. It would not indeed be desirable to forget that we are writing in the midst of a great Protestant people, whose errors respecting the holy Mother of God, must be met and confuted at every turn; but such confutation is often more effectually achieved by a plain statement of the truth, than by any laboured attempts at polemical discussion. Although, therefore, we cannot promise to abstain altogether from controversial reflections, we shall obtrude such

ctions as seldom as we can. Our object is to write Catholics rather than for Protestants, with a desire of presenting to their view a mine of theology as yet but explored,—a mine full of the richest treasures of Christian piety and devotion, the sacred object of which is Virgin Mother of God. And the one point to which we all others we would earnestly request their attention be following. We propose to show how, in all ages of the Church, one idea of the ever Blessed Virgin—and only she—has pervaded the minds of the faithful, has penetrated hearts and people alike, is drawn out and dwelt upon in liturgical hymns and offices, sermons and treatises, and has filled with the odour of its sweet savour the entire atmosphere of the Catholic world. Two years ago the Vatican explicitly and formally declared the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception to be a doctrine that has ever been contained in the deposit of revelation; and she then entered the Catholic world, by putting beyond the possibility of doubt a truth which we had always believed. Nevertheless if we reflect upon the dignity and the prerogatives of Mary, and if we attempt to analyze the conceptions of our own minds in order to obtain a clear apprehension of the ineffable purity of her who gave birth to God, notwithstanding the aid of the most accurate definition, we shall find ourselves unable to form a proper idea of her super-eminent sanctity, than that which had indoctrinated the minds of the Catholic Body through the preceding periods of its existence; and we shall find it equally impossible to express this conception in language more emphatic, more warm, or more exhaustive of the theme, than in the language commonly used by the writers and preachers of early and mediæval Christianity. When then the ancient doctors of the Church set themselves to contemplate the dignity and the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin Mother, the first thought which arose to their minds was, that she was undoubtedly a *new thing* on the earth, a *new creation*—new in the sense that she was totally unlike the rest of mankind with respect to the purity which adorned her, the graces that God had imparted to her, and the love which He bore to her from all eternity.* She was not merely the greatest among the

* *Passaglia De Concept. Virginis.* P. i. pp. 19-46.

saints, but she belonged, in their conception, to a wholly different order of sanctity; so that she was not only in herself a new and singular work of God, without an equal and without a rival; but her nature and her praises could not be accurately expressed, otherwise than by the formation of *new phrases* and *new forms* of speech. Hence in the hymns of the oriental Church, as well as in ecclesiastical sermons, and other works professedly setting forth the praises of Mary, the epithet *nova, new*, is constantly applied to her. She is called "the Joy of the world, the *new* star of heaven," "the *new* star about to bring forth the *new* sun," "the *new* testament," "the *new* Virgin who is to expiate the crimes of the old one," and it is confessed that all the graces and gifts with which God had enriched Mary were incredible and wondrous, exceeding the limits of nature, and surpassing the boundaries of reason.*

But she who was a *new thing upon the earth* was likewise to the devout mind of the Catholic Church, a *paradox of grace*, a *mystery*, and a *miracle*. The graces of Mary were *sweeter than honey and the honeycomb*, they were *above thought*, and *more than glorious*. Those epithets *horrida, tremenda, terribilis, ineffabilis*, which the Fathers so frequently apply to the Sacrifice of the Mass, are no less frequently applied to express the greatness of the prerogatives of Mary. She is the beginning of joy, the end of the curse, a mighty canticle for the contemplation of heavenly as well as earthly intelligences; and one who far exceeds the mind and reason of man—a Virgin terrible to the sight; shining as the sun, most pure, sweet and tremendous, and whose beauty and perfection cannot be altogether apprehended. She is a Light which obscures the light of the Seraphim, as the rising sun

* See the *Menæa* of the Greek Church *passim*. The *Menæa* are a collection of hymns in praise of God, the Virgin, and the Saints, used in the daily offices of the oriental Church. They are of great antiquity, being almost all anterior to the Photian Schism. The hymns of the Church are of much value as evidence of its doctrine; not only on account of their general antiquity, and their universal use and acceptation amongst the faithful, but also because they have been for the most part composed by some of the greatest Bishops and Saints of Christendom. St. Basil, St. Augustine, and St. Colestine appeal to the ancient hymns of the Church in proof of doctrine. See Passaglia P. i. p. 22. note, and P. iii. p. 1954. seq.

darkens the light of the stars ; the ornament of nature, the image of the Creator, on whom the Divine Artist has expended all the care and skill of His Art. Hence the author of Sermons on the *Salve Regina*, who lived about the time of St. Bernard, thus expresses his sense of Mary's dignity : " If I had an hundred tongues, and an hundred mouths, a voice strong as iron, I cannot say ought that is worthy of thee, O Mary, Star of the sea, Virgin truly Blessed." " How can I make mention of thee, O Mary?" he continues, " how praise thee? Thy greatness is above the heavens and thy glory above all the earth, so that neither in heaven can there be found any creature who can worthily praise thy greatness, nor is there upon earth who can express thy glory. For no one neither in heaven nor upon earth hath been found worthy to open the book of thy prerogatives and worthily to loose its seven seals."* St. Ephraem calls her " the Bride of God, by whom we are reconciled to Him, miracle beyond the power of thought, one, the fame of whom reaches the ear, yet cannot be explained to the mind."† Epiphanius, or the writer who passes under his name, applies to her the words of the Apocalypse, " There appeared a great miracle in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun," " a great miracle in heaven," he continues, " a woman bearing light in her arms: a great miracle in heaven, another cherubical throne."‡ Gregory of Thessalonica calls her the " seat of divine graces, and adorned with all the gifts of the divine Spirit." St. John Damascene, in allusion to the Virgin's death, exclaims, " To-day the Treasury of Life, the Abyss of Grace, is overshadowed by life-bearing death."§ And the Greek Church in the following words gives utterance to its belief that Mary, herself a miracle of grace, is the repository of all the graces of God. " Hail, O thou that art venerable, the Abyss of the gifts of God! Hail, Fortress of our salvation, Virgin Mother of God, alone fully worthy of praise." And once more, " We knew that in

* In Antiph. *Salve Regina*, Serm. ii. inter. opp. Bernardi, vol. ii.

† Prec. iv. opp. Gr. Lat. t. iii.

‡ Inter. Epiphanii Op. tom. ii.

§ Orat. 2. in Deiparæ Dormit. §§ 2.

thee have been deposited the whole abyss of graces.”* In a word, it was the constant doctrine of the Fathers, when they endeavoured to form or express the Catholic idea of Mary, that in her resides the plenitude of Divine Grace, that her purity was such as to merit the dignity of the Divine Maternity, that she is dearer to God than all other creatures, that her sanctity and purity is second to that of God alone, and that her merits and her excellence can never be sufficiently celebrated. Hence we have St. Peter Chrysologus instructing us that the grace which is bestowed upon others partially was given in its plenitude to the holy Virgin.† We have St. Ephraem saluting her as the Plenitude of the graces of the August Trinity, occupying the second place to the Divinity. We have Modestus of Jerusalem delivering the same doctrine, and St. Bernard draws a comparison between Mary and the Angels, declaring that she is “more excellent” than they, because she has received the name of *Mother*, which is more excellent than that of *minister*, and to which of the angels was it ever said: *Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee?*‡ We have St. Thomas also declaring it as his belief that the Blessed Virgin obtained so great a plenitude of grace as to become *propinquissima*, as near as possible to the Author of Grace.§ We have St. Bonaventura, the holy son of St. Francis, penetrated with the conviction, that Mary is one than whom God cannot make a greater. We have the testimony of the learned Renaudot that there is no doctrine to which the liturgies of the oriental communions bear more constant witness than the doctrine that the Blessed Virgin is the most excellent of all creatures, and in the closest possible union with God.|| Finally, we have the Greek Church expressing its belief that the Virgin was *worthy* to be chosen the *Spouse of God and the Mother of the Only-begotten*; while the same truth is expressed

* Men. 29 April, 30 Jan.

† S. Petri Chrysol. de Annunt. Serm. 143. S. Ephraem. Prec. 4. Opp. Gr. and Lat. tom. 3. Modest. Encom. in B. V. n. 2.

‡ S. Bernard. Serm. de Nat. B. V. de Aquæductu.

§ Sum. 3. par. q. 27 ar. 5. ad 1. S. Bonavent. in 1. dist. 44.

|| In observ. ad liturgicas Syriacas.

in the well-known antiphon of the Latin Church, *Beata Virgo Cujus Viscera meruerunt portare Christum Dominum. Blessed Virgin, whose sacred Womb was worthy to bear Christ the Lord.* And St. Thomas teaches us in what sense it is true that the lofty purity of the holy Virgin merited the singular gift of the Divine Maternity—namely, that from the grace given to her she merited such a grade of purity and sanctity, as that she could suitably (congrue) become the Mother of God; since it is impossible for a creature to merit this dignity in any other sense.*

* This is a suitable place for anticipating an objection which may be made against the line of argument pursued in the treatise we have undertaken to review. It may be said that while the author quotes promiscuously from the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers from the third century to the middle ages, he neither arranges them in any chronological order, nor lays any particular stress upon the very early Fathers, nor quotes at all from writers of the second century, and seldom from those who flourished in the third and fourth. This objection goes on the hypothesis, that the whole value of tradition is restricted to the first three or four centuries of Christianity. But nothing can be more narrow-minded, more untrue, nor more inconsistent with the practice of the Church in ancient, as well as in modern times. Those who adopt this theory are compelled to be inconsistent with themselves. For if they want the best ancient authority on grace, they will refer to Augustine, or on the Trinity to Athanasius, or on the two Wills in Christ to Maximus, or on the distinction of natures to Leo the Great; and yet none of these authors is older than the fourth century, and Maximus is much more recent. They forget that the Church is at all times one, and, like any other great institution, has its peculiar spirit or instinct which is at all times the same, and in virtue of which it would repel from it any doctrine foreign to its real element. They forget that there is a growth and progress in the Church by which dogma becomes better known, better understood, more clearly apprehended, and more explicitly developed. They forget that this idea of referring every disputed question to one or two centuries of Christianity had hardly any existence either within or without the Church until the Protestant Reformation. And they forget that they are insisting upon a rule of controversy which is opposed by the invariable practice of the ancient councils of the Church, and of such men as Augustine, Basil, Cyril and Leo, who appealed not to the remotest antiquity, but to comparatively later fathers and doctors.—See Passaglia, *Par. iii. p. 1980 et seq.* and Petavius de Incarn. L. xiv. c. 15.

Such, then, is the picture of the Blessed Virgin which has in all ages possessed and penetrated the Church of God. No Catholic writer can be found who, if he says anything in praise of Mary, does not, with more or less fulness, elucidate this same idea. She is a singular, a bright, and a lucid star, in the midst of a dark firmament. All the other children of Adam (excepting her own divine Son) are stained with sins of origin and action. Even when they best correspond with the grace of God, and have received the largest share of His gifts, they still too often experience a depth of inward wretchedness and misery, which ever keeps them conscious of their native weakness. But this law does apply to the holy Virgin. In her all is light, and in her there is no darkness at all. She is a novelty in the creation of God,—a miracle of purity,—a treasure house of all the highest and noblest graces of heaven,—one to whom these graces have been given not in measure and partially, but in all the plenitude with which God Himself can bestow them,—a Virgin whose glory human thought cannot fathom, and whose praise human language cannot adequately express; who is not to be contemplated as in any sense upon the same level with the rest of creatures, but who is more exalted and more glorious than all saints and angels, archangels, cherubim, and seraphim, who alone of the human race was divinely prepared, and was found worthy to become the Mother of God; and who in consequence of this dignity, as well as of the graces which prepared her for it, approached as nearly as a creature can possibly approach, to the Infinite Excellence of God Himself.

We shall not now stop to point out how this idea virtually and implicitly embraces within it the doctrine so recently promulgated by the Church, respecting the immunity of the holy Virgin from original sin. We content ourselves for the present with asserting the *universality* of this portrait of Mary in the minds of all the writers of the Church. It is not merely impossible to find an accredited Catholic author who says a single word in contradiction to this supernatural image of the Virgin, but it is, as we have said, impossible to find an accredited writer who does not, with more or less fulness of expression, and with more or less warmth of devotion, delineate in his praises of Mary the very same idea. It is a portrait engraven upon the Catholic mind in characters so deep

that even the hardest infidelity can with difficulty efface it. This image of Mary is an everflowing source of perpetual consolation to the just. It presents the last ray of hope to the ungodly. It is the constant meditation of the Saints. In a word, it takes so firm a hold upon the mind, as to force men to give it utterance in an innumerable variety of epithets, and in a multitudinous classification of new terms. As the names applied to Almighty God in the Sacred Volume, enable us to acquire a clearer apprehension of His Divine Nature—as St. Athanasius employed the epithets applied in Scripture to the Son with a view to establish His consubstantiality with the Father, and as St. Basil and St. Gregory of Nazianzen used the same kind of argument to prove the divinity of the Holy Spirit, so we may allege the vast variety of epithets applied to the Blessed Virgin, in ecclesiastical monuments and writings, not only as signs of the existence in the Church's mind of an unvaried and ineffable idea of the Virgin, but as proof of the faith of the Universal Church as to her spotless purity, and supereminent sanctification.*

The epithets applied to the Holy Virgin in the works of the Fathers and in other monuments of the Church, are capable of many divisions. Professor Passaglia arranges them under eight heads, but it will be sufficient for our purpose to divide them into the two principal classes into which they most conveniently fall. The first class includes those epithets in which any defect, or any stain of sin is denied to the Blessed Mary, and these may therefore be termed *negative* epithets. The second class is *positive*, and consists of those expressions by which the sanctity and goodness and purity of the Virgin are set forth with different degrees of intensity. They are both to be found promiscuously in the works of the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers of the Church; and although, taken separately they may not be sufficient for the requirements of a formal proof, taken in connection with each other, and, as a whole, they not only establish beyond question the nature of that idea of the Virgin which was impressed upon the mind of the Church, in ancient and in mediæval times, but they likewise bear direct testimony to the implicit belief in the doctrine of her Immaculate Conception.

* Passaglia P. i. p. 47 et seq.

Nothing is more frequent in the tradition of the Church than the use of those expressions relating to the Virgin which exclude the notion of her having been stained, or disfigured, by the very least spot of sin. Dr. Passaglia, whose knowledge of the Fathers no man of learning will refuse to respect, confesses that there is scarcely a single epithet excluding the notion of defilement by sin, which has not been applied to the Blessed Virgin by the common consent of antiquity. For example, she has been termed the *faultless*, the *Immaculate*, the *undefiled*, the *unpolluted*, the *uncontaminated*, the *incorrupt*, the *unadulterate*, *without the least admixture of ought that stains*. The epithets *αμωμος* and *ασπιλος* faultless and immaculate, according to their etymology signify a perfect freedom from every stain, defect, and fault. In the Sacred Scriptures they are applied to Jesus Christ, who is described as “a Lamb without spot and undefiled,”* and in the septuagint version of the Old Testament, to the pure and spotless victims for the Levitical Sacrifices. In the liturgies also of the Church they are applied to the Eucharistical gifts, which in almost all the liturgical offices of the East and West are called, pure, holy, and *immaculate*. These terms, then, indicate the greatest possible exemption from defilement and sin, and in this sense they are used with reference to Christ Jesus, to the victims representing and typifying His Sacrifice, and to the Eucharistical Gifts that are changed into His Body and Blood. The other application of them is *Mary*. She is universally called the *Immaculate*—the *immaculate Dove* who could not be taken by the snares of Satan—the immaculate Lamb which bitterly wept at the foot of the Cross on which lay that other Lamb, Jesus Christ †—that holy and immaculate Virgin who merited to be chosen by Christ in order to

* 1 Pet. i. 19. In Eph. v. 27, *αμωμος* is applied to the Church in Glory, (according to the best interpretation) and in Heb. ix. 14, to Christ, who by the Spirit offered Himself without fault to God.

† These quotations are taken from an ancient ecclesiastical book of the Greek Church called the *Triodion*, which contained the offices used by the Greeks between Septuagesima Sunday and Holy Saturday.—See Passaglia, P. i. p. 55, &c.

become the corporeal temple of God, in which the plenitude of the Divinity dwelt corporally.*

But Catholic devotion was not contented with these simple though expressive epithets of unspotted purity. It endeavoured to give a further enunciation to the idea of Mary's super-eminent and singular sanctity. It seemed almost cold to say merely that the holy Virgin was unspotted and undefiled—piety urged men to use still stronger language, and to call her *altogether* unspotted, *completely and entirely* immaculate. This epithet (πανάμωμος) is constantly to be found in the hymns of the oriental Church, and in the writings of the Greek Fathers. George of Nicomedeia thus sings of Mary's beauty and prerogatives: "Christ loved thy beauty, *O completely and entirely immaculate* (πανάμωμε) and He made thy womb His dwelling, in order that the human race might be redeemed from base passions, and its ancient beauty restored. Adoring Him we glorify thee." And St. John Damascene, (who was in a certain sense to the Eastern Church what St. Thomas has been to the Western, and who is therefore the very best exponent of the faith and religious feeling of the ancient oriental communions,) prays to the Virgin in these words:—"Hail thou hallowed and divine Tabernacle of the Most High. For through thee joy is imparted to those who cry, Blessed art thou amongst women, *O Lady altogether and entirely immaculate*" (πανάμωμε). And elsewhere he says, "Thou alone, in all generations, Virgin undefiled, art manifested the Mother of God. Thou art the Seat of the Divinity, *O completely and entirely immaculate.*"† The same intensity was given to the other terms with which the devotion of our fathers delighted to paint the perfections of the Virgin. She was not only completely and entirely immaculate, but she was also *altogether pure and untouched by defilement, altogether spotless, completely and entirely incorrupt*,—language which although negative rather than positive in its character, removes the sacred Virgin Mother from the ranks of those who are born in sin and corruption, and places her in an

* Pseudo-Augustinus, Sermon. ad Virgines, &c. (Serm. 198, inter Augustian.)

† See the quotations in full in Passaglia, P. i. p. 103 et seq.

order of a singular prerogative, of which she alone is the privileged subject.

Turning from these descriptions of the Blessed Mary, which exclude from her nature the very least spot of fault, we meet with another class of epithets which are meant to set forth in positive and direct terms, the excellence of her peculiar sanctity.* The mere enumeration of these epithets is sufficient to awaken in the mind the deepest feelings of devotion towards her of whom they have been predicated. Seldom is mention made in ecclesiastical documents of the blessed name of Mary, but she is termed either *the Holy, the Chaste, the Pure, the Beautiful, the Comely, or the Blessed, the Venerable, the Happy, Full of Grace, Blessed of God, Most dear to God*. And even these epithets do not seem sufficient to express all that the Church inwardly feels respecting her high prerogatives of singular holiness. Hence they were varied in every conceivable manner; sometimes being put in the superlative degree, *the Most Holy, the Most Beautiful, the Most dear to God, &c.*, and sometimes being so altered as to indicate still more the intensity of the idea for which the mind of the Church was seeking a suitable mode of expression; such as *altogether holy, in every respect beautiful, Fully-Blessed, completely and altogether most holy*. Nor did even this satisfy the devotion of the Church. It fretted and chafed at the poverty of human language, which was unequal to supply it with a formula that could adequately express its own deep-seated perception of Mary's beauty and greatness. It endeavoured to supply this defect by accumulating epithet upon epithet, and thus in some measure at least conveying the idea of greater sanctity than ordinary words can indicate. Consequently we find the holy Fathers addressing Mary in some such language as this:—*Innocent Virgin, immaculate, free from every fault, undefiled, unpolluted, holy in mind and body, growing as the lily amid the thorns*. And again, “Hail, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou, most Beautiful and most Glorious of Women. The Lord is with thee, who art altogether venerable, altogether Glorious, altogether good. The Lord is with thee, thou that art worthy of Veneration, Incomparable, exceeding all brilliancy, altogether resplen-

* Passaglia, P. i. p. 123 et seq.

dent with light, worthy of God, thou that art to be Blessed." * And St. Ephraem almost exhausts the copious vocabulary of the Greek tongue. "O my Lady, more than holy, Mother of God, and full of grace, Parent of God more than Blessed, Mother of God most dear to God, Vessel of the divinity of the Only-begotten, thy Son, the Immortal, and of the Invisible Father, altogether immaculate, altogether undefiled, altogether unpolluted, altogether irreprehensible, altogether worthy of praise, altogether incorrupt, altogether beatified, altogether inviolate, altogether venerable, altogether honourable, altogether to be blessed, ever to be remembered, altogether desirable, Virgin in Soul, in Body and in Mind." †

A similar accumulation of epithets is to be met with in the ancient Liturgies of the Church, almost as often as the name of Mary is mentioned. ‡ She is called in the Liturgy ascribed to St. Peter, "*the Holy, Glorious, and ever Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ.*" And again, "*Our Immaculate and Glorious Lady Mother of God, and ever Virgin Mary.*" In the Liturgy of St James she is designated as "*Our Immaculate, most glorious Lady Mother of God, and ever Virgin Mary.*" "It is just that we should call thee truly Blessed, the Mother of God, ever blessed, and in every way immaculate and the Mother of our God, more honourable than the Cherubim, and more glorious than the Seraphim, who without Corruption didst bring forth God the Word; thee truly Mother of God we glorify." And once more, "In thee all Creation rejoices, O Full of Grace, as well the Angelic hierarchy as the human race. Thou who art the hallowed Temple, the Spiritual Paradise, the Glory of Virgins, from whom God took flesh, and of whom our God, who is before all ages, is made a Child; and hath made Thy womb more large and more ample than the heavens themselves. In thee all Creation rejoices, O full of Grace, Glory be to Thee." In other offices of the Church, she is called *the Glory of Kings*,

* Theodorus Ancyranus, Orat. in Christ nativ. § 11. & 12. apud Gallandium Tom. 9.

† Ad SS. Matrem Dei precat. 4. Opp. Gr. Lat. Tom. 3.

‡ Passaglia. P. i. p. 201. & seq.

Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs, the Protection of the World, the Mother of the Giver of Life and Saviour, who conceived in the Womb the Creator of the Universe, the propitiation of the World (ἱλαστήριον), the Urn of the Divine Manna, the Golden Lamp of Light, the Spouse of God.

If the more simple of the epithets which we have here grouped together, were taken by themselves, and apart from the other expletives applied by antiquity to our Blessed Lady, they would perhaps, hardly be sufficient to illustrate and prove the Prerogatives of the Mother of God. For all the Saints are "holy." They are all "Venerable." They are all "Pure," and all are super-eminently "blessed." So that these expressions state indeed what is most true with respect to the Virgin, but they do not necessarily and obviously state more fully what is applicable to her, than to all other chosen vessels of Grace. It would, therefore, be unfair to deduce any doctrine of the Church from expletives which are common to others as well as to Mary. But no one would wish to do so. The epithets we have brought together are useful as evidence and as proof of the doctrine of the Church, (1) so far as they are peculiar, and not common to others, and (2) so far as their cumulative force, their variety and their multiplicity, betray the unconscious endeavour of the Catholic mind, to give vent, as it were, to that grand, noble, and supernatural portrait of the Virgin Mother, which Almighty God has so ineffaceably sculptured upon its most inward sanctuary. Now no one will deny, that although the terms *holy* and *pure* are, in a certain sense common to all the Saints, the words *πανάμωμος* and *πανάσπιλος* are not so. Nor will it be denied that it would seem unreal, exaggerated, and untrue, to apply to any mere Saint of heaven, however highly exalted, the mass of epithets, negative, positive, and cumulative, with which Christian antiquity delights to express the Purity and the Pre-eminence of Mary. The Church worships with affectionate veneration such Saints as Luigi of Gonzaga, Catherine of Sienna, Agnes and Agatha. They belonged also to an order of sanctity, which had progressed in correspondence with grace from the moment that the waters of baptism had bestowed a new life upon their souls. With still greater veneration the Church worships Joseph the Spouse of Mary, and John Baptist, of whom God Himself testifies, that there is not a

greater than he among those who are born of woman. But who would speak of these Saints as Christian antiquity speaks of Mary? Who would apply to them a multitude and a variety of terms, which if they mean anything at all, must mean that the person to whom they are applied is *negatively* free from the faults, the weakness, the infirmity, and the sinful lot of humanity, and is *positively* enriched with all the treasures of Divine Grace, and that too, above measure? Who would say even of these illustrious servants of God, that they possessed "the Plenitude of the Grace of the Holy Trinity?" Such language is manifestly applicable to Mary alone, and in attempting to give expression to her praises, it is employed both in the liturgical monuments of the Church, and in the works of her best and holiest doctors. Open any work of antiquity which professes to treat of the Blessed Virgin Mother and of her wonderful Power and Glory, and you will find almost in every page expressions and epithets associated with her name, which if possible, exceed in signification, in power, and in tenderness, the sweet devotional language of Alfonso-Liguori. Consider the tone of mind which must have suggested, and have dictated such epithets. Give to these epithets no more than their fair, usual, and genuine meaning. Connect them all together, remembering that they are applied to one only among the children of men; and you will come to this three-fold conclusion:—(1) that ineffable beyond all power of words is that idea of the Beauty, the Sanctity, the Power, and the Prerogatives of Mary, which has been implanted in the universal Catholic mind, as the correlative of Faith in the Dignity and the Deity of her Incarnate Son; (2) that this idea is utterly irreconcilable with the opinion that she who, in the language of our Fathers, is not merely the holiest among creatures, but is the Plenitude of God's Grace, *tota sanctitas, tota pulcritudo, tota innocentia*, could ever have been under the power of Satan, an alien from God, and a child of wrath, even though the duration of this state of sin should have been but for a second; and (3) that although the doctrine of the Virgin's Immaculate Conception was never formally and explicitly proposed to Christian antiquity, yet it is virtually and implicitly contained in those very epithets which antiquity delighted to cumulate upon the Mother of God, so that had any other doctrine inconsistent with this perfect and complete Inno-

cency and Sanctity been brought before the Fathers, they would have recoiled from it with detestation and with horror.*

That such was really the mind of Catholic antiquity will become still more evident, if we reflect upon the very wide distinction that exists between the warm and glowing language of the Fathers, who were never tired of coining new terms by which to celebrate the praise of Mary, and the cold, though respectful, homage paid to the holy Virgin in the writings of those few modern Catholics who denied that Mary was conceived without Sin.† Professor Passaglia most abundantly shews that, while the Fathers never cease to praise Mary's purity, scarcely any epithets occur to their minds, which they do not consider to be *below* that which is due to the Innocence and Sanctity of the Virgin. Whereas the writers

* No less an authority than Petavius objects to the argument in favour of the Immaculate Conception drawn from the use of the epithets, *illibatam, incorruptam, impollutam*, &c., especially when employed by the Greeks, since they may mean nothing more than that the Blessed Virgin was cleansed from Original Sin in the womb before her birth. But Professor Passaglia conclusively answers, that Petavius's objection relates to only one class of epithets, and those negative ones; and that had he been familiar with the almost innumerable variety of the epithets by which the Blessed Virgin's purity is expressed, he could hardly have made this objection. Moreover it is confessed that no conclusive argument for the Immaculate Conception can be drawn from any one class of simple epithets; but in order to afford a solid argument, they must be looked upon and be taken together *as a whole*, when considering their cumulative force and their immense diversity, they certainly do afford a strong reason to believe that the mind of the Church always excluded, at least implicitly, the notion of Original Sin from its idea of the Virgin. Petavius himself would appear to have been practically of the same opinion, since he gives as his own ground for believing the Immaculate Conception, that he was moved to do so by the *common sense of the faithful*, which ever witnessed that nothing was created by God more chaste, more pure, more innocent, more removed from every stain of sin, than the Virgin. Yet how is this *common sense of the faithful* to be better ascertained than by their usual mode of speaking of her, and of addressing her? Passaglia, P. I. p. 358. Petavius De Incar. l. 4. c. 9 and 10.

† Passaglia, P. I. p. 354, seq.

to whom we have alluded were sparing indeed, and we might almost say, lukewarm, in their descriptions of our Lady's Purity. They were especially timid and cautious in making use of the term *Immaculate*; a term which is the peculiar and the appropriate designation of Mary, in the primitive liturgies of the Church, and in almost all the ancient hymns and discourses written or delivered in her praise. Had the Church felt with this small band of cold and moderate writers, she would likewise have been timid, cold, and cautious, as they were; but since genuine Catholic devotion could never endure to be for one moment cold or lukewarm towards the Virgin Mother, and since the Fathers, who declare the mind of the Church, lose themselves in their efforts to discover expressions strong enough, and comprehensive enough, to convey their idea of her uncontaminated Purity, we are justified in concluding, that St. Anselm, or the writer who goes under his name, declares the sense of antiquity and of the Church, when he says, "Nothing, O Lady, is equal to thee, with thee nothing can be compared. For all that is, either is above thee, or is below thee; what is above thee is God alone; what is below thee is all that is not God. This thy excellence who shall behold? Who shall reach?"*

But the mind of antiquity will appear still more clearly by contrasting it, not with the momentary lukewarmness of a few Catholics, but with the acknowledged attitude of the Protestant communions with respect to the Blessed Virgin Mary. We do not allude to this attitude for a purely polemical purpose, but simply because it presents a convenient and a suitable illustration in point. It is no unkindness and no exaggeration to assert, that in the true protestant spirit, there is a deep, and latent, even though it may be an unconscious, hatred of the Mother of God. The mere mention of her holy name is sufficient to awaken and to stir up a *protestant* feeling.—Say a single word in her honour; call her by the least conspicuous and the least significant of her titles, and protestantism instantly, and as it were inevitably, assumes a hostile position, puts itself upon its guard, withdraws from you its confidence, and is prepared to resist to the uttermost the slightest attempt

* De Concep. Virg. Passaglia, p. 355.

to soften the heavy hardness of its stony heart. In the Anglican Communion, it is true, there are certain days throughout the year, which are called feasts of the Blessed Virgin, but can anything be conceived more sad and melancholy, more cold and uninviting, than these Anglican commemorations of Mary? They are more properly fasts than feasts. They are the gaunt and awful spectres of those Catholic festivals, which used once to cheer up and gladden the popular heart of the nation. They are called festivals of Mary, but Mary's name remains unnoticed and uncommemorated by them. The few other Saints whom Anglicanism professes to honour, have their names mentioned in the collect for the day, but even this cold tribute of respect is not conceded to the Mother of God. The rule is on such days, to avoid as much as possible any allusion to the Holy Virgin, or if allusion must be made in a sermon or address, with the exception of a small and diminishing section of the establishment, the occasion is improved into an attack upon the Catholic Church. The preacher labours hard to make out that Mary was like the rest of mortals, and has been unduly exalted by the Church of Christ. He is loud and earnest in deprecating any honour being paid to her Sacred Name, and he warns his hearers and friends against adopting the very least practice of Catholic devotion, lest they should be led on from one step to another, until at length, instead of a faint admiration of God's Holy Mother, they should come to cast themselves at her feet with unbounded confidence and love. Should the preacher chance to belong to that coldest of all phases of protestantism—the learned Anglican high church School, whose heroes of theology, as of sanctity, are “the standard divines of the Church of England,” he may feel it necessary to make a few admissions in favour of the honour and dignity of Mary; but he will so hedge in all that he says, so pare it down, and so guard it against the possibility of bearing a Catholic interpretation, that after it has been thus strained and diluted, it will be found to differ in little, if at all, from the more violent declamations of his less learned protestant neighbours. But woe to the over-zealous minister who, carried away by his incipient conceptions of Mary's grandeur, ventures to give utterance in a sermon to those new and beautiful thoughts. Immediately the whole neighbourhood is thrown into consternation. Men meet

each other with anxious looks, and demand what they are to expect next. His best friends take side against him, and loudly express their astonishment, how one who could believe Mary to be God's own Mother, and to be free from sin, could continue to make outward profession of the reformed religion. The Churchwardens assemble the Vestry, and present a spirited remonstrance to the unlucky cause of all this confusion, at the same time that they forward a strong address to the Bishop. The Bishop demands the ill-omened discourse, examines it, is uncertain what judgment to pass, and unwilling to offend either party, succeeds in displeasing both. But the upshot of the whole matter is this—that the man who had ventured to tell the people he was addressing, how the Virgin Mother is more holy than all others among the creatures of God, more worthy of love, and more near to the Godhead itself, must either renounce the position he has occupied, or else, for the future, seal his mouth against the praises of Mary. Those who are familiar with the spirit of the Established Religion, must admit that all this is not only probable in itself, but would most certainly take place, if the occasion arose. And if so, it is plain that there exists the widest contrariety between the spirit of Christian antiquity, and the religious feeling of the most moderate among the protestant Communions. The latter will scarcely tolerate a single word, casually uttered, in honour of the Mother of God. It will loudly and indignantly reject and scorn any teaching that calls upon it to exhibit the slightest practical reverence to the Virgin. The former cannot find words sufficient to express the depth of its love, nor the greatness of its perception of Mary's Prerogatives. It has no sympathetic chords in unison with that cold religion which almost ignores the existence of the Mother of God: while it is one in mind, in spirit, and in feeling, with the Catholic Church of the nineteenth century; so much so that in point of fact, St. Alfonso in his books of devotion, and Pius IX. in his decisions of doctrine, do no more than give expression to that very same idea of Mary which had been engraven so profoundly upon its intellect and its heart.

But although much more may be said with respect to these and other epithets applied to the sacred Virgin, we must proceed to a different and not less interesting

branch of our inquiry. Almost all Christians are prepared to admit that there are two senses attaching to the Sacred Scriptures, one of which is attached to the grammatical meaning of the *words*, and is therefore called the *literal sense*, while the other relates to *the things signified by the words*, and is termed *the spiritual sense*, founded upon the literal, and pre-supposing it. For example: in the Psalms which mention Jerusalem, David, or Solomon, the obvious literal sense relates to some circumstances connected with the earthly city of Jerusalem, and its two sovereigns. But the city of Jerusalem, in the language of Scripture, is a typical thing, having a mystical signification of its own; and the same may be said of its two kings. Both of them typify and represent the Messiah; and hence while what is sung of the material Jerusalem and of its two kings, literally and properly indeed applies to them, *over and above this literal sense, and founded upon it*, there is a deeper signification under which is shadowed forth some great truth, which relates not to the types, but to their more glorious anti-types. Nor can there be any doubt of the real existence in Scripture of this spiritual sense, as intended by the Spirit of God; unless, indeed, the unanimous and unbroken tradition of the Jewish and the Christian Church is to be set aside as unworthy of attention, and unless large portions of the Sacred Scriptures are to remain without any meaning whatsoever. A question, however, may arise as to the application of this spiritual sense. It may, for example, be doubted if the most holy Virgin be one of those whom the Holy Ghost has foreshadowed in the Old Testament Scriptures by means of types and figures. The answer is two-fold: First, that such is the relation existing between the Son and the Mother, that if the former be shadowed forth in the Old Testament by signs, and symbols, and figures, it is reasonable to expect that the latter would be likewise represented by suitable types and emblems. A Virgin so wonderful, so singular a novelty among the creatures of God, enriched beyond measure with the abundance of heavenly gifts and treasures, it was natural should be symbolized under the forms and types of the Old Covenant, as she has been openly manifested in the New. But at all events, and this is the second solution of the difficulty, such is the belief of Christian antiquity. Nothing is more universal in the Church than the persua-

sion that Mary is prefigured by types and emblems under the Old Law: and since the universal belief of the Church can only proceed from the teaching and inspiration of the Holy Ghost, we may be certain that there are such types and figures of the Blessed Virgin contained in the spiritual sense of the Holy Scriptures; although it does not follow that everything asserted to be a type of Mary is necessarily such, according to the intention of the Holy Spirit. Without, however, entering upon this matter, it will be sufficient for us to mention the more obvious and the more ordinary figures in which Catholic devotion, whether correctly or not, detected the resemblance of the Virgin Mother, and at the same time to point out the argument which is to be drawn from the appropriation of these types to Mary in favour of Her Glorious and Singular Prerogatives. According, then, to Christian antiquity, the Temple, the Tabernacle, the Altar, and even the Victims offered in Sacrifice thereon, prefigured in a certain measure the holy Mother of God. St. John Damascene calls her "*the holy Temple of God*, which the spiritual Solomon, that Prince of Peace, built and inhabited; a temple not adorned with gold, but in place of gold shining with the Spirit."* Hesychius terms her a *temple* incorrupt, and a *tabernacle* free from every stain, and a *living Temple* (*Templum Animatum*). Epiphanius (or pseudo-Epiphanius,) regards her as *the Immaculate Temple of the Word of God*; Basil of Seleucia as *a Temple truly worthy of God*: Gregory of Nazianzen, as a *Temple* out of which the Holy Spirit formed another Holy Temple; "for the Mother is the Temple of Christ, but Christ the Temple of the Word:" and Gregory of Nicomedia, as *the hallowed Tabernacle, the home of Glory, the indissoluble Temple*, of which that of the Jews was the figure and the symbol.

According to St. Ephraem, our Blessed Lady is "the holy Tabernacle, built by the spiritual Beseleel." According to Modestus she is a *rational Tabernacle* (*rationale Tabernaculum*), and according to pseudo-Jerome, "Christ is in Mary as the Bridegroom in his Chamber, and the Body of Mary is as it were a Tabernacle." In

* See these and the following quotations in full in Passaglia, Par. I. Sec. 3. p. 363, and seq.

the Ecclesiastical Monuments of the Copts and of the Greeks we find such language as the following: "They call Thee Just, O Blessed among women, because Thou art the Second Tabernacle which is named the holy of holies." And again, "By the Divinely constructed Tabernacle, together with the Seraphim covering the holy of holies, Moses formerly prefigured thee, O Virgin, at the same time representing in type Thy immaculate offspring, Christ, about to assume flesh from thee." Methodius breaks out into the most glowing praise of Mary. "Hail our Joy, that ceaseth not for ever. Thou art the beginning of our feast. Thou the Middle, and Thou the End; the very precious Pearl of the kingdom, in truth the fatness of the Victim, the Living Altar of the Bread of Life. Hail, Treasure of the Love of God. Hail, Fountain of the philanthropy of the Son. Hail, mountain overshadowed by the Holy Spirit." And George of Nicomedia, in allusion to the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple, adds, "Thus the altogether unspotted Lamb, more acceptable than all other sacrifices, is brought to the Temple to be offered a holocaust to the Creator, not by means of the shedding of Blood, but by the oblation of Her own surpassing purity."

In the Tabernacle of which Almighty God had shown the pattern to Moses on the Mount, there were three things of more than ordinary sanctity.* There was *the Ark of the Covenant*, in which were deposited the two tables of the Law, the Golden Urn containing a portion of the Manna with which the people had been fed in the wilderness, and the rod of Aaron, that had blossomed in witness that God had chosen him to be the head of the Jewish Priesthood. There was the *propitiatory* or the mercy seat, which was a golden casement covering and protecting the Ark. And again, there was *the Holy of Holies*, that part of the Tabernacle within the Veil, where the Ark of the Testimony was placed, and into which the High Priest alone entered once in the year. Now, although the holy Fathers saw in this holy place with its sacred deposit other types and figures, they also regarded them as in some true sense symbolising the Blessed Virgin. She was "the Mercy-Seat of the

* Passaglia, P. i. p. 391 and seq.

World," "the Urn of the Divine Manna," "the most Divine Propitiatory," "the Mercy-Seat of all Mankind," inasmuch as it was She in whose most chaste womb He who was the true Propitiation of the world lay concealed and hid. She *was the Ark of Sanctification*, preserving within herself Him who had come to fulfil all the Law and the prophets, who is the living Manna, the divine Bread and Life of the Soul, and who moreover in His own Person is not only the Head and Source and Plenitude of that Priesthood which reconciles man to God, but is likewise the All-Sufficient Sacrifice by which the Expiation is made and applied. "Arise, O Lord, into Thy Rest," sings the Psalmist, "Thou and the Ark of Thy Sanctification;" and the author of the sermons attributed to Gregory of Neocæsarea, thus comments on his words: "For truly the Ark is the Holy Virgin, within and without adorned with gold, who hath received the whole treasure of Sanctification. Arise, O Lord, from the bosom of the Father, that Thou mayest raise up the fallen race of our first parent." And another ancient writer says, "O perfectly undefiled and immaculate, whom David calls *the Ark of Sanctification*, but Solomon the Golden couch and throne, and the Valley of Lilies, that is of Divine Virtues, and the paradise planted by God."* Proclus, the friend and disciple of Chrysostom, subjoins: "This (Virgin) is the sacred place to sin inaccessible; she is the temple sanctified to God; the golden altar of whole burnt offerings, the *ark* within and without adorned with gold, that is to say, sanctified in body and spirit."†

As Mary was "the Mercy Seat," and "the ark of the Covenant," so was she in the highest and truest sense "the holy of holies."‡ In her most chaste womb the source and centre of all that is holy rested, and dwelt, and as Jesus is the Fountain of Sanctity, so the Place of His nurture, His growth, and His rest, was watered and bedewed with the most copious showers of His Grace. "She herself," says Tarasius, "is the Holy of Holies." Isidore of Thessalonica has left us a discourse upon the

* Inter. opp. Athanasii. Tom. 2. orat in Deiparæ descript.

† Orat. in Deiparam. sec. 17. apud Galland. Tom. 9.

‡ Passaglia. P. 1. p. 403. seq.

Blessed Virgin entering the Holy of Holies in the temple at Jerusalem, in which he teaches, that although this inner department of the temple was the most sacred place in all the world, yet as the light of the candle fades and becomes faint before the bright shining of the sun, so did "the Holy of Holies" become faded and useless, after Mary had entered the temple. Hence it has been done away with, a holier house having arisen, the anti-type having succeeded the type, and Mary, the true Holy of Holies, having taken the place of the material sanctuary.

From those types and figures of the Holy Virgin, which the piety of our fathers discovered in the worship and ritual of the Jewish Church, we must pass on to notice some remarkable applications of another kind. We would however, again remind our readers, that our inquiry has nothing to do with the question, whether each and all of these typical applications are such as the Holy Spirit directly and formally intended to foreshadow by the things and the persons mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures. That there are more obvious and more direct applications of some of these types, is, of course, evident; but still all that is necessary to establish the point we have in view is confined within a very narrow limit. It is simply this; we desire to know in what language and with what conceptions our ancestors in the faith spoke and thought of Mary; what figures and emblems recurred to their minds whenever they contemplated her purity and her greatness; and finding that antiquity agreed in applying to the Virgin Mother of God certain types and representations which are also applied sometimes to the Church, and sometimes to Jesus Christ Himself, we desire to discover the peculiar sense in which our Fathers referred these types to Mary, and to trace out the supernatural idea of the Virgin, which prompted them to see in these things, figures and emblems of the Mother of God. Hence we are directly and immediately concerned with the mind of the ancient doctors and preachers of Christendom, rather than with any formal question of biblical interpretation. What did they think of Mary? What was that idea which without intermission occupied their thoughts and their minds, when writing, preaching, or meditating upon the Holy Virgin? What types did they perceive in the Sacred Scriptures, which in their opinion were applicable to the Mother of God? Why did they choose these types rather than others?

And what did they mean by them? What prerogatives, what perfections, and what gifts must they have believed Mary to have been in the enjoyment of, in order to render her a fit subject for the application of these types?

It is certain that Christian Antiquity found *in the Ark of Noah*, and in that *Bethel* where Jacob saw the angels of God ascending and descending from heaven, emblems of the especial prerogatives of Mary.* She was also compared with *that holy ground* on which Moses stood when God appeared to him in the Bush, and commanded him to take his shoes from off his feet. She was in the opinion of the fathers, the *Fiery burning Bush* itself, and the *holy Mount of Sinai*. She was *Sion, the Holy City*, the *fleece of Gedeon*, and that *Swift Cloud* upon which the Prophet declares that “*the Lord will ascend and will enter into Egypt, and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at His presence, and the heart of Egypt shall melt in the midst thereof.*”† In the judgment of the Fathers, Mary was “*that book that is Sealed, which when they shall deliver it to one that is learned they shall say, Read this, and he shall answer I cannot, for it is sealed.*”‡ She is, moreover, that *closed Gate* of which Ezechiel says,§ “*And the Lord said to me, This gate shall be shut: it shall not be opened, and no man shall pass through it: because the Lord God of Israel hath entered in by it: and it shall be shut.*” She was the *Paradise of Pleasure* in which man had had his earthly home during the first days of his innocence; and *that land on which the Curse of God had never rested*: and the *tree of Life* which was planted in the midst of the Garden, and a *Heaven itself upon the earth*.

A Greek Father to whom we have more than once referred, thus institutes a comparison between the waters of the Deluge and those of Baptism: “Come,” writes Proclus,|| “behold a wonderful and a new deluge, greater and more excellent than the deluge which was in the time of Noah. For there, the waters of the Deluge destroyed the human race; here, the waters of Baptism, the power of Christ who is baptised, hath recalled the dead to life. There, Noah

* Passaglia P. I. p. 408. et seq.

† Isaias xix. 1.

‡ Isaias xxix. 11.

§ Ezechiel xliv. 2.

|| Orat. vii. in S. Theophania, apud Gallandium. Tom. 9.

made an Ark of uncorrupted wood : but here, Christ, the Spiritual Noah, hath composed the Ark of His Body from the Incorrupted Mary." St. Ephraem invokes the Virgin, as the "holy Ark through which we are saved from the deluge of sin."* And Chrysippus in the oration on the Praises of Mary,† thus exclaims, "An ark truly royal, an ark most precious is the ever Virgin Mother of God, an ark which hath received the treasure of all sanctification ; not that ark, in which were all kinds of animals, as in the Ark of Noah ; not that ark in which were the tables of stone, as in the ark which accompanied the Israelites through the Wilderness ; but an Ark, whose Architect and Indweller, whose pilot and merchant, whose Companion of the way and whose Captain was the Creator of the whole universe, who upholdeth all things in Himself, but is Himself comprehended by none." A Latin writer ‡ draws out the analogy between Mary and the Ark of Noah, in these forcible terms : "We read," he says, "that there were two arks in the Old Testament, one the ark of the Deluge, the other of the Covenant. But in the New Testament there were three others. The first is the ark of the Church, the second of Grace, the third of Wisdom..... The ark of Noah signified the ark of the Church, the ark of the Covenant signified the ark of Grace, to wit, the Sanctity of Mary. By the ark of Wisdom we understand the most holy humanity of Jesus Christ. The ark of Noah also signified the ark of Grace, that is, the excellence of Mary. For as by that all who were within it escaped the deluge, so by this do all escape the shipwreck of sin. That one was built by Noah that he might escape the deluge, this Christ prepared for Himself that He might redeem the human race. Through that ark eight souls only are saved ; through this all are called to eternal life. Through that, a few are delivered : through this salvation is brought to all mankind."

When Jacob was proceeding on his journey into Mesopotamia, he came to a certain place, where he rested for the

* Prec. 4. Opp. Gr. Lat. Tom. 3.

† Orat. de Laudibus Deiparæ. Bib. Gr. Lat. Tom. 2.

‡ Ekbertus Schonaugiensis, Serm. de B. M. n. 6. Intr. opp. Bernardi, Tom. v.

night, and in his sleep the Almighty God appeared to him, and promised him His blessing and protection. The Sacred narrative adds, that “*When Jacob awaked out of sleep, he said, indeed the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not. And trembling he said, how terrible is this place, this is no other but the house of God and the gate of heaven.*”^{*} According to St. John Damascene,[†] “this terrible place, and this gate of heaven,” is the Blessed Mother of God, who is also the true Ladder by which we ascend from earth to heaven. “Mary,” says another writer,[‡] “is made the window of heaven, because through her God poured forth the true light upon the world. Mary is made the heavenly Ladder, because through her God descended upon the earth, that through her man might merit to ascend to the heavens. Mary is made the restoration of women, because through her they are proved to be withdrawn from the ruin of the primitive curse.” And the offices of the Greek Church invoke Mary in the administration of Extreme Unction, as “Mother of God, ever Virgin most holy, sure protector, harbour and wall, ladder and tower of defence, have mercy, have pity, for to thee alone does the sick man fly for protection.”[§]

She who is the Ladder uniting the earth with heaven, is, moreover, the holy Land, the city of God, and the Mount of Zion. In the words *approach not hither, for the place is holy*, which God spake to Moses from the fiery bush, are aptly expressed, according to primitive piety, the Sanctity of the Virgin Mother of Christ. “Behold, the holy place of God is here clearly pointed out; the city of the King made glorious on every side, she who presenteth man to paradise, and maketh him familiar with Christ.”^{||} “The Deipara,” writes St. Germanus, “is called *Sion*; there shall come out of *Sion* one who shall deliver and turn away iniquity from Jacob. The Lord hath chosen *Sion*, He hath chosen it for a habitation to Himself. She is called

* Genesis xxviii. 16, 17.

† Orat. 1 and 2, in Nativ. Deiparæ.

‡ Pseudo-Augustinus, Serm. in Nat. Dom. Inter. opp. Augustini. Tom. v.

§ Eucholog. in Officio. S. Olei.

|| Men. die 4. Sept. ibid. die 7.

Civitas—glorious things are spoken of thee, thou city of God. God is in the midst of her, and she shall not be moved. Hail, thou new Sion, and holy Jerusalem, sacred city of God the mighty King, in whose towers God Himself is known, and through the midst of which He hath passed, preserving it unshaken, moving the nations, and prostrating kings.”* “Hail, mistress of mankind, most Holy Deipara, from whom He who is God over all, and the most merciful Lord, partaker of our whole mortal nature, sin only excepted, hath come forth into the world, and hath made us worthy to share His Divine Nature, who hath enriched thee with grace to be His intelligible city, and the Lord of Hosts hath called thee to be His city. Hail, Harbour all beauteous and full of light; who hath been made by God the true Mother of God; for the human race tossed about on the ocean of this life hath been preserved in thee, and through thee eternal gifts and graces have been obtained from Him who hath made thee wonderful in this world, and super-glorious in the world to come.”†

To these expressions of the primitive devotion to the Blessed Virgin, we must be content to subjoin only one or two additional extracts, in which our Blessed Lady is compared to *the Paradise of Pleasure, to the Tree of Life in the midst of the Garden, and to heaven itself*. “Hail Mary,” says St. John Damascene, “full of grace, in name and in reality more pleasant than all gladness, of whom Christ was born into the world, the immortal cause of joy; who didst heal the sorrow of Adam. Hail Paradise, Garden more blest than Eden, where the plant of every virtue hath taken root and sprung up, and in which the tree of Life hath appeared: by whose means we have returned to our pristine habitation, and the sword of fire hath been put to flight.”—“Thou art the spiritual Eden, more holy and more divine than that ancient one; for in that Eden the earthly Adam had his dwelling; but in thee the Lord who descended from heaven.”‡ “Hail,” writes St. Ephraem, “Song of the Cherubim, and hymn of the Angels. Hail peace and joy of the human race. Hail Paradise of

* Orat. in Deiparæ Nativ. apud Combefisium Auctar. tom. i.

† Modestus. Encom. in Deiparam.

‡ Orat. 2. in Deiparæ Nativ. and Orat. 1. in Deiparæ dormit.

delight. Hail Tree of Life. Hail Wall of the faithful, Harbour of those in danger. Hail Revocation of Adam. Hail Price of Eve's Redemption. Hail fountain of grace and immortality. Hail Sealed fountain of the Holy Ghost. Hail most Divine Temple. Hail Seat of God. Hail thou pure Virgin, who hast crushed the head of the most wicked Dragon, and hast cast him bound into the Abyss. Hail refuge of the afflicted. Hail Solution of the curse, through whom Joy hath appeared to the world on account of thine Offspring, O Most Immaculate Virgin. Hail Mother of Christ, the Son of the true God."* St. Ephraem also repeatedly calls her *the tree of Life*—a favourite symbol of the Virgin in the devotional exercises of oriental writers. So also is she styled another *heaven upon earth*. † For instance, the author who goes under the name of Gregory of Neocæsarea, supposes the Father to address the Archangel Gabriel in these words, when about to send him to the Blessed Virgin,—“Go to the domicile worthy of my Word: go to that other heaven which is upon earth.” St. Germanus salutes her as “the living throne of God, the beauteous house of Glory, the Chosen Vessel which God had set apart for Himself, the Propitiatory of the Whole World, and the heaven declaring the glory of God.”—“Thou art the heaven and the seat of God, and the receptacle of all purity. Thou art the certain Joy of the Whole World. Thou art the bestower of Life. Thou the interposer to stay the curse. Thou conciliatest a Blessing.” And according to James the Monk, on the nativity of the Deipara, “The Prophets and the Just rejoiced, beholding thy day, to wit, this thy natal day, in which was revealed the mystery of the Incarnation, in which He who elected thee from the whole human race, through thee conferred joy upon all creatures, which no one can take away. They saw thee, the throne of the Cherubim, the royal Chamber, the super-celestial heaven, the most holy temple, the tabernacle of many titles.” In the Psalter attributed to St. Anselm Mary is called “Heaven of heaven, house of God, Vessel of Mercy, who sendeth the angels when and where she will.” And lastly, in the hymns of the Greek

* Orat. ad Deiparam. Opp. Gr. Lat. Tom. 3.

† Passaglia P. i. p. 498 and seq.

Church,* we find the same figure applied to her. "He who hath stretched out the heaven by His Will, hath shown thee another heaven upon the earth, O spotless Deipara, and from thee hath appeared to those who sit in darkness. To-day earth rejoices, for it has seen the new and most delightful heaven of God brought forth: in which He that dwelleth bodily shall elevate men above the heavens, and shall deify all with His goodness." "Thou art the heaven, O Parent of God, from which hath arisen to us the Sun of Justice, who illuminates us with the light of knowledge, O innocent Mother of God." "Thou art made the sublime heaven of God, the King of all, O completely immaculate, His pure Palace and Chamber, radiant with divine grace." "Rejoice thou who alone hast caused joy to man. Rejoice thou heaven and throne of the Cherubim, most glorious Palace of the King of ages, O Lady free from every stain."

The object of Professor Passaglia in dwelling upon these patristic types and figures of the Blessed Virgin Mary is twofold. It is, in the first place, to bring clearly and prominently into view the opinion entertained by the Church in all ages of the singular and perfect purity of the Deipara; and although he warns us against attaching too much importance to these symbols, taken separately and by themselves, yet he is strong in his conviction, that as a whole, and in conjunction with other kinds of proof, they exhibit, beyond the possibility of any reasonable doubt, the mind of antiquity respecting the sanctity of the Holy Virgin. From this unanimous conviction of the Church as to the purity of Mary, he deduces in the second place, the particular doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Granted that Mary is so pure as to be justly and to be appropriately termed a *heaven of heavens*, a *heaven upon earth*, a *Paradise of delights*, and a *Tree of Life*, it follows as a natural, and as an inevitable consequence, that at no period of her existence could she have ever been the servant and the victim of sin. If nothing defiled can enter into heaven,—if man was rendered unfit for paradise, the very moment he had contaminated himself by sin,—if the Tree of Life be in its direct antitype, the Blessed Sacrament, the very source and fountain of all

* See Passaglia P. i. p. 505.

grace, it would be absurd, and worse than absurd, to find in these symbols, the types and foreshadowings of Mary's virtues and of Mary's prerogatives, unless those virtues and prerogatives were really such as had belonged to her, and had grown with her, from the instant of her conception. But lest our readers should suppose that this is, after all, an unwarranted straining of the poetical imagery of the Fathers, we would ask them to put themselves in the attitude of meditation upon the prerogatives and graces of the Virgin Mother, and to mark down the language in which they would naturally endeavour to give expression to their own idea of Mary's purity. We have at this day advantages which our Fathers had not. The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is no longer contained obscurely, implicitly, and by implication, in the teaching of the Church, but constitutes an explicit part of our faith. We therefore in this age know with the clearest possible light the sacred character of Mary's Immaculate Conception. We know that no stain of Adam's sin has ever, even for a moment, sullied the purity and the supernatural sanctity of her nature, which has always been holy, always innocent, and always hallowed by God. Yet, let us endeavour to express this faith in human language, and what terms shall we employ? We shall find it impossible to say more than our Fathers have said before us. Mary is the heaven of heavens, the Tabernacle of the most high, the Ark of the Covenant, the mercy seat of God, the throne of His continual and uninterrupted Presence. Whatever type or emblem in the highest degree foreshadows and symbolises unspotted purity, is naturally the type and emblem of Mary. Whatever words indicate in the clearest and in the strongest manner, unsullied holiness, are properly and rightfully applied to Mary. We look around for expressions which can adequately delineate the supernatural prerogatives of the Virgin Mother, known to us now is all their completeness, by the light of faith, and we naturally break out into the strongest terms that human language can invent; but after all, we find ourselves merely repeating the types, and figures, and emblems, and expressions of antiquity, which, as it were, has already anticipated the decisions of the Church, and has been beforehand with us in exhausting the resources of earthly vocabulary in honour and praise of Mary. It is therefore no exaggeration to infer that there undoubt-

edly exists a most remarkable likeness between the ancient Christian idea of the Virgin's purity, and that which has received its latest perfection from the definition of the Church. It is impossible that all these expressions, and all these types, should really mean nothing. It is impossible that they should all be mere ebullitions of heated and romantic imaginations. No doubt the imaginations of devout Catholics can never meditate upon the prerogatives of Mary, without being strained to their very utmost extent; but when they have been thus stretched to the most extreme limits of the natural faculties, we find that they do no more than paint, picture, and try to realize that same perception of the Virgin's purity which the Church has recently declared to be a truth, ever contained in the deposit of revelation. If then, on the one hand, we cannot express our idea of the purity of Mary, enlightened and educated as it has been, by the recent decisions of the Holy See, in words more precise, more exact, or more complete, than those already appropriated to that purpose, by Christian antiquity; and if on the other the Fathers of the Church, as often as they attempted to meditate upon the dignity and the greatness of the holy Virgin, in reality put forward a picture of her singular prerogatives, in no essential point at variance with that which we should at this day draw, we cannot fairly be charged with any kind of special pleading, if we conclude, (1) that the ancient idea of Mary is the perception of a being endowed by God with every conceivable kind and degree of purity; and (2) that within this idea is necessarily, virtually, and implicitly included the particular hypothesis of her Immaculate Conception.

The divergence between the Catholic Church and the modern schools of heresy is remarkably apparent in their respective treatment of the Sacred Scriptures. Protestantism professing to regard the inspired volume with the deepest reverence, is continually by its acts giving the lie to its professions. For, not contented with rejecting a large portion of the Holy Scriptures as being in its opinion unworthy of divine inspiration; not satisfied with setting aside the acknowledged standard and rules of interpretation, and with rejecting, whenever it suits its convenience, the literal sense of the Sacred Words, the true protestant spirit treats the Bible, as it does everything else that is holy, with a cold, hard, and scornful scepticism. Where

there is *mystery* the literal meaning is denied and explained away. Where certain expressions of Scripture appear to fall in with and to favour its own peculiar conventionalities, those expressions are explained with a rigid severity, totally inconsistent with the laws of true interpretation. The Bible, in such hands, is either an armory of protestant polemics, or a collection of dry, barren, pharisaical rules of conduct, imposing burdens upon men's consciences, which God Almighty never willed to impose, and inculcating a rigid and constrained code of morals, as unlike the sweet, cheerful, and holy law of Christ, as the light of the sun is unlike the darkness of night. There are no doubt cases of exception to this statement, inasmuch as individuals are very often much better than the system which has formed and trained them; but the statement itself is true. Protestantism lacks love, generosity, and depth of feeling; and these deficiencies are remarkably manifested in its use and interpretation of the Scriptures. The Catholic religion, on the other hand, brings to the study of the Sacred Scriptures all that warmth and all that devotional feeling which is a distinguishing characteristic of its inner life. It is not afraid of the Inspired Volume, of which it is both the witness and keeper, therefore, it admits, defends, and protects the *literal* sense of the Bible. It believes the Sacred Scriptures to be the Words of Him whose Wisdom is infinite, and whose actions, and whose dealings with men are themselves full of mystery, and hence its threefold use of Scripture, according to the letter, according to the figure, and by accommodation. At all times the Church has applied the words of Scripture to other objects besides those which are intended by the inspired writers themselves; not, indeed, meaning by this, to supersede the literal and spiritual senses, or to convey the impression that such ecclesiastical applications are really entertained in Scripture, or rest upon its authority; but simply intending to point out some quality, some virtue, or some prerogative, in the object of this new application, which, in its own judgment, is suitably and aptly expressed by certain words of the Sacred Volume. This is what is called *accommodation*. The piety of the Church has made the Scripture its daily food of meditation. When it seeks to express itself in a suitable manner about the glory of God, or the gifts of His saints, it naturally employs the very words of the Holy

Scripture itself. It is upon this principle that all its sacred offices have been constructed. The introit, the offertory, and the communion in the Mass, are almost always passages of Scripture accommodated by the Church to the particular festivals of the day. So also are the antiphons and versicles, and other portions of the offices contained in the Breviary. In a word, the natural language of the Church is the language of Scripture, and it employs this language, either (a) to state a truth, or doctrine, or fact, as the holy Volume literally contains and states it; or (b) to teach some truth, fact, or doctrine, of which the type and emblem is to be found in the Old Testament Scriptures, and is there designed by the Holy Ghost; or finally, (c) to illustrate some fact or truth in the kingdom of grace, by words which most appropriately apply to this fact or truth, although the Inspired Author did not intend to make such application of them, when he first committed them to writing. Such, then, is the nature of accommodation. It is the pious application of sacred words to other objects than those designed by the sacred writers; and this being the case, it is evident that since this accommodation rests upon no other authority than that of the Church itself, it cannot be urged as any proof whatever that the application it intended to make was really designed by the Holy Spirit. The fact that the Church has accommodated certain words of Scripture to illustrate the graces of a saint, or to teach any holy lesson, proves indeed that the Church has seen that these words may be fitly applied to this particular object, but it proves no more than this; consequently, any argument founded upon the *accommodation* of Holy Scripture is invalid, except in as far as it brings into view the idea or perception of the Catholic mind with respect to a particular truth or fact. You can use the accommodation of Scripture in order to ascertain the opinion of the Church, or of antiquity, with regard to some particular truth or object; you cannot employ the accommodated words of the Sacred Volume to prove that the Holy Spirit, by these words, intended in any way whatever, to indicate, or illustrate, this truth or object.

We have been particular in laying down the nature of the argument from accommodation, in order that the use made of it by Professor Passaglia may not be misunderstood. The Fathers and Christian writers of the Church

delighted to apply to the Blessed Virgin several parts of the Sacred Scriptures, in which they seemed to find epithets and images that expressed in the fittest terms their own idea of her supernatural prerogatives. They applied to her in an especial way the *Song of Solomon*, which according to the general opinion of Theologians has only a mystical, and no literal sense; and in this mystical sense, it relates either to the union of the soul with God, or to the union of the Church with Christ.* But as Mary is the most excellent member of the Church, on whom is conferred in its fulness the grace that is partially bestowed upon others, it is not unnatural to infer, that all which is expressed in this canticle, with respect to the magnificence, the beauty, the order, and the sanctity of the Church, applies in the highest degree to her own super-eminent perfection. Hence, what we read in the Song of Solomon concerning the fairness, the beauty, the stainlessness of the bride languishing with love for her beloved, has been accommodated by the Christian writers and by the Church, to express the purity of Mary, as well as her intimate union with Christ. It would take up too much space to shew by means of many quotations how extensively accommodations of this canticle to the Virgin occur in the patristic and ecclesiastical writings of antiquity; they are to be found in the Mozarabic and Coptic Missals, the hymns of the Greek Church, the missals and breviaries of the Latin Church, in various other ecclesiastical monuments, and in the writings of St. John Damascene, Tarasius, Methodius, Modestus of Jerusalem, St. Ephraem, Psellus, Anastasius of Antioch, St. Germanus, St. Anselm, St. Bernard, and most *mediæval* authors. In these and other documents of Christian antiquity, we find the most beautiful passages of this mystic song directly applied to the Sacred Virgin. She is the flower of the field and the lily of the valley. She it is, of whom it is said, "Behold thou art fair, O my love, behold thou art fair." It is Mary whom the beloved calls to "Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one and come." It is Mary, whose magnificence and whose sanctity diffuses as it were a fragrance of the sweetest savour over the whole world. "Who is she that goeth up by the desert, as a pillar of smoke, of aromatic spices,

* Passaglia, P. II. p. 523, et seq.

of myrrh, and frankincense, and of all the powder of the perfumer?" It is her beauty which enraptures the beloved, and constrains him to exclaim, "How beautiful art thou my love, how beautiful art thou!" "Thou art all fair, O my love; and there is no stain in thee." "Tota pulcra es amica mea, et macula non est in te." "My spouse is a garden inclosed, a garden inclosed, a fountain sealed up." "Thou art beautiful, O my Love, sweet and comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army set in array." "One is my dove, my perfect one is but one. She is the only one of her mother, the chosen of her that bore her. The daughters saw her and declared her most blessed; the queens and the concubines, and they praised her. Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in array?" Such are the passages which the ecclesiastical monuments of the oriental Church* apply to the Blessed Lady. "Thou art all fair, O Virgin, all fair, all brilliant, thou that didst bear the light and God; thou alone also art altogether magnificent. Illumine, therefore, the eyes of my heart inhaling thy glory O Lady, and wounded with a longing for it." Again, "the Lord who inhabited thine unpolluted womb, hath shewn thee to be all pure and glorious." "Hail Temple of God and throne of crystal, Hail veil of Moses, Hail garden of Solomon, hail city of the Son of Jesse."† In the *homiliarium* of Alcuin we read, "Thou art a garden inclosed O Holy Mother of God, and the hand of sinner hath never intruded to despoil it of its fair flowers."‡ In the words of another Latin writer, "Thou art all beautiful O more than glorious Virgin Mary; thou art all beautiful and there is no stain in thee; thou art all beautiful in soul through the perfect beauty of all the virtues and graces that adorn thee; thou art all beautiful in thy conception, because thou wert created for the sole purpose, that thou shouldest be the temple of the Most High God; thou art all beautiful, because thou gavest birth to the Divine Word, who is the splendour of the Father's glory, whose beauty the sun and moon regard with wonder. No turpi-

* See Passaglia. P. II. p. 566 and seq.

† Office. Maron. ad primam Sabbathi.

Idiota. Contemp. de V. M. In Bib. Pat. de la Bigne. Tom. iii.

tude, nor vice, nor sin ever entered into thy glorious soul, and no spiritual beauty, grace, nor virtue was ever wanting to it.....Whatever gift had been bestowed on any of the saints to thee was not denied, but all the privileges of all the saints have been heaped together upon thee. No one is equal to thee, no one is greater than thee, but God alone; because the Holy Spirit coming upon thee, and the power of the Most High overshadowing thee, who wert pre-adorned with all the ornaments of virtue, hath increased thy beauty, purity, and wisdom, and the grace and splendour of all thy virtues.....Thou art therefore all beautiful, most glorious Virgin, not in part, but altogether, and the stain of sin, whether mortal, or venial, or original is not in thee, never was, nor shall be; but all natural, spiritual, and heavenly gifts and graces are ever with thee." Psellus, a Greek writer of the eleventh century, speaking in the person of the beloved, thus comments on the words *tota pulcra es, et macula non est in te*: "Thou art beautiful in mind, soul, and body; in body, as being thoroughly purified from all evil passions, and adorned with every kind of virtue; in soul as being separated from all base things, and beautified by obedience to the words of the Law; and in mind, as being delivered from empty thoughts, and made glorious and divine by grace through the Holy Spirit. And therefore no stain is in thee, because thou art near to me (the Beloved) on account of perfection." By St. John Damascene Mary is called all beautiful, all near to God, raised above Cherubim and Seraphim, and made next (*proxima*) to God.* And once more; St. Peter Damian adds, commenting upon the words, "Who is this that cometh up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon her beloved?" "This is that Queen whom the daughters of Sion saw and called most blessed, and the queens praised her. But to-day she ascends from the desert, that is, from the world, exalted to the lofty eminence of the regal throne. Flowing with delights, he says, truly flowing, because many daughters have collected riches, thou hast surpassed them all. But her delights cannot be numbered, because while she receives the Holy Spirit, she conceives the Son of God, she gives human nature to the King of glory, she penetrates

* Orat. 1. in *Deiparæ Nativ.*

the heavens, laden with riches and flowing with delights, she flies to her own eternal kingdom, leaning upon her beloved. The King of Victories is the Father of the beloved, in whom He was well pleased; upon Him that happier mother leans, and reclining on the golden couch of the Divine Majesty, rests within the arms of the Spouse, her own Son. O how great is the dignity, how special the power to lean upon Him whom the angelic powers behold with reverence.”*

In addition to the Song of Solomon, the Church has accommodated to the Blessed Virgin Mary other portions of the Sacred Volume, and in particular different passages from the Books of Proverbs, Wisdom, and Ecclesiasticus, besides several of the Psalms of David. These passages are familiar to all who are acquainted with the offices of the Blessed Virgin in the Roman Breviary, and with the lessons appointed to be read in them upon the principal festivals. They are to be found chiefly in the 8th chapter of Proverbs, the 24th chapter of Ecclesiasticus, and the 1st and 4th chapters of Wisdom. In the 8th of Proverbs we read, “The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his ways, before he made anything, from the beginning. I was set up from eternity, and of old before the earth was made. The depths were not as yet, and I was already conceived, neither had the fountains of waters as yet sprung out.....When he prepared the heavens I was present, when with a certain law and compass he enclosed the depths....I was with him forming all things, and was delighted every day, playing before him at all times, playing in the world, and my delights were to be with the children of men.” These verses are accommodated to the Deipara in the Mozarabic Missal as well as in the Missal of the Roman Church. And it was in allusion to this passage that Christian antiquity called Mary the *possession* of the Lord, *Ilis prædium et habitaculum*; and that it spoke of her election before all generations, her preparation before all ages, her predestination in eternity, and her production in time, her dignity set up from eternity, as *Regina et domina Universorum*.† The propriety, moreover, of this accommodation depends upon its applicability to the

* Serm. xi. de Deiparæ Assumpt.

† Passaglia, P. ii. p. 639, et seq.

purity and the sanctity of the Virgin. They appropriately express the wonder of her conception, the singular excellence of the graces with which she was endowed, her supernatural elevation and separation from all other created beings, the glory and the beauty of her immaculate person, and the ineffable love with which the Almighty loved her from all eternity. But they are inapplicable, and something more than inapplicable, unless all this be true of Mary, unless she indeed be the triumph and perfection of the works of God, the sublime and innocent Mother of Jesus, human in all that is pure, and good, and lovely, and tender, and holy in human nature elevated and enriched by grace—but never, even during one instant of time, stained and dishonoured by contamination with the slightest touch of human frailty.

Another very beautiful application of Scripture to delineate the peculiar prerogatives of the Holy Virgin, is founded upon the 24th Chapter of Ecclesiasticus; Wisdom there says of herself: “I came out of the mouth of the Most High, the first-born before all creatures.....Then the Creator of all things commanded, and said to me, and He that made me rested in my tabernacle. And He said to me, let thy dwelling be in Jacob, and thy inheritance in Israel, and take root in my elect. From the beginning, and before the world was I created, and unto the world to come I shall not cease to be; and in thy holy dwelling-place I have ministered before Him. And so was I established in Sion, and in the holy city likewise I rested, and my power was in Jerusalem. And I took root in an honourable people, and in the portion of my God his inheritance, and my abode is in the full assembly of the Saints. I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress tree on Mount Sion. I was exalted like a palm-tree in Cades, and as a rose plant in Jericho. As a fair olive tree in the plains, and as a plane tree by the water in the streets, was I exalted.....As the vine I have brought forth a pleasant odour, and my flowers are the fruit of honour and riches.....In me is all grace of the way and of the truth; in me is all hope of life and of virtue. Come over to me all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits. For my spirit is sweet above honey, and my inheritance above honey and the honey-comb.” This sublime description of the wisdom of God is accommodated to the Blessed Virgin in all the offices used on her festivals

throughout the Latin Church. It is besides, applied to her by many Fathers and commentators of antiquity, and among them, by St. Germanus, St. Ephraem, Proclus, St. John Damascene, Tarasius of Constantinople, Modestus of Jerusalem, St. Anselm, St. Hildephonse, St. Peter Damian, and a host of others. These writers either directly apply the very words of Ecclesiasticus to the Holy Virgin, or else they select different types and emblems from the chapter before us, and use them to express their conception of the greatness of Mary. And it is evident that the fitness of these most remarkable accommodations depends altogether upon the existence of a certain analogy between wisdom itself and the prerogatives of the Mother of God. Unless some such analogy exist, this accommodation would be idle and vain; and unless, therefore, we are prepared to accuse the Church of having rashly, and without due deliberation, appropriated those passages to the Virgin, we must confess that the Holy Virgin is one who approaches as near as a created being can possibly approach to the Scriptural portrait of wisdom. Hence we are bound to admit that in the judgment of the Church and of its ancient writers accommodating these portions of Scripture to the Blessed Virgin, there is no creature, whether angel or man, whom the Blessed Virgin does not wholly surpass in dignity, in grace, in innocence, and in glory. For she it is who is the Queen of Sion and Jerusalem, that is, of the Church militant and the Church triumphant. She it is in whose sacred tabernacle her Creator vouchsafed to rest. She it is whom the unanimous voice of the Church commemorates as alone holy amidst the daughters of men, alone worthy that God should rest within her sacred womb, the lily among the thorns, the olive ever verdant, and the morning star, shining with a brilliant light upon the world, and by the very splendour of its brilliancy manifesting itself as most immaculate and most innocent. Moreover, it is Mary into whose bosom the divine bounty has poured forth all the treasures of heaven. It is she who stands forth amidst angels and men, exalted far above all, "like a cedar in Libanus, and as the cypress tree on Mount Sion." She is the instrument of salvation, so that through her and in her all things are renewed, life repaired, the power of death destroyed, the graces of heaven conveyed to man, heaven itself opened, and man united with Christ his God and Saviour. She was united

with Jesus in nature, because she was consubstantial with Him; in innocence of life because, as He was, and not otherwise than He was, so she was ever pleasing to God; and she was united with Him in gifts, inasmuch as she shared by participation those offices and those gifts which were vested in Him by right and without measure. This is the great lesson with regard to Mary, which the Christian Fathers and writers are ever inculcating in their hymns, panegyrics, and discourses. It is the idea of the Virgin brought out and formed into shape by such teaching as this, which they attempted to illustrate by the accommodation of this wonderful chapter of Ecclesiasticus. And it is impossible not to perceive that in the judgment of the Church and of her doctors, there really does exist a true analogy between the wisdom of God, and His lovely mother, an analogy which cannot be supposed for a moment, unless Mary be acknowledged to be the most pure, the most holy, the most beautiful, and the most perfect among the creatures of God.

We are compelled to omit many beautiful accommodations from the book of Psalms, all tending to give expression in words to the Catholic idea of Mary, and to pass on to consider those testimonies from Scripture, which in the opinion of the author before us, as well as of other experienced theologians, directly witness to the purity of the Virgin, and to her exemption from the stain of Original Sin. It must be borne in mind that there are two ways in which a truth or doctrine may be contained in the inspired volume. It may be contained in the express and explicit words of Scripture, which, when interpreted in their plain and grammatical sense, are at once seen to enunciate the truth or doctrine. For example, when Moses exclaimed, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," we perceive the unity of God to be the truth and doctrine which these words most obviously enunciate. And when the Apostle John says, "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us;" we see that he intended to set forth in plain language the doctrine of the incarnation of the Son of God. But the Scriptures declare truths, not only expressly and in so many words; they also contain them implicitly and virtually, and they are found to be comprised within the language of the sacred volume by legitimate analysis and by plain logical deduction. Thus our Blessed Saviour deduces the doctrine of the Resurrection

from the words, "I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob." The Council of Nice infers the consubstantiality of the Son from the Scriptural testimonies respecting His divinity. And in the same way other Synods of the Church have deduced from similar scriptural language very many important doctrines of the faith, which are believed not only by all Catholics, but by the more orthodox divisions of Protestantism.* These doctrines, although not verbally contained in Scripture, are legitimately and fairly deduced from it; and consequently are admitted by all who admit the authority of scripture itself, to be as truly contained in scripture, as those more obvious truths which it explicitly enunciates.

It is in this latter sense, namely, as a doctrine really contained in the Scripture, and legitimately deducible from it by plain logical inference, that the first promise of mercy and of reconciliation made to mankind after the fall testifies to the perfect and uncontaminated purity of Mary. Hardly had the justice of God denounced sentence upon our guilty parents, when His love and His pity intervened, and even while pronouncing judgment, caused Him to break forth into words of mercy. "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she (or it) shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her (or his) heel." This celebrated passage is divided into two parts: the first of which declares that God will place a barrier of enmity between the serpent and the woman, between his seed and her seed; and the second expresses the consequences that should result from this enmity, namely, the crushing of the serpent's head. It is very evident that in addressing these words to the destroyer of the human race, the Almighty intended to inform him that the instrument by which he had overthrown the happiness of man should become the instrument of his own punishment and ruin. A woman brought sin and death into the world, and it was a woman who was to bring back grace and life. Satan had entered into friendship with her who, in the natural order, was the

* e. g. the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and from the Son as from one principle, the existence in Christ of two wills and of two operations; the union of the Son with human nature *secundum hypostasim*, &c., &c.

mother of all living. He had approached her as it were stealthily. He insinuated himself by degrees into her confidence. He professed himself to be her friend, and to have no other object in view than to take the side of man, against an arbitrary restriction of the Divine Power. And it was through the semblance of friendship that he first of all deceived, and then destroyed by sin, the mother of the human race. Now Almighty God, in this prophecy of redemption, declares that He will employ the instrumentality of woman to avenge Himself of the ruin of mankind. He will raise up another woman between Satan and whom there shall be perpetual enmity. No friendship shall grow up between them. The same device Satan will never again be able to employ. He will not be able to steal into the confidence of this second woman, to hold intercourse with her, and to represent to her under a false colouring the holy acts and commands of God. "I will put enmities," says the Almighty Avenger, "between thee and the woman." Every word in this sentence is emphatic and full of meaning. *I will put*, and place from the very beginning, and not as under another hypothesis it would have been, "I will excite and stir up hereafter enmity between those who are to be friends for a time." The enmity between the second woman and the serpent is antecedent and not consequent; hence it is enmity that has its commencement in the very conception of this second woman. No sooner has she real life and existence than a barrier is drawn by the power of God between her and him who deceived and destroyed the first parents of mankind—a barrier which shall never be removed. "I will put enmities." In the original Hebrew it is rendered still more emphatic by the use of the definite article, and therefore indicates not that enmity which all the just and holy bear in common against the devil, but that peculiar, that uninterrupted, that primordial and eternal enmity which existed from the very beginning between the serpent and the seed of the woman, and which the words of the prophecy obviously apply to the woman herself, in an equal portion and degree with her divine seed. No one can doubt that the hostility between Christ and the devil is the most dire that can possibly be imagined. No one can doubt that the barrier between Christ and the devil was formed and placed at the very moment of His Incarnation, and that it is as

impossible for any friendship to exist, or to have existed, between the two, as it is for God to change His Nature. But the Scripture declares that the very same enmity which divides the woman's seed and the serpent, will separate the serpent from that woman herself. No distinction, no reservation, no qualification, is made. "I will put *the* enmity between thee and the woman." What, then, can this hostility mean, except an enmity which, beginning at the very moment of her conception, has separated her for ever from the destroyer of our first parents, has kept her free from the possibility of being seduced by his snares, and has preserved her from the contagion of his infamous conversation? And that such is the obvious and necessary meaning of these celebrated words, we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that any intelligent Christian can now-a-days doubt.*

Professor Passaglia, and other eminent authorities, rely upon the former part of this primitive prophecy of reconciliation for one Scriptural proof of the uncontaminated

* Professor Passaglia (Par. ii. p. 827) gives the following answer to the question—How is it that if this text from Genesis so clearly prove the Immaculate Conception of Mary, so few people have seen its force, and that so many learned and pious men have doubted whether there is a single sentence in Scripture which has even a probable reference to this doctrine? (1.) He denies that the real bearing of this passage was unknown to the Fathers, and he proceeds to prove by quotations from the ancient Authors, that, although they may not state the argument in the same order, and in the same way as he does, yet that they give in substance the very same explanation as he does. (2) Secondly, he replies, that difficult passages of Scripture were not brought out and made clear until heresies and controversies had directed men's attention to them. The doctrine of the Trinity was not perfectly discussed until the Arian heresy, nor that of Penance until the Novatian, nor the doctrine of Baptism until the Donatists endeavoured to introduce the practice of re-baptising. (3) He answers with Vincentius Lirinensis, that there is in the Church of Christ an increase, a progress, and a growth of divine knowledge. The intelligence, the knowledge, the wisdom, not only of individuals, but of the whole Church increases, although always in the same dogma, the same sense, and the same opinion. As the Scripture says, *pertransibunt plurimi et multiplex erit scientia*. (Dan. xii. 4.) And according to Gregory the Great, "*Urgente etenim mundi fine, superna scientia proficit, et largius cum tempore excrescit.*"

purity of the Virgin. There is, as our readers are aware, a difference of reading in the second clause of the prophecy, which has given rise to a controversy between Catholics and Protestants, which learned men on both sides are at present disposed to repudiate as unmeaning and useless. The controversy has turned upon the genuineness and propriety of the Vulgate version, which translates the original Hebrew pronoun by the feminine *ipsa*, instead of the masculine *ipse*, or the neuter *ipsud*. This is in reality a question of comparatively slight moment, so far as any matter of doctrine is concerned. It possesses interest and importance as a question of biblical criticism, but it in no way affects any truth of revelation. Regarding it then as a fair point for criticism, and examining it, as we ought to do, in an honest and dispassionate spirit, with the single wish to discover the true reading, and with the conviction that no dogma of the Church can ever receive the least injury from any fair and just criticism, there is only one conclusion at which we can arrive. The great weight of authority is in favour of the masculine or neuter reading.* All the Hebrew *codices* which are known favour the masculine or neuter reading, with the exception of three, that are certainly known to have the feminine, and five others that are said to contain it, but about which there is doubt. The masculine or neuter is also found in all the known Samaritan MSS., in all the Greek versions, with perhaps one exception, in all the Chaldaic paraphrases, in all the Syrian and Arabic versions, in the old Italic, and in the original version of St. Jerome. Among the Fathers of the Church, all the Greek Fathers, without exception, use the masculine or neuter reading, which was also in use amongst all the Latin Fathers until the middle of the fourth century, and even after that period we find it

* Passaglia, Par. ii. p. 916 et seq. See also Melchior Canus. de Locis theolog. Lib. 2. cap. 15. De Rubeis, in app. de Var. lect. v. T. p. 207 seq. vol. 4, and Patrizi De Immaculata Mariæ Origine a Deo prædicta Disquisitio. Romæ 1853. The Biblical researches of Professor Patrizi are of the greatest value to the theological student, and are entirely free from that narrow prejudice which is afraid to look at things as they really are. Unfortunately, however, the learned Professor has chosen to write in such peculiar and difficult Latin, that very few people, it is to be feared, will have sufficient patience to peruse his works.

in the writings of St. Jerome, St. Leo the Great, and St. Peter Chrysologus. On the other hand, there is scarcely any critical authority for the feminine reading. Whatever there is consists chiefly of three Hebrew MSS., of five others, alleged to contain the feminine reading, but of which we cannot be certain, with perhaps one Greek version, unknown to critics, but mentioned by an old Scholiast, himself equally unknown. The feminine reading is however supported by almost all the Latin Fathers and writers posterior to the fifth century, as well as by St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and others, who flourished at the end of the fourth and at the beginning of the fifth. The great weight of authority therefore is evidently in favour of the neuter or masculine reading, so that it would be against all the laws of critical science not to conclude that this reading is part of the real and genuine text of the passage in Genesis. It is consequently impossible to found any argument for the prerogatives of Mary upon the latter clause of this prophecy, as translated by the present Vulgate, since an argument founded upon a doubtful reading cannot be expected to bring with it much weight or chance of conviction. Nevertheless it would be a great mistake to conclude that the feminine reading *ipsa* is without a true meaning and significance. It cannot indeed be urged as a direct argument with those without, and it does not constitute in strictness the original and genuine text. Still it is an ecclesiastical reading of high antiquity. It is older than St. Jerome's translation or revision of the old Italic Version,* and has been used, as we have said, both by Ambrose and Augustine. Since the sixth century it has prevailed throughout the Western Church, and is supported by the present edition of the Vulgate.† It is impossible, therefore, to treat

* Passaglia, P. ii. p. 930.

† It may perhaps be desirable to say a few words on the degree of respect due from Catholics to the Vulgate Version of the Scriptures. On purely literary grounds none but the most ignorant and the most prejudiced would refuse a very high degree of respect to a version so celebrated, so universally used throughout Christendom, so venerable for its antiquity, founded upon a still older translation, which it has incorporated within itself, and revised by so great a man as St. Jerome. But Catholics are bound to respect and esteem

it otherwise than with respect and reverence. If not the original reading, it is an authorised interpretation of that reading. It contains a meaning which although not directly comprised in the original text, is however virtually included within it, and consequently it is a fair deduction from the Scriptural language to say, that since the very same enmity has ever existed between Satan and the Woman, as has always existed between Satan and the Woman's Seed, it follows that they both crush and destroy the Serpent's head, the one *mediately*, the other *immediately*; in scholastic language, the one is the instrumental cause, (*causa instrumentalis*), the other the principal cause, (*causa princeps*); Mary crushes the Serpent's head by giving birth to Jesus, and Jesus by the prowess of His own Power and Virtue.

The contrast between Eve and Mary is constantly dwelt upon in the patristic and liturgical monuments of the Church. This contrast is to be met with in the writings of almost all the Fathers, from Justin to St. Bernard. It is dwelt upon with much unction and fervour by the writers of mediæval Christianity. It is brought out in the prayers and offices of the ancient Mozarabic, Gallican, and other missals, especially in the prefaces for the various feasts of our Lady. In a word, it pervades the whole devotional and hortatory literature of the Church, and its origin lies in the very cradle of Christianity. When St. Paul drew out a contrast between the first Adam and the second, he naturally suggested the existence of a similar contrast between Eve and Mary. And the Fathers very soon

it upon other grounds as well. Being the only version of the Scriptures formally authorised by the Church, they are bound to believe that it contains no error affecting any matters of doctrine. But they are at liberty, if they possess the necessary qualifications, to study the Scriptures in the original Hebrew and Greek texts; nor are they prohibited from preferring a different reading from that adopted by the Vulgate, as being more in accordance with the original texts, provided that they neither innovate upon the doctrine of the Church, nor forget the degree of authority which the Vulgate really possesses. The Church, by approving the Vulgate, does not mean to say that it is a translation incapable of improvement, but merely that it is a fair and good version, and that while it may be open to amendment in particular places, it gives correctly and in substance the true sense of the original texts.

began to dilate upon it. Their teaching when brought together amounts in substance to the following :—*(a) that Mary is the new and second Eve, as Christ is the new and second Adam ; and therefore, as Adam was a type of Jesus so Eve was a type of Mary. (b) The enmity between this second Eve and the serpent is in every way similar to that which existed between the serpent and the second Adam ; and, consequently, it is deadly, implacable, and without interruption. (c) In Mary the fall of Eve is restored ; the prudence, the obedience, and the faith of the former making reparation for the imprudence, the disobedience, and the unbelief of the latter. (d) God who condemned Eve, crowns Mary with glory. (e) As death flowed from the first Eve, so did life from the second ; as all that is evil came through Eve, so through Mary comes all that is good ; as Adam was renewed in Christ, so is Eve in Mary. (f) By Mary salvation and life is within the reach of all, as by Eve all fell into ruin and death. (g) It is only on account of Mary that Eve is, and is called, the mother of the living. (h) Mary raised Eve from her fall, restored Adam, despoiled hell, and opened the gates of paradise ; (i) a curse was pronounced upon Eve ; it is abolished by Mary, who is altogether blessed ; (k) as we all die through Eve, so do we all live through Mary, we gain the adoption of sons, and return to our pristine dignity. (l) The new Virgin hath expiated the evil deed of the old ; and (m) lastly, as all censure Eve, so all praise Mary. The whole force of these *antitheses* depends on the hypothesis upon which they are founded ; namely, that Mary is a Being wholly different from all other members of the human race, in the unspotted purity, and in the super-abundant holiness, which adorned and which filled her from the first moment of her existence. *Directly*, they point out the judgment of antiquity respecting the prerogatives of Mary, while *indirectly* they elucidate the doctrine of her Immaculate Conception.

But the singular prerogative of Mary is inculcated in the New Testament no less than in the old. It is very plainly, and clearly taught in the Angelical salutation, recorded in the first chapter of St. Luke's gospel.

* Passaglia, P. II. p. 872-3.

Nothing is of more frequent recurrence amongst ancient writers than commentaries, paraphrases, and sermons upon the archangel's address to Mary; and they all in substance contain the same teaching, that the words are new, the salutation new and unheard before, that although many times angels have been sent to visit the favoured of God, yet never did a heavenly messenger say to any other than Mary, "Hail full of grace." Angels appeared to Abraham, to Jacob, to St. Joseph, and to St. Peter; in almost every age of the Church they have been sent to converse with and to illuminate the great servants of God, and yet this peculiar salutation—*Ave gratia plena*, was never addressed to any except to her who had been predestined to be, but was not at the time, the Mother of God. Since then this salutation is new, it must have a new sense and signification. It is addressed to Mary alone of the human race, and to her only is it really applicable, therefore there must be something in Mary which renders these words appropriate to her alone. There are thousands of other creatures, archangels, angels, and saints, who are pre-eminently holy and blessed; but yet this salutation never has been and never could be applied to them. Surely, then, the reason is obvious, why it is alone suitably addressed to the ever Blessed Virgin. It is because while others enjoy grace *in part*, she possesses it in all its entirety. It is because she is really and truly *full* of grace, and has been full of grace, not only from the moment of the Incarnation, but before that great mystery was accomplished within her. And if she was full of grace, even *before* she had become *de facto* the Mother of God, how is it possible that she could ever have been the slave of sin?

But again, almost each word in this salutation is emphatic, and when properly understood discloses the pre-eminence sanctity of the Blessed Virgin. We would however at present insist principally upon the expression *κεχαριτωμένη* as indicating the possession of grace in its plenitude and entirety. Had not the Protestants allowed themselves to be carried away by prejudice, and by the spirit of their heresy, they would never have pared down the meaning of this participle into "*highly-favoured*." The feebleness and the inadequacy of this translation is obvious, and we may safely assert that it would never have suggested itself to the Protestant mind had it not been

their aim to derogate as much as they possibly could from the honour and purity of the Mother of God. It is one of the most objectionable renderings in the authorised Anglican version of the New Testament, the compilers of which, whatever their faults in other respects, were men of too real learning to have *unwittingly* condemned the universally received translation of the Church, *gratia plena*. It is true that in the matter of Greek and Hebrew learning it would be absurd to place them on a level with the scholars of modern times. It is true also, that in their version of the New Testament, they often give an incorrect or inadequate sense to the original text, in consequence of not having been well acquainted with the niceties of the Greek tongue, which led them, amongst other omissions and mistakes, to overlook altogether the force of the Greek article, and to give many feeble renderings of the original in consequence of other deviations from a sound method of translation.* But still they were not, for the most part, behind the learning of their age, so that when they differed from the usual readings of the received versions, they did so either through a desire to adhere more exactly to the import of the original Greek, or because, as in the case before us, their judgments were warped by a dishonest polemical bias. The ancient translation, however, has outlived its enemies. Not only has it its foundation in the universal sense of the Church, which in all its versions and comments, whether Latin, Syrian, or Greek, has invariably interpreted *κεχαριτωμένη* by *gratia plena*, but it has gained the approbation of many of the most learned among the foreign Protestants. According to a German Critic, *χαριτών* signifies *gratia aliquem cumulo*, I heap grace upon any one. Hence *κεχαριτωμένη* is *gratia cumulata seu plena*, laden or filled with grace. *χαριτώσαι* also signifies *gratia mactare seu cumulare*, to cumulate or load with grace, and in this sense it is used by St. Paul, Eph. i. 6, "He hath laden us with grace in the beloved." The same Protestant writer further observes that all Greek verbs ending in *ων* have a cumulative or an intensitive sense, and therefore, according to its native signification, *κεχαριτωμένη* ought to be ren-

* Contrast, for example, Philippians, ii. 5—9, in the Greek with the English Protestant version, and the feebleness and inadequacy of its translation will be very manifest.

dered, enriched with the treasures of grace in such a manner as to fill with this divine gift both body and soul.*

From the testimony of Scripture to the purity of the Virgin, Professor Passaglia proceeds in his concluding volume to gather the judgment of tradition with respect to the excellency of the Divine Maternity of Mary, the character of the union existing between herself and her Divine Son, the part which the Counsels of God allotted to her in the reparation of the human race, the object and the antiquity of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and many other points of equal moment. Into these subjects, deeply interesting as they are, we have neither time nor space to enter at present. To treat them with anything like the consideration which they deserve, would lead us beyond our limits, and we could not stray so far without incurring the risk of exhausting our readers' patience. Passing them over, therefore, although it is with great reluctance that we do so, we must sum up what has been already stated, with one or two concluding observations.

1. And first, it may be useful to say a few words with respect to the part taken by the Holy See in the celebrated controversies about the Immaculate Conception.† These contentions could not arise in the Church without the sayings and writings of the different parties engaged in them, being brought to the notice of the Apostolic Chair; for the most illustrious and the most conspicuous men in their day loudly called upon the Roman Church to interpose its authority, and to put an end to these disputes, some of them denouncing the introduction of a feast not formally recognised by Rome, and others objecting to the doctrine which that feast was really intended to commemorate. But how did the Apostolic See respond to these calls upon its interference? It is a significant fact, that in the midst of this angry controversy the voice of the Roman Church remained unheard until the time of Sixtus IV. It kept "*Silence, yea even from good words.*" It was the depository and the guardian of the Catholic faith. It was its office to discern the true from the false, to preserve untarnished the brightness of the true faith, and to repress with the strong

* Valckenar in Scholis. ad Luc. i. 28, quoted in Passaglia, P. ii. p. 1093, note.

† See Passaglia, Tom. iii. pp. 2058, 9.

hand of divine authority all innovations upon its belief and worship. Men conspicuous before the eyes of the Christian world, men too whom Rome honoured and prized, called upon her to interpose, and to put down a movement which they considered to be fraught with danger to the discipline or the faith of Christendom. But still the voice of Peter remained silent. It beheld the devotion of the Immaculate Conception diffusing itself rapidly throughout the Church, and yet it uttered not a single word by which that devotion might be either checked or rooted out. In the midst of theological disputations it went on in its own even and tranquil course, celebrating its own feast of the Conception,* and acting as if no great question were really agitating the Church. And when at length it opened its mouth, it was only to favour and promote the devotion to the Immaculate Conception, by granting indulgences to those who should practise it; and while still conceding liberty of opinion about the doctrine itself, it nevertheless denounced and forbade the use of any expressions by which that doctrine might be condemned. The same spirit pervaded the subsequent constitutions of the Apostolic See. They were all framed with a view to foster and diffuse the belief in the Immaculate Conception, and to discourage gradually the opposite opinion, until the time should arrive for a more formal exposition of its own faith. Surely there is a deep *Sacrament*, if we may be allowed to say so, in this wonderful *Silence* of the See of Rome. There is an eloquence in this silence which speaks more plainly than many words. Never has a Roman Pontiff held his peace when the cause of truth required that he should speak. Never has the faith been assailed but Rome has confounded the world with the thunder of her denunciations. When, therefore, she is silent, she would speak to us by this very silence. It is a testimony on her part to the immaculate purity of the Virgin Mother. It is her own voice declaring this doctrine to be contained within the deposit of revelation. She allowed men to agitate indeed and to discuss this question for a time, while she looked on with a careful eye, and while her silence itself guarded the implicit truth entrusted to her care. She permitted discussion that the doctrine might be the more carefully

* See Passaglia, P. iii. p. 1745 et seq.

brought out, the more fully apprehended by the faithful, and the better prepared to assume its due position in the analogy of the faith. But all the while she was really and effectually guarding, protecting, and advancing it. She held her peace, but this was in itself an approbation both of the doctrine and of the devotion connected with it. Her very silence, therefore, was not only a declaration of the truth,—it was a divinely-suggested means by which she favoured and promoted its growth and progress.

2. But on one point there could be neither growth nor progress. If we have succeeded in presenting to our readers a sufficiently clear notion of the line of argument pursued in the great work which we undertook to review, we have succeeded in placing before them a certain perception of the Catholic idea of Mary, as it has been ever perpetuated in the Catholic Church. We have seen that it is the grandest idea that can possibly occupy the human mind, next to that of Almighty God, an idea moreover, which human thought cannot fully grasp, nor human language express. In giving expression to their inward perception of the beauty and holiness of Mary, our fathers have exhausted the rich resources of the Greek and Latin tongues; and if we would desire to put into words our own thoughts and aspirations about Mary, we can only repeat the language that was long ago familiar to them. In this, therefore, there can be neither growth nor progress; and the reason is, because human language can go no further than it has gone. Sometimes, indeed, we are charged by the heretics with employing expressions in praise of the Blessed Virgin which were wholly unknown to Christian antiquity. If this charge were true, it would redound to our credit, for what can be more natural or more fitting than that we should endeavour to discover a mode of speech which should adequately express the dignity and the power of the Immaculate Virgin? But as a matter of fact, the charge is without foundation. Our ancestors have been beforehand with us, and have said all that we could possibly say. What stronger and more emphatic expressions can be used, than to call Mary the head and cause of our salvation, the Mother of the common salvation, the horn of power by which Satan's strength is broken, she who saves the world, who is the author and the cause of the common joy, the solace of nature, the repairer and

restorer of mankind, the solution of the curse, the expiator of sin, and a merciful propitiation with the Lord?*

And yet these, and terms still more emphatic than these, are employed by such men as Irenæus,† and Augustine,‡ John Damascene, and Anselm, the compilers of the ancient offices of the Church, and the authors of those ancient Greek hymns, which were composed before the schism of Photius. It is therefore evident that in all ages of the Church there has been but one idea, and one mind, and one tongue, concerning the prerogatives of the Mother of God. Mary herself in her song of praise exclaimed, “behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed;” and the Catholic Church has taken up her holy song, and gone forth resounding it throughout the four corners of the globe. Trouble and persecution have passed over the Church and her children, but neither it nor they have ever waxed cold in their love to Mary. Her name has been the Church’s great watchword against heresy, the weapon with which it is enabled to destroy the enemies of the faith. It is not afraid to speak the praises of Mary, to exalt her dignity, and to proclaim her power. Nay, it is driven on by an interior instinct, which it cannot, and which it would not, repress, to declare the glories of Mary, by every means within its power. O infallible mark of the true Church! Solomon detected the real mother of the child by that natural feeling which recoiled from beholding it slaughtered before her eyes; and a similar instinct draws the heart of the real spouse of Christ close to the heart of Mary. The mother cannot be separated from the Son. The innocence and sanctity of the one is indissolubly associated with the Divine perfections of the other; men cannot love the one, and be cold or indifferent to the other. The true bride of the Son must be the loving daughter of the mother. That, therefore, which is the true Church of Christ must ever fulfil in its theology, its piety, and its spirit, the Virgin’s own prediction, “all generations shall call me blessed.” It must be zealous for the honour of Mary, as being the Mother of

* Passaglia, P. III. p. 1417.

† Irenæus, Cont. Hær. Lib. III. c. 33.

‡ Lib. 1. Cont. Julian. c. 3.

its God and Saviour. It must defend the prerogatives of Mary, as it would defend any other vital doctrine of Christianity. It must infuse into its members a solid and a tender devotion to the Virgin, which may grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength. It must invoke her name and confide in her power, and implore her aid. In a word, it must be known throughout the world for the homage and the worship which it delights to pay to the holy name of Mary, accustoming its children to associate that immaculate and powerful name with every circumstance of their lives, and to use it in union with the name of her Son, as their best protection and sweetest consolation, in the last moment of their earthly pilgrimage.

ART. VI.—(1.) *Pius IX. and Lord Palmerston.* By the COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT. London : Dolman, 1856.

(2.) *De l'Etat des choses à Naples, et en Italie, Lettres à G. BOWYER, Esq., Membre du Parlement Britanique.* Par Jules Gondou, 8vo. Paris : Bray ; London : Dolman. 1855.

IT has been frequently observed, that a certain periodical fever seizes the religious constitution, or protestant body, or whatever else it calls itself, in the British Empire. Its etiology is indeed obscure: but its symptoms are pretty regular, its diagnosis simple, its treatment obvious. It has its sudden access, violent exacerbation, and gradual decline. It begins by a shuddering and shivering, a palor and tremor, a *frissonnement* of horror, a frightful shaking and quaking of the entire system, of course accompanied by a chattering of the jaws, a jibbering and grimacing, which sometimes mounts to the sublimity of the awful, but quickly slips into the proximate gulf of the most ludicrous. The mind it is which thus affects the body; for it is full of some terrible illusion, a horrid phantom, generally of foreign features, and most papistical combinations. An idea haunts it of something that

the Grand Duke of Tuscany has done, or that the King of Naples is doing, or that the Pope of Rome does, or that Austria is going to do. To cold shivering succeeds fever hot and high, frantic declamation, mouthing expostulations; braggart threats, and magniloquent prophecies; talk of squadrons, broadsides, and bombardments; suggestions of assassinations,* proposals to encourage poniard-insurrections, republicanism, socialism, universal confusion, confiscation, and extermination, so that we may see parliaments instead of consistories, and potatoes in place of macaroni. The Thames must flow in Italy, and the present *Times* must be the future of Italians. Well, this stage too has its end. We all know, how fever most kindly resolves itself—in the copious deliquescence of over-strained excitement; and as in the canine race the palpitating tongue throws off the heat of the entire frame, so is it with the intermittent ague of this faction, for it is not, thank Heaven, the nation. Its long lolling organ of loquacity, by degrees discharges the feverish exandescence; the blood-shot eye again grows dim; and the roaring bull-dog, which simulated the British Lion or the British Bull, (closely allied in our national, as in Assyrian, mythology) is pronounced to be worse in his bark than in his bite. It is wonderful how a few leaders, complimenting the nation on being the grandest in the world, declaring any ticket-of-leave man in England to be more moral than any Roman priest, and any pauper, for whom a coroner's inquest brings a verdict of "starvation," to be happier, hungered to death in a British garret, than a Neapolitan prince, dining in a palace, and boasting that we are the very finest fellows in creation, and all others but puppy-dogs, and recapitulating what we could have done, but hav'nt, what we may yet do, but won't: it is, we say, wonderful how a few self-complacent articles of this stamp give the newspaper public sufficient satisfaction, and gradually let down the agitated pulse.

The Hierarchy, the Dogmatic definition, the Austrian

* A short time ago, Mr. W. Savage Landor, true to his name, complained that there were no great men now-a-days to deal with despots, as was done in classical ages: and the *Times*, true to its inconsistency, of course inserted the amiable insinuation.

Concordat, the Madias, have had their fits; slighter attacks have fitted into their intervals. But there is one on now, of longer duration than usual, and of perhaps more persevering obstinacy; although the violence of its paroxysm is in part subsiding. Its dog-days are over, and it will be difficult to blow up the fire again to its pristine fierceness. Already the symptoms of decline are observable, in the Italian people being told, that the day they drive the Austrians out of Italy, they will have our hearty sympathy (which we suppose means a subscription and a *Times* commissioner); that when Piedmont goes to war with that power the Board of Ordnance will have plenty of cannons at Woolwich to lend it; (is this official, or within the courtesies of peace?) and finally that we must be careful in selecting the person whom we send to Naples—not at the head of a fleet, furnished with tons of six-inch mortars and bushels of undiseased grape (now rare in Italy), but as our peaceful minister, and courtly plenipotentiary. These tame insults, which bear in them all the impotence of baffled spite, convince us, that the Italian fever is on the wane, and will soon give way to the mild treatment of silent contempt, hitherto in other attacks, so successful.

It may seem unbecoming to direct our reader's attention to newspaper politics, and more especially to those of one journal, out of many; indeed it may appear to be a departure from the therapeutic principle which we have laid down in our last sentence. But we hardly see any other way of handling the subject before us. Whatever may be the real intentions, or views, of governments interested in Italian politics, it is certain that "the public" is expected to believe, that they are only to be learnt from the revelations of English foreign correspondents; while the facts on which it has to form its judgments, directed by the appropriately called "leaders," are nothing more than the "reports" gathered by those gentlemen, who admirably adapt them to the home demand, and second most charmingly the views forestalled by their employers. To treat therefore of the attempts so actively made, to lash on public feeling to the madness of another war, or to the meanness of a razzia on the territory of a weak power, or even to the incendiarism of kindling a civil and intestine war, with no international right, or even national gain to warrant it, it is necessary to descend to the

unpleasant regions of daily working mischief, and try to unravel the web of its inconsistent, and therefore unjust, conduct.

Unfortunately, for a time, it appeared as if the great vessel of the state was swinging round, under the impulse of concurrent breezes, and swerving from its course, and more majestic movement, to obey the tide which had set in, so strongly in one direction. It was clear that, from Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Lords, to Lord John Russell in the Commons, the statements of correspondents, who for ought that any one knows may live in Printing-house Square, were considered sufficiently accurate and important, to serve as the basis of parliamentary questions or resolutions, tending to commit the country to warlike or revolutionary pledges. Fortunately, as we have good reason to believe, Government was in possession of information, more authentic in its source, more unsuspecting in its channels, and more honest in its purposes, of facts not cooked for the newspaper public, and of explanations obtained by honourable negotiations. This was probably the cause of that total change of tone which pervaded the ministerial side of the closing debate on Italian politics, in the last session.

A noble Lord, who has been floundering in his political career, ever since his one great, and fatal blunder of trying to combine the two characters of a liberal and a bigot, attempted, at the beginning and at the end of the last parliament, to repair his bankrupt fortunes in the political market. He tried to seize on the national mind, through one of its favourite thoughts, that of universal education; and after a recess of lecturing and snatchings at popularity, he sought to constitute himself the director of a great but not political movement, and create a new section of state power, in which he might rule. He signally failed; his scheme broke down: no personal sympathy or confidence cheered him on to further efforts on that field. Thanks to Providence, the author of the Durham letter was not entrusted with the duty of providing education for Catholic children. But Italy afforded another ground on which to rewin lost popularity; feeling on it was at its fever-height; ministers seemed to have committed themselves by hasty declarations, and injudicious speeches. It looked as if only some one was wanted to put the torch—nay, a very small brimstone-match was enough—to the

train ; and so blow up two or three small principalities for Mazzini's gratification. Happily, as we have intimated, a better light had shone on the ministerial path ; perhaps the Count de Montalembert's article had found its way to the Prime Minister's, as it had to the ex-Chancellor's, table ; and suddenly Europe was partly surprised, partly amused, and wholly delighted, to hear once more, from our statesmen's lips, words of prudent reserve, and sound principle,—a return to the forgotten maxims of non-intervention.

We are not certainly admirers of the modern system of calling sovereigns by contemptuous names, a lesson learnt at the great French revolution, when irreverence of words easily passed to more than that in deeds. We do not think we should like to hear that our Queen was so familiarly dealt with abroad ; and to say the least, there is a vulgarity, and, *sit verbo venia* a snobbishness in the practice. However, when men lose their temper, this quality crops out of them, if in them. We were not, therefore, surprised, a few days ago, to see an article in the *Times*, descending to the level of *Punch*, by calling the King of Naples, King Bomba. And certainly we could not help remarking, that if he ever deserved the name, it was lately, when he “ put in ” a shell so judiciously, by his answer to our remonstrance, as utterly to demolish the approaches, parallels, and batteries, by which he seemed utterly doomed to be annihilated. In this answer, the substance of which seems tolerably known, two points, or in more Saxon phrase, two hits, are made, which have especially excited the anger and indignation of the anti-Italian press. These are, the simple assertion of independent sovereignty, with all the rights of autocracy or self-government ; the other is the rather taunting insinuation, that we had better look first at home, and not throw stones from glass habitations.

In offering any comments on these considerations, let it be understood, that we do not wish to hazard an opinion on the good or evil that is practised in Naples. If some even of the statements published concerning that kingdom be true, we heartily deplore them. We abhor cruelty, undue severity even ; injustice in every form. Even criminals must be treated as fellow-men, and their punishment must not be aggravated by wanton and capricious infliction. Neither do we intend to enter into discussion

as to the preference of any form of government. We love our own, we live happy under its constitution, because it is a constitution, which that of Piedmont is not, nor that of Spain, nor that of Portugal, nor of any other imitations. But this feeling is nothing to the purpose. There surely never was a worse government than that of Turkey, from its seraglio and its abominations, to its frontiers and their *raids*. Let any one read Layard's account of the treatment of the Jacobite christians by the pachas of Asia, and say, could anything be more cruel, brutal, and unjust than the wholesale massacres annually committed? And yet this and fifty other atrocities upon christians, and hundreds of robberies, and exterminations in distant provinces, and a religion everywhere of filthy fanaticism, did not prevent England's going to war to defend the rights of that despotism, and buttress up its rotten civilization, with the bayonets and the corpses of a magnificent army.

The principle was, that all these matters were not of our attribution; and that the internal concerns of the Ottoman empire was no concern of ours. And therefore, we conclude, that there can be no pretence for aggression of one state, in that which was not allowed to be an excuse for withholding from another powerful aid. But Count de Montalembert pushes his argument further. For he argues with great force, because with great justice; you surely are not going to interfere in the internal affairs and condition of a European state, with the very army, which you collected, and have maintained, and made to die, in support of the principle of non-intervention.

But coming nearer to the point, we may be expected to explain the *if*, which we marked significantly in our last paragraph but one. What, do you not believe the accounts poured out upon us by the correspondents of our journals, men highly paid, and therefore above all suspicion? Frankly and honestly we do not. We have had so many impossible stories told by these writers, or at least by their informers, we have been able so often to test them ourselves, not only by the topography, the circumstances, and persons introduced, but by actual local verification, that we have come to the conclusion, that in all matters where the prejudices of parties are to be gratified, (especially of religious party,) or where the line taken by a journal must be maintained by statements, even unscrupulous fictions are furnished for this purpose. When Don Miguel

was on the throne of Portugal, accounts of executions (as of one for sacrilege) were sent over, minutely detailed which had never taken place; and the correspondent being reproached for it on that spot, defended or excused himself, by saying, that he had been sent over to supply a certain class of information, and that if he did not furnish what the public palate hungered for, his occupation would soon be gone.

But we will give one or two specimens from Italy. A few years ago it was stated most circumstantially that all the political prisoners at Paliano in the Roman States, joined by their guards, had escaped, reached the sea, and been received on board a French vessel of war. Any one acquainted with the situation, and character of the place, or having common notions of the relations of the French navy to the government, might have at once seen the sheer absurdity of the tale. But it was of course believed, and, though contradicted on the continent, was of course never contradicted in English papers; and no doubt is believed to this day; as much as the story that the Pope escaped from Rome in a livery is believed and annually repeated in Exeter Hall, notwithstanding its repeated contradiction, and the genuine and touching narrative of the Countess Spaur. We will however give another specimen, still more detailed. During the year 1853, when great distress prevailed through Europe in consequence of a bad harvest, an account was given of a terrible bread riot at Terni, by a paper of high Anglican tendencies. Nothing could be more minute. The starving people rose, and surrounded the governor's palace, crying out for bread. He haughtily replied from his balcony, that straw was good enough for them. This exasperated the crowd; the gates of his house were forced; he was seized and thrown out of the window; his corpse was savagely mangled, its mouth filled with straw, and thus, we believe it was paraded through the streets. Could any one suspect that so particular an account might be an invention? at least that it had no foundation in fact? Well, not two years after we happened to be passing through this industrious and flourishing city, and had occasion to see the governor. We put a general question or two as to the condition of the place, and he replied that it was very flourishing. Had there been no famine? No; for the rich and nobles had made large subscriptions, and had taken care that nobody should

starve. No riots? None; for the place was very loyal. How long had he been governor? for we remembered another gentleman there a few years back? Nearly three years. How then, we at length ventured to ask, is it not true that there were bread riots in the city, and that *some one* was killed? He laughed, and replied, "You probably read in the papers that I was killed: but here I am to assure you that the whole was a lie from beginning to end." We may add, that the story had been at once contradicted in the foreign papers, but of course never in the English; though in this instance, we believe, a contradiction was requested.

We could give plenty more such examples; and we are thoroughly convinced that the stories of correspondents must be swallowed, not with a grain, but with a good bushel, of salt. Let us suggest to our readers one simple test of the purpose of foreign correspondents, and, let us add, of their usefulness. A paper boasts, or tells you, that it has its own correspondents, one at Turin, and another at Naples. You naturally understand the advantage of this to be, that you have an honest, honourable, trustworthy, and truthful man at each city, whose duty and whose instructions are, to keep the British public *au courant* of all that goes on in each, of a nature to interest and instruct that impersonation. This surely is the truth; the truth about each capital and its kingdom; the materials upon which the reader can come to his own impartial conclusion. No place is perfect after all. There is evil in one city and in the other, as there was in Jerusalem; there is light surely and shadow in both; there are virtues as well as crimes, good deeds and bad, wicked men and religious, defects mingled with excellences. Then if you find, that our correspondent at Turin never tells you anything that is distressing, discouraging, or unamiable, writes with a bird of paradise quill, and rose-water ink, can find nothing to blame, but all to praise, no crimes to record, no offences to report, has nothing to write about banditti, poisons, persecutions, bad finance or court-scandals; if, on the other hand, you perceive that your Naples correspondent can find nothing to repeat but the same stories of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, nothing to write about but political persecutions, tawdry processions at which alone the king is made ever to appear, savage instructions to lazzeroni, and the army;

when you never hear him recount a single good act of king or priest, or noble, of any improvement in city or country, of one bright little act of grace, generosity or virtue; what can you conclude, but that each correspondent has his distinct instructions, in contradiction to those of his friend, which may be supposed to be expressed in something of this form. "Remember, gentlemen, that in the great and generous mind of the British public, Sardinia is up, and Naples is down. Don Whiskerandos is the favourite, and Bomba has 100 to one taken against him. One has therefore to be written up, and the other down. Act, therefore, like men of noble and impartial minds. There is good and there is evil in this world. You go to Turin, there you must find all the good. And you to Naples, there you must collect the bad. By serving up the two, we act impartially. You must each furnish us with the due proportion of the quality confided to your industry. Mind then, from Naples nothing good, from Turin nothing evil. We will mix them, and make them effervesce together."

We ask our readers, is not this the impartiality of modern history? Are we left, or enabled to judge equitably of either of these states, by the information furnished us by the periodical press? Are not black and white, light and darkness, life and death, we might carry the contrast beyond these, fit comparisons of the contrasts presented by the almost daily intelligence ministered to us, and by the leading articles which follow it? And can anyone imagine that it is TRUTH, and the whole truth in either case? When Piedmont has to be cried up, what are the topics? We are told of its railroads, its one harbour, its cultivated territory, its finely organized army, its popular king. And all this is attributed to its having a constitution, that is a parliament. But we are never told of its heavy taxation, of its ruined finances, of its discontented populations. By the budget of 1855 its expenses exceeded its receipts by 12,501,708 francs, and the national *funded* debt amounted to within a fraction of 616 millions of francs; to which must now be added the English loan, and other expenses of the war. The public is not informed that crime has increased and is increasing (while it is diminishing in other states of Italy,) to such an extent, that the minister of grace and justice has demanded for last year's balance-sheet, an increase of more than 109,435 fr., on account of

the increase of prisoners. Has the public been as well informed on the subject of Sardinian prisons and dungeons, as it has on that of the Neapolitan ones? Has it been told that this model kingdom, with a population of five millions, had last year in its prisons 40,500 delinquents, a proportion far beyond that of the Roman States, and a number greater than that of all committed for trial in England and Wales, with a population of nearly 19,000,000? Has it been communicated to us, that prisoners are detained more than a year there, in prison, awaiting trial, without bail, or mainprize, or *habeas-corpus*, to relieve them? That this was the case with those whom, in Rome or Naples, our public instructors would call "political prisoners," but there "rebels;" those poor peasants who were taken in a petty rising, in the vale of Aosta, some of whom were acquitted after a year's hard imprisonment, while no mercy was shown to the convicted? But this severity, which would have been called tyranny and cruelty in another less favourite state, was applauded as a proof of the energy of that so-called constitutional government.

Such facts as we have stated (suppressing much more matter) would surely not have been omitted by the Neapolitan correspondent, had they occurred under his inspection. And our readers will agree, that they have their weight in coming to a decision on the real state of the country, in other words on the results of the experiment which is being tried upon Italian soil. Is their suppression honest? Is not suppression of truth sometimes a lie?

But on the other hand, let any "constant reader" endeavour to combine, before his mental eye, what he has read within these late months, on Naples, in the bulk of our papers, and out of its lines, make a picture of that country. Why, all that we have ever before read, or may possibly have seen, of its reputed beauties, the truly celestial hue of its sky reposing itself on the water below no less serene and unrippled as itself; the bay studded with islands of the most delicate tints, like rough gems rising out of a burnished shield: the amphitheatre of hills built up round it by a better architect than man, partly clad with all that nature gives of lavish luxuriance, partly clothed with castles, churches and palaces; all this, and a thousand-fold more, seems to disappear from our eyes, and the Naples of the newspapers rises before us, a den of misery,

oppression and ruin. A haggard and care-worn set of spectral nobles parade indeed its unswept streets, while a mass of sickly and hunger-stricken paupers dance frantically to the sound of their own clattering jaws, in the glare of a plague-shooting sun. No improvements of course; no new buildings; no railroad; no harbours; no highways, made or making. Everything must be tumbling to pieces, every industry is paralyzed. Vesuvius alone won't be put down by the police, or its regulations (if it make any) against smoking, or even incendiary proceedings. If you go to call on a friend, the chances are, that you are coolly told he has changed lodgings for some *ergastolo* or other, where you must ask for him as No. 173,000, or so; and when you return home rather sad, you are not surprised to find a policeman, with a bunch of picklocks there, who, with a melancholy smile, is looking over your weekly bills. Of course you know it is his hebdomadal visit domiciliary which he is making. And, equally of course, you know you have been dogged everywhere in your walk by a phantom spy, who always walked under the shadow of the houses; everybody is; and no doubt that spy is followed by one on himself; and this class again have lesser spies that sight 'em; and so, like the succession of fleas, on *ad infinitum*. All Naples is inhabited by only two classes, the spied and the spies, that is Englishmen and natives. The king is depicted as a compound of what can only be described by two French words, the *farouche* and the *bête*, who dares not appear in his own capital, but skulks at Caserta, or Portici, (much as our own royal family may be said to do at Balmoral or Osborne) for fear of assassination, and who totally neglects all public business, and does nothing for his kingdom or people. And this kingdom of course is fast falling into barbarism; no doubt its vineyards are rapidly turning into sylvan wildernesses, and its cities dropping into rotting ruins. And to crown, and account for, all this misery, an army of foreign mercenaries, Swiss indeed and not Austrians, oppress and overawe the people pining after universal suffrage, and representative institutions.

Such is the picture of Naples, as sketched for us by the foreign correspondent's pen, and coloured freely by the editor's brush. We are sure that any newspaper reader, who believes what he reads, will come, or has come, by dint of having the same story dinned weekly into his ears,

to the conception of some such an idea as this, of the present condition of this once flourishing kingdom.

But upon reflection, does not this overcharged picture not only lose its black tints, but reduce its monstrous outlines to much the ordinary proportions of good and evil? If Naples were really what newspapers make it, is it credible that England and France should have thought it important to court its alliance, at the beginning of the war, and invite it, no less than Piedmont, to join its troops to theirs? How differently was Naples spoken of then! How its importance was even exaggerated! How we were told that its position on the map, and in the scale of European nations did not permit the allies to overlook its partizanship, though passive, or even its neutrality! Was not the refusal of Naples to become our ally, the very head and front of its offending? Had not, at least, the deeper enmity, since entertained and expressed towards it, its root in its denial of concurrence? Naples has an effective peace army of 56,375 men, augmentable at once to a war footing of 103,264; without counting invalids and veterans; and a fleet composed of 2 ships of the line (eighty-fours); 5 frigates of 50, one of 48, and one of 46 cannons; 2 corvettes of 22 and 14; 2 brigs; 1 cutter; besides a steam fleet of 12 frigates (10 of 300, one of 400, and one of 450 horse-power) and 14 smaller vessels, in all thirty-eight sail, with even larger steam vessels now upon the stocks.* Now suppose that Naples had put at the disposal of the allies 20,000 men, and a fair proportion of this navy, would it have encountered the obloquy and abuse, since heaped upon it? We certainly think not. The papers vituperated Austria, and nicknamed the king of Prussia for the same reason. Only Austria became useful to us, and they suspended their unseemly declamations; and Prussia is a Protestant country, and a royal branch of our kingdom is to be shortly engrafted on its regal stem. And no one has ever found our daily press hard upon a protestant state, whatever may be its violation of constitutions, or its religious persecutions. But we

* The Piedmontese army consists of 47,524 troops. Its navy has in it eight frigates, (four being steamers) and no larger ships; but a large fleet of smaller vessels, making in all 40 sail.

repeat, that if Naples had thrown itself into the war, and had plunged itself into a new debt to please us, there never would have been a talk of ships in its bay and of the bombardment of Capodimonte.

However, let us look a little closer at the view of Naples, presented to us by our impartial correspondents. The moment Piedmont began railroads, this was pointed out triumphantly as a mark of progress, due to free institutions. Yet Tuscany preceded it; and Naples too, beginning near the capital, but gradually extending its lines, so that internal and external communication, by this means of transport will, before long, be complete. The present king has established works which would have been admired in any other country. He has made his army independant of foreign manufactures, by the construction of an arsenal, where everything requisite for war is manufactured, from the percussion cap, to the mortar or gun of largest calibre. From the windows of his palace the king can overlook the whole establishment; while a private way enables him to visit it, as he frequently does, without previous notice. We doubt if there be any government works superior to these in any other part of Europe; it is like a small city, for above five thousand persons live within its walls.

This is entirely the king's creation; but he has done as much for the navy. At Pietrarsa, on the coast going to Portici, he ten years ago laid the first stone of a naval arsenal, or dock-yard, on a scale of similar comprehensiveness. Every piece of metal-work required in ship-building is there manufactured, from the copper bolt, to the steam engine of 300 horse-power. It is the king's own eye that watches over every improvement in these works, which are not behind-hand in any modern appliances of science.*

But while treating of improvements, which of course are things unheard of when Naples is described, we cannot resist calling our readers' attention to a little paragraph which probably slipped through the notice of most of them. Of course it did not appear in the letters of the correspondent there, but found its way unobserved probably, into the Times of Sept. 1.

* Gondon, p. 168.

“ Paris, Saturday, Aug. 30, 6 p.m.

“ Accounts from Biarritz,” says the *Moniteur*, “ state that sea-bathing has been of great service to the Empress, and that the climate is most favourable to the health of the Imperial Prince. The Emperor takes the most lively interest in the improvement of the port of Bayonne, on which subject the Chamber of Commerce of the town has presented a very important report to His Majesty. The Emperor, after a long conversation with the engineer of the port, gave orders for the immediate adoption of means for removing the bar, by adopting the system invented by some Italian engineers, and which has been attended with the best results under similar circumstances at the mouth of the Reggui-Lagui, near Naples.”

The river alluded to is no doubt the Lagni, north of Naples. But what astonishes us is, that, if the Emperor, who is so clever and well-informed an engineer, had to look beyond his own territories for the best means to remove a bar, or clear out a harbour, he did not turn to England the perfect, rather than to Naples, the most behindhand of countries. Yet so it is. He did not give orders to follow the dredging system of the Thames, or of Portsmouth, but to copy the methods successfully practised at Naples. We wonder if the correspondent of that city has ever alluded to so important a work. If not, he would be enlightening the public more usefully, by giving us the particular system so successfully pursued, in a matter most interesting to a maritime and insular nation, than by eternally describing the festivals and the dungeons of that country.

We believe that we may fairly say, that a comparison, between the financial condition of Sardinia and Naples would be entirely in favour of the latter. While the first has a *funded* debt, including the late loan of two millions, of 24,000,000 sterling with a population under five millions, Naples, with a population of above nine millions, has a debt scarcely if at all greater. Indeed a comparison of the debts in different countries would show, that scarcely one can compare with this much abused kingdom. In Belgium the population, and the debt are nearly the same as in Sardinia. Portugal, a constitutional state, a favourite ever of England, lately for obvious reasons still more so, after having brought into the treasury the confiscated wealth of its Church, finds itself with a population of six millions and a debt of £20,000,000, with a yearly deficit of serious magnitude. Denmark, Saxony, Wurtemberg, or

other smaller states, accounted prosperous, will not gain by a financial comparison. And two things must be kept in mind: first, that Naples has not impounded in the royal treasury the endowments of colleges, hospitals, religious and knightly orders, bishoprics, and parishes, as Sardinia has done (hiding for a time a gulf of debt); and secondly, that it has had to recover from the heavy expense of revolutionary contest, especially in Sicily, where the treasury was soon emptied, and its contents were applied to hostile purposes, by the rulers of the hour.

Still, among the many heads of accusations sent over weekly by the favoured writer, who can penetrate behind the curtains of the royal councils, but never seems to notice what goes on in the street, we read no mention of bread riots as at Lisbon, or of starvation as in London; nor even do the accounts speak of grinding taxation, of murmurs by the people against the burthens laid on them. On the contrary, we believe that there is fully as much *bien-être*, competency and comfort, diffused through the population of that maligned kingdom, as in any other country of Europe, Belgium not excepted.

But we must be permitted to say a few words on the personal character of its monarch. No catholic, whatever his political opinion or bias may be, can have failed to admire, without drawback, his conduct towards the present Pontiff, when he sought refuge at Gaeta. In generosity, in royal magnificence, without extravagance or display, as to a distressed sovereign; in filial duty, deference, and reverence as to the Head of the Church; more still in the most difficult point of all, in delicacy of behaviour, such as quenched every feeling of subjection, yet cherished the happy relations of host and guest, it would be impossible to find a flaw in the conduct and manner of this calumniated Prince. We, at least, are bound to feel grateful to him for his behaviour then. But surely further, we are bound not to believe him to be the sort of monster that he is represented to us. A religious, sincerely believing christian must not be so lightly condemned. Again, look at what is said. If Ferdinand of Naples had been a debauchee, a man of scandalous life, a libertine in his own palace and family, if a single imputation of immorality could have been fastened on his character, or even insinuated against him, does any one imagine that he would not have been long since held up to the execration of this most

moral nation, as it is styled? Of course, we know, that a monarch at the head of a favourite government may be all that we have declared the king of Naples not to be, and never have this public wrath drawn upon him. This is in the system. But look at Spain. For some time before the overthrow of the moderate party, the way was prepared for it, by a series of correspondent's letters, and their superstructure of leaders, declaiming against the immoralities of the court, as public scandals, which must be removed, and attacking the personal conduct of the sovereign in a way which, even if true, would not have been decent. Things were so put and urged, as to insinuate the necessity of a downfall of throne and dynasty, nor was it obscure, towards which side of Spain English politicians turned their finger, to point out a substitute. But, from the moment that Espartero was once in power, the Concordat repudiated, the sale of the church lands reopened, religious expelled, and relations with Rome suspended, we have heard not one word more about the Queen's or the court's morality. The former might be a Herodias, and the latter a Babylon, for anything that liberal journalists cared, so long as their own views prevailed.

In truth, there is only one crime or vice which is never forgiven, and that is what they call fanaticism, bigotry, and superstition. And when we see this charge so liberally made against the King of Naples, we have the consolation of knowing what it means, and that his moral character is unassailable. In fact, we have little doubt, that if our readers have had to frame their ideas of him from the letters in the papers, they must have come to the conclusion, that he can hardly venture into the presence of his subjects for fear of assassination, but lives mostly at Caserta, as Tiberius did at Capri, in complete seclusion. We hear of him attending public and popular feasts, such as that of Piè di grotta, which of course proves his fanaticism. Yet, we doubt if any sovereign in Europe, except perhaps the Pope, exposes his life more openly and more continuously than he. Every Tuesday he gives audience to every military man that comes for it, from the general to the private, without exception. No permission, or previous announcement is requisite. A secretary or aide-de-camp enquires from each the object of his coming, and each enters in his turn, unless the number of applicants exceeds the measure of the time, when the more urgent are admitted, and the rest desired to return the following Tuesday. Every

Friday the railway to Caserta takes a multitude of people, of all ranks, if the king be there ; otherwise he gives audience in his palace. The poorest man or aged woman is permitted to approach the king, and speak with him face to face. Often on each of these days, King Ferdinand sees from fifty to two hundred persons, not passing before him in embroidered coats and fictitious pigtails, to kiss his hand, but in a homely garb, earnestly laying before him their grievances, or pleading their necessities. This is, of course, very unconstitutional, and a great bore for a sovereign. A written memorial which will receive the stereotyped answer signed by a young Seymour, Dundas, or Hobhouse, to the effect that the Secretary of State has laid it before his Majesty, and has received no instructions thereon, is a less troublesome way of getting rid of applications. But it must be allowed, that one's old notions of kingly dignity, as only more highly-burnished kindness, and our ancient ideas about St. Lewis and St. Edward, and good Alfred, are more allied to this form of crown prerogative, and make it look more like the paternal type of royal majesty, than state balls, and drawing-rooms. At least it disproves the constant insinuation that he who acts on the system is afraid of his subjects' revengeful ire. There is another fact, which probably was mentioned, though not in a way to counteract opposite habitual impressions, that ought not to be omitted. When Vesuvius committed terrible ravages, on its last eruption, Ferdinand did not merely head a subscription for the relief of his suffering subjects. He drove his own carriage to the spot, through dense crowds of the terrified inhabitants, who poured benedictions on his head, distributing abundant succour, providing for their wants, and superintending operations necessary to check the destructive element. If it was great, and deserved glory for the Emperor of France to have acted similarly at the late inundations, it surely is not less to the King of Naples to have anticipated this conduct. "We have passed through fire and water," they may say together ; but certainly one of the two elements presents more terrors than the other ; and he who encountered it has at least his right to a fair share of the common praise.*

* Many persons, no doubt, believe that the king relies for his defence mainly on his foreign troops. It is therefore well to state that of his army of 56,000 troops, only 10,000 are Swiss.

But enough of this. The manner in which this king has been treated by the so-called liberal, but in truth the most illiberal, press of protestant England, is not merely unseemly and ungenerous, but to the last degree, mean and unmanly. Never has the idea of enquiry and verification entered into a single mind belonging to the party; and we are not surprised, if the Government of Naples, irritated and ulcerated by the wanton and often ruffianly attacks of the press, kept *its* conduct and deserts more in view, than the calm usages of cool-blooded diplomacy, in its answer to the remonstrating Powers; whose opinions, it judged, not without reason, had been exaggerated, and warped, by the persevering intensity of newspaper assaults. It repelled with more warmth perhaps than the guarded formularies of international correspondence permit, the claim to interfere in the internal concerns of an independent state; and it fell into the still more pernicious error, of indulging in the forbidden luxury of a retort. It adopted what in the rhetoric of newspapers is contemptuously denominated a *Tu quoque* line of remonstrance. The classical origin of the phrase does not certainly make it applicable to the actual case; and so likewise it has been named "the retort discourteous," and from its effects it might be not unaptly named, "the retort disconcerting." The first sensation in the columns of the *Times* seemed to resemble very much that which agitated those of the temple of Dagon in Gaza, when a certain blind corn-grinder, whom all had been scoffing, gave them a shake. It certainly threw the gentlemen who there preside over the destinies of Europe, quite off their balance. The whole establishment seemed to stagger with the unexpected revolt. The worm of Naples presuming to rise against the foot that had condescended to tread on it! The first explosion of wrath and amazement was grand; grand as anything which Dennis of Dunciad celebrity ever wrote,—“thunder from a mustard-bowl.” It simply expressed amazement, that the king of the Two Sicilies should presume to insult those, who can at once annihilate him by a fleet of steamers. It was the old story of the folly of quarrelling with the master of a hundred legions. Facts, reasoning, all was overlooked, in the dismay at such huge provocation. Whether the editorial department telegraphed to the fleet to be ready to get under way, we have not learnt; but surely one must not be surprised, if the Neapolitan coinage in future bear

the legend of "Ferdinand II. by the grace of God, and the sufferance of the *Times*, king of the Two Sicilies."

Let us, however, be just and equal-handed; and praise as well as censure. One paper, at least, despised perhaps by those who do not love cheap and good popular instruction, but likely to work its way into a high position, a paper too, which had been no friend to Naples, or its politics, took a more good-natured, or even generous view of the king's reply. We allude to the *Morning Star*, one of the most successful penny papers; and we give its article at full length, for it deserves it.

"THE EXPLOSION of wrath with which the retort of the KING of NAPLES has been received by our press is extremely amazing." (amusing?) "For years past we have been holding this man up to the general execration of mankind, branding him with every epithet of infamy and scorn which our vocabulary could supply, stigmatising his government as a curse and scandal to humanity, and devoting him and his generally to the infernal gods, with wonderful energy and unction. And now, when we approach him in the attitude of stern dictation, and demand of him that he should alter his whole policy, and regulate the affairs of his kingdom according to our will, we are beyond measure surprised and scandalized that he does not meekly bow his head and drink the cup of humiliation we have presented to his lips, with an effusion of heartfelt gratitude to us for our interference. We do not say that KING FERDINAND may not have deserved all the abuse we have lavished upon him. Nothing could well be worse than the system of rule he has adopted. But the ludicrous thing is, that after such treatment we should have expected him to regard us as friendly counsellors, or be astonished that he should have spurned even good advice from those who had so long overwhelmed him with every species of indignity and insult.

"But the fact is that this poor king had evidently mistaken his own position altogether. He imagined, as he says, that he was the monarch of an independent state. This, however, he is now told very explicitly, by our journals, was a complete error. He was, in fact, only a kind of proconsul or viceroy raised to power by the British nation, and destined to occupy that post during good behaviour. He has not governed to our mind. By the recent remonstrance we are told 'we gave him another chance,' which he has thrown away. There is nothing for it, therefore, but that he should be recalled or deposed by the will of the English people, and his kingdom given to another.

"Now we would venture with the utmost diffidence to submit to the great authorities who advocate this theory, an idea that has often of late occurred to us. It is this—would it not be better at

once to place all Europe under a British commission who shall take charge generally of all its civil and political administrations? We have so admirably managed our own affairs for the last twenty or thirty years, in every part of the world, that nothing, surely, but judicial infatuation could prompt the nations to decline such a protectorate as we have suggested. Does any one doubt this assertion, as to the perfect success with which we have fulfilled our own functions of government in every quarter of the globe? Let him cast his eye back to the pages of history, and see how peacefully, humanely, and successfully we have dealt with our vast and various dependencies. In Ireland have we not had secret societies, coercion bills, Rathcormac massacres, desolating famines, and popular insurrections, succeeding one another without intermission until within the last five or six years? In almost all our colonies we have had, during the same period, chronic disaffection, and in many of them—witness Canada, Jamaica, the Ionian Isles and Ceylon—open rebellions, which have been ruthlessly and bloodily suppressed. In India we have been engaged externally in a series of wars of aggression and conquest which have never ceased for two consecutive years, and internally in extorting by the most revolting tortures an exorbitant revenue from the impoverished inhabitants. In our relations with other nations we have distinguished ourselves by our Chinese and Affghan and Kaffir and Burmese wars, and by quarrels which have brought us again and again to the very verge of war with nearly all the leading nations of Christendom.

“After this, who will doubt our competence to undertake the general superintendence of Europe? And does not Europe imperatively need it? Cast your eye abroad for a moment. Is France in such a condition as is satisfactory? Ought we not to address an instant reclamation to its ruler for the revival of constitutional government, the recall of its exiled citizens, and the establishment of the freedom of the press, to be carried into effect under our sanction and supervision? As for Austria, who can doubt that a *Times* commissioner at Vienna, to overlook the affairs of the empire, would be an immense improvement on the present condition of things? Prussia obstinately refused to fight with us during the late war, and is generally far from what she should be, and would profit immensely by British surveillance. Would it not be well to instruct LORD GRANVILLE to propose to the young Emperor of Russia that he should submit all his reputed schemes of reform and progress to the judgment of a Mentor to be appointed by this country—say, Mr. URQUHART? As for Spain and Portugal, it is only necessary that we should resume the patronage we have so long exercised, and which was never so much needed as now.

“We submit that this scheme is conceived most accurately in that spirit of comprehensive philanthropy which our journalists

so constantly enforce. In due time it may be extended to other parts of the world beside Europe. That the United States need British counsel and intervention who can doubt? So assuredly does China, and Persia, and Japan, and, in short, who does not?"

' There is so much well put in this article, that we need not repeat it, nor even comment on it. But something may be added to it. Is it not a matter of fact, that under the constitutional government of this country, at the very time that it is not merely expostulating with, but menacing, Naples, there are constantly being discovered, evils of the same character as those which are made subjects of reproach, and of remonstrance, with that kingdom?

First, as to rebellions; have we been as lenient as the king of Naples in dealing with them? Were we so in the Ionian islands, at the last revolution? Did we not execute summarily more men than have suffered on the scaffold in that kingdom? And yet there was not a remonstrance; on the contrary the commissioner was promoted in rank after his severity. In Ceylon it has been the same. But surely England was not lenient towards the deluded Chartists, or the unfortunate partisans of Smith O'Brien. Transportation is well known to be one of the most dreadful of punishments, as complete a leveller of the educated man, the cultivated mind and the committer of mere political offence, (so light when committed against a foreign monarch!) to the degrading level of the respited murderer, or the ferocious burglar, as the cells of Procida, or the Vicaria. It is not many years since the case of Barber excited great feeling. We have not the statement then put forth at command, but we should be glad if any of our readers who have, would refer back to it. We think they would find he was treated no better than Poerio, the hero of Neapolitan sympathizers. He was associated with the vilest malefactors; chained to them, if we remember right, made to work in a common gang, at tasks to which he was unaccustomed, many miles beyond the frontiers of civilization, and without a single comfort. But what was worse when at last royal grace was extended to him, he was stripped of his convict attire, and no other clothing provided for him, and he was simply dismissed to find his way as he could, without money, guide, or knowledge of the country, across a territory of many miles, exposed to the

danger of death from starvation, savages, fatigue, or perhaps wild animals. Do our readers remember the case of the Dorsetshire labourers, and their treatment? Now it may be very uncourteous in a king called to account for being severe upon political delinquents, to remind his reprovers that he is not going beyond their examples; but to those who have taken on themselves the unofficial duties of public instructors, and who seldom lecture a foreign state without inviting it to look at our conduct, and copy our bright example at home, it must be considered a very just rebuke.

But further, we cannot complain, if our neighbours when goaded to retort, should not let us exactly select our terms of comparison. We are proud of our treatment of prisoners. We point with pride at the massive and grim edifices, constructed on geometrical lines, and capped by one solitary chimney, which grace every county town, as monuments of our solicitude for culprits, and even convicted felons. We tell the foreign visitor how many tens of thousands, each has cost the rate-payers; we show exultingly the ingenious arrangements for draining, warming, ventilating, bathing, and securing the health of our criminals. We invite them to feel the beds, how fresh and elastic, to taste the diet, so abundant and so nourishing, the bread so white, the meat so ruddy! No foreign prison system on this side of the Atlantic, certainly, is comparable to ours; it is our pet charity. And hence, no doubt, if an Englishman condescends to visit a foreign prison, he passes along with a look of disdain, his head is thrown back, as if it were buoyed up by a tide of unsavoury odours, (very possibly it is so), all looks mean and old, and *not at all comfortable*, which is his first requirement in a prison; and he wonders that the government does not throw down a solid building, which cost the last generation half a million, and build up a better, on the model of Pentonville. We repeat, that we are justly proud of our prisons, and foreigners admit it.

But they have their side of the medal too. We fearlessly invite them to visit our jails; we do not so eagerly press them to inspect our workhouses. They court our enquiry, on the contrary, into their treatment of the poor. They are of opinion (no doubt poor Christians! they are mistaken) that between the treatment of culprits and of the poor, any difference should be in favour of the latter.

Upon this principle they act; and if a Neapolitan might not ask an Englishman to come and admire his prisons, he would not be ashamed, or afraid, to invite him to come and be edified by his *Albergo dei Poveri*. We have on three different occasions, in this Review, given an account of Italian charitable institutions:* and it is not necessary for us to do more than refer our readers back to these articles. We will only dwell for a few moments on what was said about Naples. The visitor to that city will not fail to observe a building, like the abode more of royalty than of poverty, presenting a grand front of 1250 feet long, and 140 high, built after the designs of the eminent architect Cav. Fuga. Had it been completed, it would have been one of the grandest edifices of Europe. That it was not, we may thank the revolution and not the monarchy. The works were arrested by the great French convulsion, which led to the subversion of the royal houses of Italy. It has, however, a noble counterpart in the similar institution at Genoa, which fortunately was commenced much earlier, and so completed. In this Neapolitan poor-house, for so we must call it, are, or were a few years ago, poor of all ages, and both sexes, carefully separated. The male inmates are, 2220. The old, to the number of 800, pass their time in the quiet practice of their trade, or in duties about the house. The young from seven years upwards, are trained and exercised in every occupation from the most mechanical to the most liberal, from the weaver's or carpenter's handicraft, to the artistic employments of modelling, engraving, and painting: not to omit music, vocal and instrumental. There too is a school for deaf and dumb; and in a separate, but independent establishment, another for the blind, containing two hundred pupils. In this noble house, the most strict attention is paid to the morals and religious state of the inmates. The least child has a separate bed, the airy dormitories are under watchful inspection all night, prayers are regularly attended by all, Mass of course in the morning. There are four resident chaplains, and twenty-four confessors who come twice a week. The food too is excellent and abundant.

* "Charitable institutions of Rome," vol. vi. Jan. 1839, p. 111.

"Charitable Institutions of Genoa," vol. xiv., Feb. 1843, p. 97.

"Charitable institutions of Naples," vol. xv., Aug. 1843, p. 29.

In addition, there is the *hospice* for old people, at *San Gennaro*, containing about 1,600, half men, half women. But for merely a cursory enumeration of some of the many magnificent charities which honour Naples, we must again refer our kind readers to the article already cited.

What we wish principally to press on his attention is this. The felon is the predilect object of public charity in England; the poor, abroad. An aged man or woman does not feel degraded, when pacing the ample cloisters and halls, or walking in the orange-planted courts of *San Michale* at Rome, nor do its boys consider themselves outcasts, when every year, though clothed in homely sacking, they exhibit their architectural drawings, their carpets, and their cloths, to cardinals, princes, and even the Pontiff himself, at their annual visit, or display their musical powers at Carnival before an audience of polished taste. Nor do the inhabitants of the *Albergo* of Naples or of Genoa reckon it to be a reproach, that stricken by one hand of Providence with want, they have found the other held out in the charity of their fellow-christians. They are cheerful, they are thankful, they are contented. Every one speaks kindly to them, harshness, still less cruelty, is unknown to them.

Coming nearer home, we would recommend our readers to procure and peruse the excellent work lately published under the name of "Flemish Interiors;" and they will learn how boundless, how tender, and how truly catholic, is the attention to every form of misery in Belgium. How is it, that in England, an honest man or respectable woman shrinks from the threshold of the "Union," as from degradation and pollution, and will often face starvation sooner than its hated charity? How has it become almost a proverb, that in England, "poverty is a crime?" Is it not because an instinctive feeling, confirmed by experience, makes the poor know it? In the framing of our whole code for the poor, the primary object has ever been, to make public relief as repulsive as possible, to make application for it the last of extremities. The rule given for the forming of its dietary was that it should be barely sufficient for existence, the most painful separations of families are strictly exacted, even the comforts of religion are grudgingly permitted. It is in this system that foreigners study our weakness, as we do theirs in their prisons; and we may boldly ask, who is right?

We speak to them reproachfully of prisoners crowded unwholesomely, badly fed, and treated scornfully. What is this more than comes out repeatedly, about our Unions? It is but a few months, since Sir B. Brodie gave a report on the treatment and condition of the poor in St. Pancras's Workhouse, standing in the midst of wealthy and enlightened London. It is too fresh in public memory to require detailed repetition. But we there read, with horror, of the victims, not of crime, or of vice, but of poverty, herded together in cellars, low, damp and unwholesome; some sleeping on benches, some on the ground, some heaped upon one another, on wretched couches, in such a state as no prisoners in an Italian dungeon would be allowed to remain. The very room in which paupers had to wait for the pittance doled out to them, was so low, so ill-ventilated, that wonder was expressed, that some accident had not occurred, or some epidemic had not broken out. And there seemed to be even an aggravation of wanton cruelty in the manner, in which the poor creatures were made to wait for hours on hours, and even a considerable portion of the day. Within these few days, an enquiry has been conducted in Mary-le-bone Workhouse, in which the free application of the stick to female paupers was clearly established, without sentence of court, or any jurisdiction. The facts are indisputable: yet the parochial authorities have virtually acquitted the accused, on account of the insubordination, and profligacy of the ill-treated. We do not murmur at this decision, which probably is very just; but why make that a crime unpardonable in foreign prisons, which you admit may be necessary at home, in poor-houses? Have not foreigners some ground to boast, that their poor are not so gross, so violent, so undisciplined, as to require prison treatment, and to retort upon us our treatment of those who have no other imputation against them than that of poverty, when we taunt them with want of tenderness to criminals? Does the reader remember the horrible account published very few years back, of paupers being found gnawing the half-putrid remains of tendon or sinew, on the bones cast into their yard for crushing? Has that ever occurred in any establishment of "charity" on the continent? And indeed, the very nick-name, which our national institution has received, that of Bastile, is enough to prove how allied

in public thought, are the abodes of crime and of destitution.

Similar to the receptacles of bodily misery, are those destined to receive the sufferers from mental affliction. Here indeed we have done much; but not so much as to entitle us to boast. Side by side with our noble prisons stand our no less magnificent Asylums. Each county, and almost each borough has furnished itself with an edifice of princely dimensions, and most scientific arrangement, for the cure or alleviation of every form of insanity. All this is admirable. But let us not forget, that before we had made any great strides in the right direction, in this science, the asylums at Aversa near Naples, and at Palermo, could have taught us everything which modern treatment now practices. Hand-cuffs, strait-waistcoats, and all such implements of bodily, and mental, torture, had been banished in these beautiful institutions, while we were investigating the condition of private mad-houses, and the parochial treatment of lunatics in private custody. Nay we are not right as yet. The "Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy" on Bethlehem Hospital, ordered to be printed by the House of Commons in Dec. 1852 discloses an appalling absence of proper control, and the exercise of wanton and coarse ill-treatment.

But even coming to prisons themselves, we cannot be surprised that our own short-comings in this favourite branch of our charity, should be now closely numbered, and somewhat unkindly recounted. The investigation into Birmingham gaol not many years back revealed a treatment of prisoners, not to be surpassed anywhere abroad. A leathern collar, a strait-waistcoat, and buckets of water on a wintry day, in an icy cell, were simultaneous applications, under the eyes of visiting justices. Suicide, if not manslaughter, was the result. Nor should we forget the terrible discovery made only a few months back, on occasions of sabbatarian commotion in the Parks, of the dangerous condition of the cells attached to one of the principal police-courts of the metropolis, dangerous to life, and infecting the constitutions of those who, yet unconvicted, or rather uncommitted, were confined in them for the night. This state of things had been under the eyes of inspectors, detectives, sergeants, policemen, nay of magistrates and high police authorities, for no one knows how long, without any remedy being applied.

Before closing this subject of the *Tu quoque* affront, let us suggest that the Report on the use of torture in India, has been no secret on the Continent. It has been well read; and the connivance of our rulers, in that vast peninsula, at a cruel system of illegal torture, cannot increase in the minds of foreigners their estimate of our rights to exact tenderness, and clemency towards others.

There is, however, a higher view of this whole subject, than that which a provoked and irritated State may entertain. It is that which high-minded friends of England, standing aloof from party questions here, may take of it. Surely, if any man of great acquirements and unimpeached morality can be called an admirer of England and its constitution, it is the Count de Montalembert. To our mind his admiration of some points is greatly exaggerated. But so much the more impartial witness is he here. The drift of perhaps the most home-thrusting passages, in his pamphlet, indeed the very pith of the whole seems to lie in this thought. It has always been the policy of truly great nations to protect the weak, and awe the strong,

“*Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*”

to keep the just balance of power even, by a readiness to succour the oppressed, and to check the mighty oppressor. But the policy of Lord Palmerston, and that, of course, of all who admire it, is exactly the contrary, and therefore the very opposite to the great, the generous, and the magnanimous. It is to insult, to bully, and to menace Powers of inferior strength, that lie defenceless before our fleet; to allow full latitude to the strong to do as they please, to fill up any amount of injustice or severity. The contrasts which he makes are positively picturesque. The high hand with which the wretched Pacifico case was carried against unresisting Greece, and the silence about Poland in the negotiations with Russia, form a rich pair of comparative diplomatic pictures, and were well seized on by the unerring sagacity of Lord Lyndhurst, to be exhibited in the House of Lords. Prussia may violate its constitution, as we before remarked, and public indignation does not rise higher than the very low level of Punch's indignation; but the Pope, though foiled in his generous efforts, by the very men who were most benefited by them, is expected to restore, what they overthrew, and is insulted at least

meekly, because, like most men, he will not, twice in his life, fall into the same pit, dug for his feet. The most wonderful contrast of all, however, has been our long and patient bearing of anything from America, in matters which really did concern us, with our dictation and our threats at Naples, in affairs which truly were none of ours.

But since the Count wrote, there has been a more precious specimen of the two-handed justice of our press, and we may add of our government, (so busy in one instance, so passive in the other) which, though fresh still in everybody's memory, deserves to be recorded. On the 25th of August last appeared in the *Times* a letter headed "The French political prisoners at Cayenne." It was as follows:—

"To the Editor of the *Times*.

"Sir,—In February, 1855, I received a letter that was signed as follows:—'Fassiliez, a political prisoner, transported in June 1848, and who has now been working for 14 months, like many others among his fellow sufferers, under a chain of 40lb. in weight, with a cannon-ball at the end of it.'

"In that letter, dated 'St. Joseph, Island of Despair, September 1854,' the gratuitous and unheard-of acts of barbarity were stated which are inflicted at Cayenne upon men belonging to all classes of society—artists, tradesmen, workmen, barristers, physicians, farmers, journalists, scholars—these men having been violently driven out of their country, not in consequence of any lawful judgment, but by the mere impulse of political passions. I was requested to lay before the civilized world the heart-rending details, which I did as far as my power went.

"Since that period no change whatever appears to have taken place in the situation of these unfortunate people, who are subjected to forced labour (*travaux forcés*) on a lonely rock, surrounded by the sea, at a distance of about 6,000 miles from their native land.

"Six month ago a second letter was forwarded to me relating what follows:—

"'Every ship that comes from the pestilential shores of Cayenne brings the death of a new victim. The latest victim is Peret, some time major of Beziers, a most generous-hearted man, feeling acutely, while he was rich, that many of his fellow-creatures were perishing of hunger, and ready to spare neither his fortune nor his life to the cause of humanity. Having been deported to Cayenne, without trial, for resisting the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, he attempted, with six fellow-prisoners, to escape from that living tomb. They put to sea at night in a boat. Two hours after they

were driven on the rocks. Peret, entangled in his cloak, was drowned. The six others survived. But what an existence! For two days they lived on what shell-fish they could find on a desolate rock in the midst of the ocean, that threatened every moment to overwhelm them. At last one of them resolved to risk his life for the rest. Seeing no succour come he threw himself into the sea, and, after three hours' swimming, reached the land. Unhappily the land was French Guiana. He could only save his life on condition of surrendering himself a prisoner. His five companions were rescued from the devouring sea only to be cast into another dungeon—tomb for tomb.'

"Now, Sir, here is a third letter which has just reached me:—

" 'To M. Louis Blanc those deported to Cayenne, with urgent request to make public this appeal:—

" 'Those deported to French Guiana make an appeal to the feelings of justice and humanity of all honest men, to whatever party they may belong.

" 'At the very moment when so much is spoken in France of clemency and generosity, while so many families are lulling themselves with the hope of clasping to their hearts the dear ones whose absence they have so long lamented, the political victims in French Guiana are treated in a manner worthy of the darkest ages of barbarity.

" 'It is certainly a painful task to unveil such an account of iniquity; but how is it possible to pass over in silence the unjust and cruel behaviour of French officers towards their fellow-countrymen? Let it be known, therefore, that we are unspeakably tortured on the flimsiest pretences, while people, deceived by the solemn declarations of the French Government, think perhaps that every prison is open and that we are at liberty. Let it be known, for instance, that out of five men lately arrested for some talk it had been the fancy of an overseer to invent, two were tied to a stake and dealt with as the most vile criminals. On their being reluctant to submit to an ignominious punishment soldiers were called for, who, rushing upon the victims, bruised them with blows, tore off their beards, and, reckless of shrieks with which wild beast would have been moved, bound them with cords so fast as to make the blood gush.

" 'To relate all we suffer is more than we can possibly do. Our cheeks kindle with shame, and our hearts are bleeding. Suffice it to say that, while the French Government has its clemency cried up everywhere, there are Frenchmen in Guiana who do gasp for life. Nor are they allowed the sojourn of the Island of Despair, horrible as it is; barbarous administrators drag them violently on the continent, to compel them to a labour of eight hours a-day in the marshy forests, from which pestilential vapours are continually rising.

“ ‘ We refused to submit to this outrage upon laws, to this murderous attempt ; we claimed promised liberty. The answer is ‘ death ! ’—a magnanimous answer, after the birth of a prince !

“ ‘ Is there, indeed, for us any other prospect but imminent death ? With no proper food, no garments, no shoes, no wine since February last, is there any chance that we should long be able to bear both the influence of an exhausting toil and a deadly climate ? Again, where is the law which assimilates political proscribers to galley slaves ? From beneath the brutal force that weighs upon us, hooped up together, almost breathless, but strengthened by the courage we draw from the sacredness of our cause and our hope in the triumph of justice, we protest against the violence which is offered to us. May public opinion be moved at our misfortunes, and energetically rise against deeds so well calculated to bring to shame a nation reputed the most enlightened and civilized in the world.’ ”

Here follow thirty-eight signatures, after which the writer thus concludes:—

“ ‘ These are the lines, Sir, the insertion of which in your columns I earnestly request, not as a Republican—not even as a Frenchman—but as a man ; for this is not a question of political feeling, it is one of simple justice and humanity. Let it be carefully remembered that the tortured victims are men who have never been tried by any lawful court, nor prosecuted by any form of law. It lies in your power, Sir—as I said on a similar occasion—that the groan they utter from the place where they are, so to speak, buried alive should be heard in the world of the living. The French press is gagged, and whoever has recently resided in France must of necessity know—as stated in a letter addressed by Mr. Aytoun to the most influential paper in this country—‘ that when the press is controlled by an arbitrary Government every species of injustice, jobbing, and oppression may be perpetrated, uncommented upon, and even unknown to the great majority of the population.’ Such being the case in France, the liberty of the English press remains the only possible resort for the oppressed to have the justice of their complaints at least examined. I apply, therefore, to the English press, and that all the more confidently since I read in *The Times* a few days ago : — ‘ The press is emphatically the representative of the people. If wisely directed it guards the interests of all classes and conditions of society, and has a right in turn to the sympathies and assistance of all.’

“ ‘ I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“ ‘ Aug. 23.

“ ‘ LOUIS BLANC.’ ”

Such is the first *mise en scène* of this new tragedy. We certainly have no sympathy with M. Louis Blanc, nor

with his clients, except as poor deluded men, whose errors we deplore, and whose eternal welfare we most earnestly desire. And further, if they are the victims of aggravated severity, and unrighteous treatment, we sympathise with them as sincerely and as heartily as any one does with Neapolitan state prisoners. But we are not inclined to believe, at first sight, such terrible recitals. This, however, is not now our subject.

Two days passed over, spent no doubt in discussing and deciding how so grave a matter was to be treated, how the edge of such a cutting *Tu quoque* was to be turned. The *prima facie* evidence was too strong to be altogether set aside. Indeed there was evidence too definite for even the *Times* to brush away. On the 28th, therefore, the following appeared; and we trust we shall be forgiven for reproducing an article, which, as a specimen of good writing, and of that polished tone which that paper can assume, is worth perusing, even a second time.

“It is continually asserted that the populations of Europe, under their respective Governments, form a family of nations. Each member of this community is supposed to feel an interest in the happiness and prosperity of every other, and it follows that advice may be legitimately tendered and opinions expressed, so long as intemperance and acrimony are avoided. The old law of nations, made by monarchs for monarchs, does indeed forbid the interference of one State with the internal concerns of another. Yet even this is found not to be always practicable in our own day; the governed are in so many ways at variance with their rulers, who so often are blind to their own and their country’s advantage, that *no jurist will question the right of foreign Powers sometimes to tender their advice or their mediation, as, for instance, in the case of Florence or Naples.* It therefore becomes the special duty of leading States to set an example of magnanimity and moderation in their internal policy. When a despot like King Ferdinand has nothing to urge against English rule except to repeat some exploded commonplaces about the unhappy Irish and the downtrodden Hindoo, we feel how well, how mildly, and yet successfully, the concerns of this vast empire, with its various and widely sundered races, must be administered. *If the splenetic Camarilla of Naples can bring nothing against us except this vague jargon of the continental press, we may certainly accept it as an involuntary tribute to our people and institutions. However, we are desirous of no superiority on this score.* It is the wish of every Englishman that other communities, *whatever be their form of government,* should dwell under a merciful and temperate rule. Above all, this country must regret any unnecessary severity in the admin-

istration of a State which has been its ally in a great war, and is still united to us by common memories and aims. *The reputation of the French Government is to some extent a matter of importance to Englishmen*, for, if the two countries are to act in concert, any argument or taunt directed against the conduct of one must wound the other. We cannot therefore refrain from calling attention to the reports which *occasionally reach Europe* of the treatment of the French political prisoners at Cayenne. Now, we do not wish to endorse any particular statements that have appeared. *There may be falsehood ; there may be exaggeration ;* it is only as a duty, from which it would be cowardice to shrink, that we point out *what the world says*, and what our own common sense must induce us to believe true.

“ Among the colonies which remain to France is a tract of that uncultivated region of the South American coast known by the name of Guiana. The climate and general character of this territory are well known. Situated almost under the Equator, the heat would be intolerable even if it were an island or a lofty tableland. But the physical nature of the country adds to the terrible effects of the climate. Sluggish rivers roll down to the sea through dense forests, and at their mouths heap up shoals of mud. The little cultivation that takes place is on the banks of these streams, where the wood has been cut down for a few miles on either side. Everywhere else is the pathless impenetrable jungle. Scorching suns, thick matted vegetation, growing, withering, and rotting through centuries, with a soil of alluvial mud beneath, make Guiana one of the most fatal regions of the world for men of European birth. Even the richness of the soil has hardly been able to tempt the adventurous English and Dutch to settle numerously in Demerara, Essequibo, Berbice, and Surinam, names sufficiently notorious, and which we generally associate with everything that is most ugly and monstrous in the reptile and insect worlds. Indeed, this seething soil is prolific of the most odious forms of life, and its snakes and lizards, its toads and beetles, its swarms of flies and fleas, its moschetos, of more than ordinary size and venom, are enough to deter the most adventurous settler. Such is the region to which a vast number of men of French birth and culture have been deported within the last few years for political offences. It is indeed an objection to the theory of unceasing progress that in the present day an act should be possible from which the most absolute Bourbon of the 17th century would have shrunk. What is the condition of these unhappy Frenchmen, transported for their political conduct, some by the judgment of drum-head courts-martial, some without any trial at all ? From the statements sent us by M. Louis Blanc, and printed in our Monday's impression, we learn that in that scorching climate and that foetid atmosphere men work laden with a chain 40lb. in weight, with a cannon-ball at the end of it. Thirty-eight of the prisoners sign a letter detailing their sufferings.

Allowing for some exaggeration of expression, we cannot doubt the hideous misery of their lot. 'We are,' they say, 'unspeakably tortured on the flimsiest pretences.' Men are 'tied to a stake and dealt with as the most vile criminals.' 'There are Frenchmen in Guiana who do gasp for life; nor are they allowed the sojourn of the Island of Despair, horrible as it is. Barbarous administrators drag them violently on to the continent, and compel them to labour eight hours a day in the marshy forests, from which pestilential vapours are continually rising.' 'Is there,' continues the letter, 'any other prospect for us but imminent death? With no proper food, no garments, no shoes, no wine since February last, is there any chance that we should long be able to bear both the influence of an exhausting toil and a deadly climate?' Such is the condition at this moment of a large number of Frenchmen 'belonging to all classes of society—artists, tradesmen, workmen, barristers, physicians, farmers, journalists, scholars.' It may be urged that their statements are untrue; *but in the main they cannot be untrue. When we say Cayenne we say everything.* Nearly two centuries since it was looked upon as an odious feature in the tyranny of the STUARTS that they transported white men to the West India Islands. In the present day it would never enter the mind of any English Minister to send the vilest felons to labour under the Equator. We hold ourselves the largest part of Guiana, but who would propose to convert such a region into a penal settlement? We hesitate even about the Gulf of Carpentaria through a feeling of humanity. In fact, transportation to such a region includes sufferings to which not even the most guilty should be subjected. It is a sentence of death—death lingering and horrible—death to which a file of musketeers or the guillotine would be mercy.

"It must also be remembered that these men are political prisoners. *We do not, indeed, pretend that no political offence is deserving of severe punishment. Insurrection and civil war cause a hundred-fold as much misery as an individual murder, and the man who plunges a country into disorder to gratify his own ambition, may be justly treated with any rigour which the laws provide.* But we must consider the condition of France within the last few years. Tumults, revolutions, *coups d'état*, have inaugurated several successive Governments. The young, the enthusiastic, the ill-taught have plunged into the disorders of the time, and it is cruel to treat them with the rigour due to conspirators who have plotted against and assailed a regular Government. The men who are perishing at Cayenne are no CATILINES, for there was no settled and venerable constitution to conspire against; they are merely those conquered in a political strife in which they stood on a moral equality with their antagonists, and are guilty only because they are unsuccessful. A large proportion of these men were transported, after a hurried trial or no trial at all, on the occasion of the *coup d'état* of December, 1851. In this matter it must be allowed that they had the right on their

side. It may certainly be declared that the present ruler of France was justified in forcibly terminating the then existing order of things, and it may be shown how prosperous and successful France has subsequently become. But those who resisted the *coup d'état* cannot be condemned on any such ground. They were in their own right. They defended the Government which existed, and to which the powers of the State had sworn allegiance. That it was expedient to break this oath and change the constitution may be true, but still this does not affect the legality of resisting such an unauthorized measure. All jurists hold that the defence of a *de facto* Government is no political crime, and yet these men, or the few that are left of them, have expiated a few hours' resistance by nearly five years of misery. On the whole, we cannot but hope that something will be done to remove what we cannot but feel is a scandal to Europe. It is not now only that attention has been turned to what is passing in the swamps of South America, though the importance of European events and the hope that some change would take place have hitherto kept the English public silent. But now, in the name of humanity, we are obliged to speak. We trust that the government which has deserved so well of the world will consider the fittest means of alleviating sufferings which are plainly out of all proportion to the offences committed."

We have marked a few passages, which appear to us particularly deserving of attention. How respectful, how bland, how deferential is the whole tone of this elegant and elaborate reprehension! Nay so much so, that in order to say something strong, the poor King of Naples is dragged in, willy nilly, to receive a vicarial chastisement, on the old royal principle of justice. "A despot like king Ferdinand," and "the splenetic Camarilla of Naples," who have no more to do "*dans cette galère*" than Prester John, or the man i'the moon, are pulled in by hook or by crook, much on the same ground as a certain wolf, by a river, alleged for tearing a lamb. Somebody must be devoured, and if I daren't use my teeth on the right one, why I must whet them on anybody. How cautious about the facts—how guarded against exaggeration; but "the world says" so and so. Then how for the first time it is discovered that rebellion is indeed a grievous crime—worse than murder, and worthy of the severest punishment; and if ever, then, by induction from the writer's argument, most particularly when the rebellion is for the overthrow of an established government. Now, why, in the name of common justice, have not these modes of extenuating, and palliating, been ever applied to Italy?

Why is every atrocity believed as soon as stated? Why is every tale swallowed, if only it speaks for the immorality and savageness of princes and kings? Why are the rebels of Italy, where rebellion has been ever allied with assassination and murder, to be considered only as "political prisoners," as men punished for "opinion?"

But again why does not Mr. Gladstone rush, during the recess, to Cayenne, and verify these shocking statements, and put a greater name on his pillory of kingly disgrace? Why is not the Emperor urged to grant a general amnesty to political offenders, as comprehensive as we demand from Naples? We will venture to say, that if anything, coming near these statements, had been half as plausibly asserted about Tuscany or Modena, we should have had the political bells still ringing the changes on them, and the people conjured, for the sake of humanity, to send out a squadron forthwith, and put at end to the tyranny and its tyrants. How differently lame and impotent the conclusion of the matter! As if to contrast with the mealy-mouthed censure of the leader, there appeared almost alongside of it, a letter from "our own correspondent" at Naples, all boiling with holy indignation (he complains of the dog-day heats) about Poerio, Pironti, &c., made up with notes of interjections, and "alas, alas!" sneers at the king, because he would attend, as usual, the festival of *Pie di grotta*; and at his ships, because they "follow him like puppets wherever he goes;" as if we had not the same puppet-show in England! It is truly disgusting to contrast the two articles. They show how truly our policy is the reverse of the Roman: it is,

"Spernere subjectos, assentarique superbis."

But the Paris correspondent had a higher game to play. Instead of picking up his information like the other in *cafés* and billiard-rooms, he goes to "official quarters," to verify M. Louis Blanc's statements. They are all, and probably most justly, contradicted. Everything is either denied, modified, or explained. Why was this course never pursued in Naples? This was on the 29th and on the 30th M. Louis Blanc inserted, in the same paper, a second letter, commenting on this contradiction, from which we will only trouble the reader with one extract.

"The facts stated in the letter *The Times* has so fairly inserted

and so remarkably commented upon have taken place in a very remote country, whither no man is likely to go for the express purpose of verifying them. The French government is perfectly aware of the fact, and this is the reason why it screens so confidently behind a bold denial of some of the statements held forth the moral responsibility it has incurred. I have little doubt that the King of Naples, although in a much less favourable condition, is as ready to affirm that there is nothing but falsehood in the accusations levelled at him. Fortunately, the question is one of common sense."

And so ends, no doubt for ever, unless we quarrel with France, which Heaven forbid, all question about the fate of French political prisoners. They may pine or fester in the swamps of Guiana, be devoured piece-meal by its vermin, or worn out by its fetters, for anything that the English press will care ; so long as it does not happen in Southern Europe.

We have extended this paper already so far beyond what we intended, in writing of Italy in general, and the injustice with which it is treated, illustrating the subject chiefly from Naples, that we have left ourselves but little space for what deserves more attention from us, the condition of the Papal States. And here indeed we wish to confine ourselves almost exclusively to figures and statistical facts. The principles of this Review are well known ; its attachment to the person of the Holy Father, its fidelity to every doctrine, usage, and feeling of the Roman Church, are notorious all over the world. We expect to be considered as partisans. Any mere declaration of our own impressions would be received with suspicion ; and many would easily conclude, that the protestant, or nominally-catholic correspondent of a hostile paper is more likely to arrive at information, and pass impartial judgments, than any one whose position enabled him to command official returns, and to have at least this guarantee for his veracity (besides any personal character) that he is not obliged to write at all. If things are not to his mind, he needs not to take up his pen. He has no *pensum* of horrors to make up weekly, no *chronique scandaleuse* to compile for religious *gobe-mouches*. He is not forced to be

" Like Caterfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders wondering for his bread."

We repeat therefore, that all our statements shall be

derived from official documents, not indeed prepared for us, but drawn up for a higher object.

The first Lord of the Treasury was pleased to remark, in his place in Parliament, that Rome had never possessed so good a government, as during the brief period of the Roman republic, under the presidency of Mazzini. There was something so outrageously extravagant in this, that it fell at once to the ridiculous. The vault had overleaped the horse. Consequently this ministerial assertion was published in the Roman official paper; that the subjects of the State, who certainly entertain respect, and perhaps a higher feeling towards the British Empire, might really know the extent of benevolence, sympathy and common sense, which counterbalanced these sentiments, on the other side. It showed clearly that the heart of the minister was with the subverters of order and religion, and that it preferred the rule of revolutionary violence to that of legitimate order. Now, whatever may be the opinion entertained here, of the relations between the people of those States, and their ecclesiastical rulers, the latter at least were clearly convinced, that Lord Palmerston's estimate went far beyond the mark. But taking a view within more reasonable compass, we should think, that a great majority of newspaper readers on Italy have formed a pretty settled notion, that every thing in the Pontifical States is not merely stationary, but retrograde; that every concession made by the Pope, at the commencement of his reign has been recalled; and that the Government has settled down into the old system of exclusively ecclesiastical rule.

This however is not correct. The Parliament indeed was justly dissolved, and has not been revived. Nor do we think that the disgraceful conduct of that body, on the day of Count Rossi's assassination on its stair-case, could be atoned for in any other way, than as Rome stamped with infamy the rule of kings. But a form of government has been preserved, or substituted for it, analogous to that which the Emperor of the French has established in his country. His Decree of Dec. 31, 1852, presents pretty nearly the model of the Roman "Council of State." Each minister proposes the laws and regulations which he considers necessary or useful in his own department, to the Council of Ministers, where it is discussed, and, if approved, is referred to the Council of State. This body

is composed of fifteen members, almost all laymen. In many cases relating to administration, its jurisdiction is absolute; in matters of legislation, their vote requires the sanction of the Sovereign. There is, besides, another legislative body, entirely occupied with matters of finance. It is composed of members proposed by the provincial councils, with an addition of one-fourth of the number, added by the Crown. In its attributions it closely corresponds to the French Imperial "Legislative body." Possibly it is currently thought, that the financial administration is arbitrary; but it is not so. A budget, minutely detailed, is prepared, and submitted to the examination of this Chamber. When revised and approved, it is published.

This form of control is carried throughout the provincial and municipal administrations. The President of each province, corresponding to the Prefect in France, has a small council of four lay consultors, whose votes are decisive in all matters of estimates and local taxes. He has also a provincial chamber, composed of representatives of the different divisions of the province. We can safely say, that in no country of Europe is the principle of municipal self-government, descending down to the smallest *communes*, or parishes, more fully recognized, or more practically carried out, than in the States of the Church. This has always been so, but never so much as at present.

The administration of justice, in civil cases is arranged as follows. Where the sum disputed does not exceed five dollars, the heads of the municipal council decide: causes from 5 to 200, go to judges of county courts, of whom there are 180 out of Rome, *all laymen*. Beyond that sum, the case goes to "collegiate tribunals," of which there are eighteen out of Rome, *each composed of three laymen*: and this forms a court of appeal from the decisions of the single magistrates. The poor are exempted from all costs and fees, and the tribunal appoints them an advocate, at the public charge.

The Council of ministers, or the Executive, is composed as follows: 1, A Secretary of State, or Prime Minister; 2, A minister of War; 3, one of the Interior; 4, one of Finance; 5, one of Commerce, Public Works, &c. There is a minister also of education; but we believe he does not take his seat at the Council of ministers.

The Secretary of State is almost of necessity a Cardinal. To his office belong the diplomatic relations between the

Holy See, and other countries, which regard generally ecclesiastical affairs, the conclusion of concordats and treaties, and matters belonging to the high duties of the Head of the Church. His office is the centre of communication with the nunciatures throughout the world. The other ministers may be prelates or laymen, and have been either; that of war is of course an officer. But we are by no means ready to concede the point, that in a government, the very civil head of which is an ecclesiastic, the higher offices of the state are not to be open to those of the same class, if fully competent for it. And the probabilities will be, that persons there who have followed the ecclesiastical career may be found often more efficient, and better trained to the higher duties of administration, than most laymen. Certainly in England itself, there is no reason for looking back with scorn or shame upon our clerical Lord High Chancellors, as unsuited, by their more sacred character, for functions judiciary, and administrative, then accumulated in that office. It is not necessary to enter into any details of the duties, or occupations of the different ministers, because they are much the same as in other countries, especially in France, which has been more closely copied.

But we think it will not be out of place to give here the statistics of the different departments of state, to show the proportion of clergy and laity, composing their *personel*, and also the amount of salaries enjoyed by the two classes. A full and most detailed set of tables was published during the Pope's residence at Gaeta, giving the wages even of the lowest servant in every department of the government, civil and ecclesiastical. And from this Mr. Bowyer drew his accurate, and we believe startling, information, communicated in one of his many timely, earnest, and well-seasoned speeches on Italy, during the late session. The following summary, however, is drawn up officially for the present year.

MINISTRY	Numbers employed		Amount of salaries, dollars.	
	Clerks	Laymen	Clerks	Laymen
Interior	278	3,271	110,206	637,602
Finance	7	3,084	10,329	730,268
Commerce, &c.	1	347	2,400	69,808
War	0	125	0	51,885
Education	3	9	1,320	1,824
Total	289	6,836	124,256	1,491,389

It is important to add, that of the 289 clerical *employés* here set down, 179 are chaplains to prisons, or otherwise employed in purely ecclesiastical functions; so that literally the number of clergy holding situations in the different departments of the State amount to 110, while the laymen are 6,835. At the same time, it will be seen, that the public money which goes to laymen, is beyond all proportion, greater than that which finds its way into clerical purses.

The Secretary of State's office is not here included, because its expenses are not defrayed out of the taxes, as those of the others are, but are borne entirely by the Civil List. Suffice it to say, that it employs three ecclesiastics, with salaries amounting to 3600 dollars, and eighteen laymen, receiving 8340 dollars.

Before leaving this subject, we must meet a difficulty which may present itself to some reader. Are there not, he will say, a great number of ecclesiastical congregations, as they are called, or Commissions, for the discharge of religious and clerical duties, belonging, not merely to the Roman States, but to the government of the whole Catholic Church, the offices for which must give employment to a great number of clergy, and press heavily on the public funds? And is it fair that the inhabitants of so small a State, not more than three millions in number, should bear the burthen of taxation necessary for a purpose, in which they have no interest? We think we can answer these questions satisfactorily.

1. There are established in Rome, seventeen such congregations as are alluded to. Of these some have duties assigned to them of a purely ecclesiastical character, and consequently are in great measure (only three exclusively) administered by clergymen. Such are the Penitentiary, which gives employment to 26 clerks, and two laymen; the Congregation so called of "Bishops and Regulars," which has 13 of the first and only two of the second; and that for the interpretation of the Council of Trent, which employs eight ecclesiastics, and two seculars. But on the other hand, several of the Congregations manage affairs of a more mixed character, though primarily ecclesiastical, that is depending on the spiritual, not the temporal, authority of the Sovereign Pontiff. Such are those connected with collation of benefices, issuing of bulls, granting of matrimonial dispensations; and in these lay officials much predominate. For example, in Propaganda, and the

administration of vacant benefices connected with it, there are 40 priests and 68 laymen employed; in the *Fabbrica* (Commission for the care of St. Peter's) three priests and 87 laymen; in the Apostolic Chancery, four priests and 60 laymen; in the *Dataria* 9 priests and 55 laymen.

2. Taking all these ecclesiastical congregations together, we have the following results. Collectively they employ 158 ecclesiastics, and 317 laymen. The salaries of the first amount to D.38,148; those of the others to D.61,846. We could give every detail, down to fractions.

3. The expenses of all these offices are defrayed entirely, either from the fees paid by those who have business in them, or, and indeed principally, from estates or other properties belonging to them, or from the civil list. The people have not to bear any additional burthens for them.

. To exhaust this part of our subject at once, we will say a few words on the civil list. The papal court is generally supposed to be very magnificent, and so it is in its ecclesiastical functions, and in the decent splendour of its high officials. But then, there are no ladies to be dressed; there is no family to educate; there are no levees, no court balls, no dinners even, for the Pope always dines alone. One man of very temperate and modest habits, whose daily table is estimated at a dollar a day, and who never varies his simple costume of a white cloth or serge cassock does not personally require much. The whole civil list, therefore, amounts to 600,000 dollars a year, that is about £120,000, the income of more than one English nobleman. Now let us see what it is charged with. We will summarily enumerate the leading heads.

The maintenance of the Pope and his court—the allowance to Cardinals*—the maintenance of the Nunciatures throughout the world (96,000 dollars)—expenses, as said above, of some ecclesiastical congregations—the papal chapels and their functions—the repairs and improvements

* On occasion of the debate on the retiring pensions of two ecclesiastical peers lately, a remark was made, that the sums they claimed were actually equal to what Cardinals had in Rome. In reality a Cardinal, resident in Rome, and not otherwise provided for, receives 4000 dollars a year, that is about £700, and nothing more. This is their ordinary income.

of the three pontifical palaces in Rome, the Vatican, the Quirinal, and the Lateran, and of the villa at Castel Gandolfo, their gardens, &c.—the repairs of the fronts of the Basilicas, and of the Pantheon—the preservation and improvements of all the Galleries, Museums and Libraries—the maintenance of the Noble Guard, the Palatine and Swiss Guards—finally the pay, maintenance, superannuation, and gratuities of the servants of the palace.

Thus we see how moderate is the Sovereign's demand on the purses of his people, and how much is thrown upon his income, which elsewhere would fall upon the estimates of the country. And the greater part of what is done with this allowance is truly more for the enjoyment of the public and of strangers, and for the advancement of art, than for any personal gratification.

We should suppose, that the surest test of good or bad government is the commercial and financial one. There may be difference of tastes as to modes of ruling, Lord Palmerston may not be disposed to quarrel with the horrible butcheries of priests at San Callisto committed by Zambianchi, or those perpetrated by the finance-troops, during the republic, and with the knowledge of its rulers. Perhaps he has not thought it necessary to inquire into the truth of these events, or he considers them natural results of rebounding liberty. But in England, we believe that there will be generally but one sentiment, on the value of that proof which comes from prosperity.

After the restoration of the pontifical government by the Congress of Vienna, improvement became so rapid, that public burthens were rapidly diminished. In 1826 Pope Leo XII. made considerable reductions in the taxes; and yet the income annually exceeded the expenditure. The rebellion, however, which broke out in 1830, and led to the first Austrian occupation, threw upon the Government extraordinary expense, and rendered the first loan necessary. Still by degrees, economical reforms, and good management, kept down, and reduced the annual deficit, till in 1847, this did not exceed 350,000 dollars, or about £75,000 *per annum*. Now came the republic, and its glorious administration. It increased taxation, it levied forced loans or contributions, it carried off, under pretext of gifts, the plate of the rich, it melted down the bells of churches; it of course stopped, and appropriated all ecclesiastical payments from the funds, and civil list, &c. Yet

in spite of all this, and the pretensions of all revolutionary governments to great economy, and disinterestedness, the deficit in the two years of liberal rule reached the exorbitant sum of 6,600,000 dollars. But this was not all. Up to that period, Rome had always possessed an abundant circulating medium, of pure, undebased native and foreign coinage. This indeed formed a contrast with other Italian States. Paper money had been introduced by the new Roman Bank; but only for larger sums, and even then it was returned to be cashed, almost as soon as issued. But during the republican rule, all silver and gold, and almost all copper had disappeared, and no money was left in the country but a vile depreciated paper money. This base trash, left in circulation, on the restoration of the pontifical government, amounted to 8,000,000 of dollars. This depreciated circulating medium pressed heavily, and even ruinously, on the commerce of the country, and paralyzed all industry. The Government found itself obliged to take up the paper, at immense sacrifices, and for this purpose contract a new loan. The paper money was thus withdrawn and destroyed. But this operation, one of the legacies of the cherished republic, added a heavy additional burthen to the annual expense, of no less than D. 1,400,000, which added to the previous annual deficit of 350,000, and to as much more required by the foreign occupation, made the whole annual deficit amount to 2,100,000.

No one, we imagine, will make the Papal Government responsible for this. At the same time, how was this difference between income and expenditure to be supplied? In any other country the answer would have been simple—by increased taxation, in addition to strict economy. Not so at Rome. The moment this was done, our press and its correspondents could see nothing but priestly tyranny, and pontifical exaction, in the imposition of a new tax. We will content ourselves with saying, that we believe that, even with these extraordinary burthens, the amount of taxation is lighter in the Roman, than in the Sardinian, States. The new taxes levied were such as before existed in all Italian principalities. The effects of these measures have been already beneficially felt. Notwithstanding the extraordinary expenses to which the Government has been subject, to repair the ruins, material and social, of the late Triumvirate rule, the annual deficit has been gradually reduced, so that from 2,000,000, it had come down last

year to slightly over one million. In the estimates for this year, it has been set down for only 750,000 ; with every hope, that, if foreign agitators are not allowed to disturb the country, it will have shortly disappeared.

Besides the increase of taxation, which has been very light, much has been done to improve the revenue. The returns before us show a considerable diminution in the expense of its collection. At the same time the administration of many sources of revenue, which used to be farmed, has been taken into the hands of the treasury, which thus secures to the public the immense profits made by the contractors ; and the contraband introduction of goods has been notably repressed. The consequence has been a considerable increase in the duties on merchandise. Indeed, here again we have the financial test applicable to goodness of government.

In 1846, the net income from custom-house dues was D. 4,234,212. In 1847 it was still above 4,000,000. In 1848, under the Republic, it fell to 3,805,807 ; and in the following year to 2,943,589. The very next year, on the restoration of the pontifical Government, it rose again to 3,647,912 : the following year, to 4,383,221. And so it has continued steadily increasing, till this year it has been calculated at 5,346,039, showing a balance in favour of the Pope's administration, as compared with Mazzini's, of 2,402,450 dollars. We may add, that the proportion of the present year past, when our accounts were made out, showed an increase beyond the estimate.

The papal States have never made any pretensions to the character of a maritime country. Genoa, Livorno and Naples, on the side open to the stream of commerce, prevent the possibility of a small port like Civitavecchia attracting or absorbing any great portion of European, or Trans-Atlantic, enterprise. And the other side of Italy presents a small outlet or inlet for foreign merchandise. A coasting trade is the chief maritime resource for the harbours of the Pope's temporal dominions. It may be well, however, to say what will suffice to prove, that even in this department of national prosperity, the test is favourable, and shows improvement and progress. There is no going back at least.

MARITIME COMMERCIAL STATISTICS OF THE PAPAL STATES.

Year.	Persons employed.		No of Vessels.		Tonnage.
1837	6867	1186	20,904 : 10
1846	8086	1323	26,280 : 59
1851	9110	1667	30,983 : 20
1854	9711	1893	31,637 : 90

In the meantime, notwithstanding the many distresses which have weighed upon this small sovereignty, it has not neglected to make many, and important, improvements in this portion of its charge. The smaller ports, which serve as places of refuge to the small coasting, and fishing, craft, on both coasts, have been enlarged, deepened, or even newly constructed. On the Adriatic side, the Corsinian Port at Ravenna has been widened; a navigable canal carried within the walls of the city: and the pier prolonged, so that the anchorage of the Austrian Lloyd steamers is close to the lighthouse. In Ancona a new dock-yard has been constructed, the piers have been thoroughly repaired, and steam machinery is in progress for cleansing the harbour. The small havens of Sinigaglia, which gains such importance during its fair, and of Pesero, a thriving town, have been quite renewed, while at Cesenatico new piers have been thrown out into the sea, and a promising harbour has been erected. On the other side, besides considerable improvements at Civitavecchia, a completely new port has been made at Terracina, and measures are being concerted for the restoration of the great Neronian port, at Porto d'Anzo, the ancient Antium, with a railroad of easy construction from Rome.

All these works, and these improvements may appear trifling to us, who can afford to spend a million or two upon a harbour of refuge, and go on with immense works at the same time at Holyhead, Dover, Great Grimsby and the Channel Islands. But it is not fair to depreciate a small, and poor power, by comparing its undertakings with those of a mighty and gigantic one, fully so in its own estimation. But compare countries of equal, or approaching dimensions, and we will not shrink from comparison. Let us know what the pets of England, the Hesses, and Anhalts, and Coburgs do for the improvement of their principalities; and we believe that they will present quite

equal grounds for foreign interference, and for daily reviling, with the papal States.

Again, these States have no claim to be considered a manufacturing country. But yet the increase of native production, whether for exportation or for home manufacture, has been considerable, when referred to its proper standard of comparison. The hemp exported, of the very finest quality, amounts to the value of D. 2,517,461; the value of silk is little under a million. Steam engines are now employed for this manufactory, in upwards of ten cities, or towns, of the States. The same may be said of woollen manufactures, which, we are assured, compete with the produce of any other country. Agricultural societies, with exhibitions and prizes, have been established in many cities: that of Bologna publishes its Transactions. Indeed, in the university of that city, and elsewhere the Government has endowed professorships of Agriculture.

The other day (Sept. 15) the *Times* published a statement of the respectable Italian paper the *Bilancia*, that the pontifical army amounted to 14,500 men. This was followed, as a matter of course, by a contradiction from the *Opinione*, which pretended to bring down the numbers to 8,000. Now, in its enumeration, it totally omits, what the Roman Government, and no doubt the *Bilancia* too, includes in its military statistics, the Gendarmerie; consisting of 4,700 men, divided into three battalions. These added to the 8,000 men whom the *Opinione* admits would give 12,700, not a very distant approach to the 14,500. But in truth, this is under the mark. The papal army has to be raised to 18,500 men; and only 3,000 are wanting to make it up. As there is no system of conscription, or compulsory service, as in almost every other country on the Continent, it is only by voluntary enlistment that this little army has been, or can be, made up. The present Pope has established a military college for cadets, and we have reason to believe, that in the clothing, lodging, and training of the troops, in the organization, promotions, and discipline of the army, the best models of foreign military establishments have been followed, and with the best results. All this, too, is a new creation since the republic, which had established no less than 127 independent military governments, and instead of decently fed and clothed troops, left behind it only a disorganized and demoralized drove of tattered scamps, with barracks plundered to bare-

ness, and dilapidated almost to ruin. There could not be said to exist the germ of a new army.

We must now enter on the subject which most of all interests the English mind, when it is agitated about Italy, and Rome in particular: that of political prisoners, and exiles. So strong is the morbid sympathy sometimes excited by this class of men, that so far from the belonging to it being considered a crime or a symptom of crime, it is supposed to shelter rather from the imputation of crime—almost to justify its commission. Hence, when a man is once declared, or rather declares himself, to be, a “political refugee,” nobody thinks of asking how, or why he became such, or why he has not, like many, sought to return home. He may, like Liverani or Zambianchi have massacred dozens of victims in cold blood; he may, like Calandrelli, have destroyed private property with reckless wantonness; he may, like hundreds, have entered private houses, and carried off carriages, jewels, and valuables.* In other words, he may be morally and socially, a burglar, a highway robber, and even a murderer. But the cloak of political delinquencies covers all these dark crimes with its jaunty folds, and the noble lady proudly shakes the blood-stained hand of the bearded assassin, who has access to her drawing-room, in the dubious character of a political exile. Or the interest may run up higher, as in the case of Murray, who happened to have an English name, though he spoke not a word of English, and was a Roman subject. Indicted, convicted, and condemned to death, for participation in the cold-blooded assassination of F. Kellaher, a most edifying and charitable Irish friar, he was protected, and his case was taken up by our government (in deference to public outcry) as a purely political one. Not merely commutation of sentence was demanded, but absolute liberation; and we believe this has at length been extorted.

It was stated most unblushingly in this matter, that the

* Plate, jewels, and all sorts of moveable property were extorted by threats, and as compromises for personal security, from rich families: even the church plate of absent Cardinals (e. g. Card. Frasoni's) was obliged to be surrendered. On the restoration of the Government, 2815 pieces of valuable property were found, not yet appropriated, and were restored to their lawful owners; mere fragments of the general wreck.

culprit had been condemned, without any communication made of indictment, or evidence. This is not only false, but impossible according to the Roman procedure. In trials for ordinary offences the accused and the witnesses are confronted, and oral examination is permitted. But where a crime has arisen out of the political secret society's decrees, no one would give evidence, and expose himself to the certainty of assassination, if he were not concealed from knowledge. Nothing can be more lamentable than this; but whose fault is it? Must crimes remain unpunished because a club of murderers is banded together to stab or shoot any one that shall assist in bringing them to justice? Or is it not an exceptional mode of proceeding rendered necessary, for a time, by this appalling state of things? The only exception therefore made, is the not confronting of the witnesses personally with the accused, where the latter has committed his crime from political motives, or in concert with the murderous secret societies. But every particle of evidence is communicated to him, being taken in writing, and the most unlimited communication in private is allowed between the arraigned and his counsel.

In examining the state of crime, therefore, in a country, which has been long under the sway of political faction, often breaking into actual revolution, we must distinguish between the ordinary offences against the person, and against property, which exist in every kingdom, or republic on earth, and those which are the result of an extraordinary cause. We must, however, in the first instance state the gross number of criminals and prisoners of all classes. In the monthly returns before us, we find the prisoners divided into two classes, first of persons awaiting trial, or taken up on suspicion, and secondly of persons under sentence, and undergoing its punishment. Taking from these returns a monthly average, we have the following results.

In 1854 we have belonging to the Ist Class, 6,526 :

“ “ “ IId, 6480. Total 13,006 per month.

In 1855 “ “ Ist Class 5,608 :

“ “ IId. Class 6,315. Total 11,923 per month.

It must be remembered that the second class includes all who in England would be in the hulks, or in Portland and Spike islands, or in Dartmoor, or other convict establishments, or would be ticket-of-leave men, or in any penal

settlement. All these remain at home, engaged in public works, in simple detention. The number of persons representing the actual crime of the country is in the first class, which does not contain those committed during the month, but all actually in custody in an average month. What we wish to observe is, that the averages thus given, while they represent naturally a smaller diminution (of 165) in persons under sentence, offer a considerable diminution (of 918) in the number of prisoners to be tried. Both together give a diminution of above 1000 in the monthly average. Hence the item of maintenance of prisoners was diminished in 1855 by D. 36,823 upon the expense of the preceding year.

Our readers will naturally enquire what is the proportion of political prisoners. Here a distinction also is necessary. The law distinguishes between the merely political offender, those guilty of conspiring against the safety, or peace of the State, by words, writings, &c., and those guilty of ordinary crimes, as theft or murder, but committed "*per motivo di setta*," such as the murder of Count Rossi, the sacrilegious infamies committed in churches, or the burning publicly of cardinal's carriages. These are crimes at common law; but are referred to the category of political crimes. Now taking into the account the whole of this class of delinquencies, the entire number of political prisoners in the four state prisons of San Michele at Rome, Ancona, Paliano and Forte Urbano, amounts to 338, comprising 12 under trial, when the statement was drawn up. Out of this number, those condemned for what we should call purely political offences (high-treason according to the Statute of Edward III.) does not reach *one hundred*. All the rest are for crimes.

Surely this is very different from the popular belief. We are certain, that there are many and many kind-hearted, and not revolutionarily disposed, persons, who are under the conviction, that thousands of unfortunate men, fathers of families, and highly promising youths, are pining in the dungeons of Roman prisons, for nothing more than having expressed liberal opinions, perhaps an admiration of the British constitution. We can assure them that this is a mere illusion. We have stated the simple truth. And we can further affirm that these numbers are continually diminishing, through the clemency of the kindest of men, the Sovereign Pontiff. Between January 1,

1855, and May 15, of the present year, he granted either complete pardon, or 'diminution of punishment, to 65 persons convicted or accused of common offences committed through political motives, and to 47 guilty of purely political offences; in all 112 individuals. We say "convicted or accused," because in nine cases, the sovereign clemency consisted in quashing proceedings commenced or finished, without proceeding to sentence. In the first class of offences, the entire punishment was remitted, in 41 cases; in the second, in 18; in all, fifty-nine.

But further, it will be asked, is there not an immense number of exiles and refugees, who cannot, or dare not, return to their homes in the Papal States, for having taken part in the late republic, and for other causes? A certain number undoubtedly there are, though far from equal to what is popularly asserted. We must divide these refugees into two classes.

The first comprises those who were formally excepted from the amnesty of Sept. 1849. The following summary gives the statistics of this class.

Excluded as members of the Triumvirate, Constituent				
Assembly, and Provisional Government	200
As military chiefs	83
				<hr/>
				283
Subtract those who were foreigners	21
Total of subjects, excluded from the Amnesty				262
Civilians since pardoned and admitted to the benefit of				
the Amnesty...	35
Military Officers ditto	24
Total of individuals pardoned	59
				<hr/>
Total of persons still in banishment	203

There is another, however, and a larger class of voluntary exiles not formally excepted from the Amnesty, but who would not be allowed to enter the Papal States, without special permission. The gross numbers is 1273, but as of these 629 are not natives of them, the number of subjects amounts to 644. Of these again 152 are persons who either have had banishment inflicted as their sentence, or who have asked for it, as commutation of punishment; so that the numbers is finally reduced to 492. Many of these cannot return, because they would immediately be arrested

for common crimes; the rest are admissible upon petition, if their conduct while abroad, has not compromised them.

A few words on the subject of the papal prisons will close this portion of our labours. Mr. Baxter, a young M.P., addressed an oration (as the Americans call it) the other day, to the constituency of Montrose. Of course he was strong on Italy, and could not pass the Pope by, without flinging his handful at him; well sure of a good response in the land of cakes, to which as yet

“The Pape’s a pagan full of pride,”

and where the inhabitants of a civilized town can look on with glee at a catholic chapel in flames, and prevent their extinction, as cannily as they would have done in Knox’s time. He threw his jibe at the papal prisons, by some such remark as this: that he supposed they were as bad, or the same, as king Bomba’s. What he knew on the subject mattered not; what he meant, or what his hearers understood him to mean, probably he himself neither knew nor cared. It was a good thing to say, because it was something against the Pope, and it was a sure hit because no one in the assembly would care a bit whether it was true or false, nor enquire into its truth or falsehood. A popular assembly has capacious jaws, and a wide swallow; and a popular speaker knows well how to open the first wide, and cram the second tight. The operation is too quick and pleasant, for the taste and savour of the pill to be discovered. Mr. Baxter is a popular speaker, and knows of course what he is about. But whatever may be the sources of his information on the subject, we most earnestly and confidently assure our readers, that they are most inaccurate. As to the political prisoners, no hardship is inflicted on them. Of the 326 prisoners, above enumerated, 208 are at Paliano, an ancient palace and castle of the Colonna family, healthily and airily situated in the country. Nor has there been any case of epidemic disorders in any of the papal prisons, as in ours. In December 1844, there were according to the official report, in Pentonville prison, 719 sick out of 741 prisoners. Such a case has never been known in Rome. As to the ordinary gaols, we remember well, a celebrated English philanthropist who had visited the prisons all over Europe,

telling us that out of England he had found none superior to them; that when they were built, they were far superior to ours, and to those of any other country; and that they were clean and remarkably healthy. He even made the same observations to the late Pope, who interrogated him on the subject.

The present Pope has done much to improve the prisons. The female prisoners are under the care of religious of the Good Shepherd; the boys under that of the Brothers of Mercy established at Malines, and lately introduced into our own Reformatory at Hammersmith. We know that every report on prison discipline has been forwarded to the Government of Rome, and that every anxiety is felt, and practically exhibited, to carry out all modern improvements, under the care of a special Commission. A spacious prison to contain 250 inmates, is just being finished at Fossombrone, on the cellular system.

Before leaving the regions of crime, let us say a few words, on one of the favourite common-places of our Italian newsmongers, the supposed revival of the old system of brigandage. We will not repeat our remark, that no instances of its practice ever reach the English public from Piedmont; we will content ourselves with observing, that no case is overlooked in the Pope's States, by the diligence of our correspondents. We may feel pretty sure that no English travelling-carriage, or Italian vettura is stopped and plundered, without its being as eagerly seized on by the letter-writer, as it was by the bandit-chief. Certainly, if anything more atrocious than we *have* heard of had happened on the high-road from Rome to Naples, no matter on which side of the frontier, had some Mrs. Popkins and her four Popichini (we believe such are the heroes of one of W. Irving's robber tales) not had her throat cut indeed, but received a severe fustigation, so solemn a ground of appeal to the British conscience for a small fleet of eighty-fours, or the dismissal of Cardinal Antonelli would never have been overlooked. We will therefore take it for granted, that no injury to the life or person of any one, though some to the dresses, especially under the present regime, has resulted from the romantic mode of robbing long prevalent in Italy. A man (sometimes a wooden one) propped against a tree, pointing a blunderbuss towards the middle of the road; a *farouche*, but handsome brigand wearing a breast-plate of silver dag-

ger-handles, and pistols, and an exaggeratedly pointed hat, politely asking the passengers to alight, and handing the ladies down; a gentle request to become "*bocca a terra*;" a desire to know which you prefer, to lend your keys or have your solid leathers ripped up with a dagger; a fumbling over of the wardrobe, a subtraction of unnecessary valuables; the rumbling sound of distant wheels or horses, and a hasty "*buon giorno*," is the moving panorama, as Albert Smith might give it, of a rencontre with these free-booters; no, for sandals form an indispensable part of the costume.

Seriously speaking indeed, this is all far from pleasant, and no Government has done its duty, which does not make every exertion to put the system down, where it exists. Still it is a consolation to know, that hitherto no violence has been done, no carrying away to the mountains, no huge ransoms exacted. This then is an Italian class of crime sincerely to be deplored. But we cannot help observing, that there is something narrow and ungenerous in the plan of singling out some failing or delinquency peculiar to a country, or arising almost from its physical character, and from which we are naturally exempt, and making that the standard of our self-complacency. If we say: "look at Italy! you cannot travel along the high-way there, without being robbed, as our fathers were on Hounslow Heath, or Blackheath. What a government, what a police!" why may not an Italian single out drunkenness as his test of moral civilization, and after visiting London, tell all he had seen of men and women reeling along at night in beastly intoxication, and recite some of the scenes in police courts of a morning, of wives pommelled to death by drunken husbands, and magistrates repeating six times a day to man, after man, that he was the greatest brute he had ever known? Why should he not have an equal right, upon this one comparison of the two countries, where his own is pure and ours most filthy, to boast of the superiority of his own in everything regarding morals?

But we should reply, that this was no fair test; for the difference of climate, and of country and of race would account for *this* dissimilarity of habits. Be it so. There is no doubt, that kindness and generosity will seek for such explanations. In ancient Venice we believe that assassination was attributable to political, and domestic

jealousies. In Ireland crime is mostly agrarian. In America the rifle and the revolver, the bowie-knife and the cane, are freely used in the very streets, to adjust newspaper, or party squabbles. Italy, a country where the most fertile plains touch the feet of inaccessible mountain steeps, and where a road after leaving a city soon plunges into endless rows of trees, or even forests, where different States touch and bound one another, affording ease of flight, tempts the poor and desperate, the wild mountaineer and the liberated or escaped galley-slave, to brigandage. It is his easiest, his safest, and his most gainful crime. He rushes down from his mountain watch-crag on the luxurious carriage tottering under its glossy imperials, stops it, fills his money bags, and is with one foot on each side of the frontier line, with cocked musket, till all is quiet again. Is it matter of particular congratulation with ourselves, that we have no banditti—off the stage?

But who has ever told us yet, that gentlemen may be any evening garrotted in the Toledo or Largo di Castello at Naples, or the Corso in Rome? Can we account for this Thuggism of London, Liverpool or Leeds, by the peculiar conformation of the squares of Belgravia, or Castle Street? If Italians hear, that a man early in the evening, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, for instance, may be seized by the throat from behind, choked, have his pockets rifled, and be left robbed, and half dead, with no more chance of help (for when has a garrot robbery been stopped in the act?) than the man on the highway from Jerusalem to Jericho, would he not have a right to say, that as such robbery, where attempt to murder is coordinate, or antecedent, is never heard of out of England, this is a more wicked, dangerous, and ill-governed country, with a worse police, than any in Italy? We will not speak of our Palmers or Doves, and the domestic scenes which they have laid bare, nor of "quietness," nor of burial-clubs; nor of child-murder, and woman-bruising: nor of burglaries, nor of Agapemones, nor of Sadleirisms, and British Banks, Pauls and Strachans; nor of many other crimes, which had they happened at Rome, would have furnished letters and paragraphs enough, on the demoralized state of the country.

It would be unfair to conclude this article, without some topic more agreeable to writer and to reader, than prisons and banditti. In the course of it, we have had more than

one occasion to mention the improvements gradually made in the present pontificate, in spite of many obstacles and difficulties. We will add a summary notice of some more, which could not enter into our former enumerations.

A telegraphic communication has been established between Rome and its two frontiers, passing through all the principal provinces and cities, and joining the Neapolitan line at the south, and the European one at the north.—Gas has been established throughout Rome.—A railroad has been opened to Frascati, as the first instalment of the line to Ceprano, and so by San Germano to Naples.—Contracts have been signed by the Government with a Company for the line from Rome to Civitavecchia, and for the great Italian trunk-line from Rome to Bologna.—In the meantime splendid roads have been made, or completed, particularly the Via Flaminia Lauretana, along the Adriatic, supported by immense works, and perfected by a splendid bridge across the wide bed of the unmanageable Metaurus.—Speaking of bridges we may mention that, besides one built conjointly with the Tuscan Government, the Pope has built six over different rivers or torrents, on the north road. Nor should we overlook the magnificent viaducts between Albano and Genzano, the first one particularly, which we heard pronounced by a great railway-contractor to be equal to anything that has been done of that kind in England.—Still less should we omit the complete drainage of the Ostian marshes, and of those of the Ferrarese valleys, both undertaken with great vigour, and with the aid of steam power.

Useful scientific works have been prepared, such as a most elaborate census now in the press, compiled with immense labour, and great precision, the work of many years. An important work on the decimal system in measures has been published, and spread at the expense of Government, to prepare the way for its adoption. A splendid survey has been made, with most accurate and valuable instruments, and with wonderful exactness, of the Via Appia, by F. Secchi, S.J., compared with that formerly made by the celebrated F. Boschovick; to serve as a base for a triangular survey of the whole States, and a new map of Italy.

As to education, the Dublin University Gazette has already made known what the present Pope has done for it. We may simply mention, the great Seminario Pio

built and endowed by him for eighty-two ecclesiastical students (one from each Diocese of his States), the Collegio Pio for English students, and one in his own native city of Sinigaglia.

To encourage the Arts, he has done no less. The Academy of St. Luke has been transferred to a more ample and becoming site, and ten additional gold medals have been allotted to it for annual prizes. The museums have been immensely enriched, that of the Lateran especially by the creation of a new Christian museum, and by the first-class statues of Sophocles and the Braschi Antinous. The complete restoration of the Basilica of St. Agnes, the termination of St. Paul's, the adornment of the Confession of the Lateran, the immense works in the Catacombs, their repairs and restoration to their primitive form, by means of the ecclesiastical commission, the clearing of the Appian way; in fact innumerable other great and useful works will crown the present pontificate with even worldly glory. This will survive no doubt the miserable attempts so industriously and so perseveringly made to deprive it of its just reputation. It is not indeed to this worldly side that we are accustomed to look, when we contemplate the Holy Father's greatness on earth. Still it is consoling to find, that even the reverse of his medal is full of merit, and presents an image of active and useful goodness, in this utilitarian age.

ART. VII.—1. *Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to enquire into the State, Discipline, Studies, and Revenues of the University of Dublin, and of Trinity College; together with Appendices, containing Evidence, Suggestions, and Correspondence.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Dublin: Alexander Thom, 1853.

2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the arrangements in the Inns of Court and Inns of Chancery, for promoting the Study of the Law of Jurisprudence: together with Appendices.*

Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London : 1855.

3. *Report on the Condition and Progress of the Queen's University in Ireland*, from 1st September, 1854, to 1st September, 1855. By the RIGHT HON. MAZIERE BRADY, Vice Chancellor of the University, and Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. Dublin, 1855.
4. *A Bill to Repeal and Amend certain Laws and Statutes Relating to the University of Dublin*. Prepared and brought in by Mr. NAPIER and Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 23 May, 1856.

THE friends of the Catholic University should at once fix their attention on the above Bill introduced into the House of Commons by the representatives of its most formidable rival. If that Bill pass in its entirety, and the law as to the admission of attornies and barristers to practice remain subjected to no other modification, it is idle to expect that that great body of youths who in Ireland look to the law as an occupation, should spend three or four years of the most critical period of life within the walls of the Catholic University, and then have to begin again and to spend five years in the pursuit of the profession.

The difficulties which have already beset the career of this institution are sufficiently great, without having the additional ones which will be virtually provided for it by this Bill of Messrs. Napier and Hamilton, and yet these are of such a nature that the friends of the University in Parliament cannot well be requested to oppose the progress of the measure. As this is a matter of vital importance to the cause of Catholic education, so far as the profession of the law is concerned, let us briefly, and from the authorities before us, and in their very words, lay the facts before the reader.

Suppose two young men provided, one with a degree from the Catholic University, and the other with a degree from the Dublin University, wish to go to the bar, and present themselves for admission to the Honourable Society of King's Inns, they are at once respectively informed by the Rules of that Society, of the very marked difference between them. These Rules, which are to be found in the Report of the Dublin University Commission, p. 356, are as follows—(the italics being of our own devising).

“ RULES of the HONOURABLE SOCIETY of KING'S INNS, with regard to the admission of Students into the Society, and to the degree of Barrister-at-Law. Hilary Term, 1852.

“ 1. Every person desirous to be admitted a Student into this Society shall, in order thereto, present at the Under-Treasurer's office, three clear days at the least before the first day of Term, a memorial in the printed form, No. 1, which memorial is to be signed and lodged by the Student himself, and the certificate annexed thereto signed by a practising Barrister of at least ten years' standing.

“ 2. Every Student on presenting such memorial, shall produce a certificate of having paid at the Stamp Office the Stamp Duty of twenty-five pounds sterling, and, also, pay to the Under-Treasurer the sum of twenty-one pounds ten shillings and four pence, including five pounds five shillings for admission to the King's Inns' Library ; five pounds five shillings for lectures under the recent system of legal education—the balance being the ancient fee for admission into the Society as a Student.

“ 3. Every Student *not a Graduate* of the University of Dublin, Oxford, Cambridge, London, or the Queen's University of Ireland, shall keep *nine* Terms' Commons in the Dining Hall of the Society, and also *eight* Terms' Commons in one of the four Inns of Court in London, and shall lodge with the Under-Treasurer a certificate of having kept said eight Terms' Commons in one of the said Inns of Court in London, on presenting his memorial to be admitted to the degree of Barrister-at-Law.

“ 4. Every such Student, if a Graduate of any of the said Universities, is only required to keep *six* Terms' Commons in the Dining Hall of the King's Inns, and also *six* Terms' Commons in one of the Inns of Court in London.

“ 5. Every Student admitted into the Society after the first day of Trinity Term, one thousand eight hundred and fifty, if a Graduate of the University of Dublin, Oxford, Cambridge, London, or the Queen's University in Ireland, shall, as a condition precedent to being called to the bar, produce certificates of his having attended *two* complete courses, *at least*, of lectures, viz. :—one complete course of lectures of any two, at his option, of the four Law Professors, namely, the Law Professors of the University of Dublin, and those of the King's Inns, and *at least* five-sixths of the lectures of each Session or University Term.

“ 6. Every Student admitted into the Society after the above date (if *not a Graduate* of one of the said Universities) shall as a condition precedent to being called to the Bar, produce certificates of his having attended *four* Courses of Lectures, viz. :—one Course of the Lectures of each of the said four Professors, and, *at least*, five-sixths of the Lectures of each Session, or University Term ; in such manner, however, that every such Student shall be engaged not

less than three years in the study of the law in Ireland, exclusive of the two years necessary for keeping Terms in England, in every one of which three years, one complete Course of Lectures must be kept ; but this rule and the preceding one are not intended to affect the number of Terms' Commons required by the present Rules of the Society to be kept by Students of the King's Inns, prior to being called to the Bar.

"7. If from illness, or other sufficient cause, any Student should be prevented from completing any Course of Lectures necessary towards being called to the Bar, the Legal Education Committee have power to direct what further attendance, if any, shall be sufficient in such case. Rules as to legal education, No. 3.

"8. Every such Student having complied with the foregoing rules, desiring to be admitted to the Degree of a Barrister-at-Law, and being of the full age of twenty-one years, shall present a memorial in the printed form No. 2, at the Under-Treasurer's office, three clear days at the least before the first day of Term, said memorial to be signed by the Student himself ; the certificate annexed thereto to be signed by a practising Barrister of at least ten years' standing, and the declaration at foot thereof, by a Bench.

"9. Every such Student, so applying for admission to the Degree of a Barrister-at-Law, shall, on presenting his said memorial, pay to the Under-Treasurer the sum of thirty-two pounds eighteen shillings and nine pence, being the ancient fee payable to the Society thereon, and lodge at the same time a certificate of having paid fifty pounds stamp duty, at the stamp office—also, a certificate of having kept the requisite number of Terms from one of the Inns of Court in England ; and, if a Graduate of any of the said Universities, shall also lodge a Testimonium from such University, of having obtained the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, or Bachelor of Law therein.

"By Order,

"(Signed)

CONWAY E. DOBBS,

"Under-Treasurer."

Thus the one must spend in the pursuit five years, and attend four courses of lectures, and the other spend only three years and attend only two courses of lectures.

Suppose again, that instead of going to the bar they propose to become solicitors, the like difference prevails, and the one must spend five and the other only three years in the pursuit. This difference in the case of solicitors is entirely owing to the statutes in that behalf, while in the case of barristers it is the work of the Honourable Society of King's Inn, who strain a point, and violate the

letter of a statute, in order to secure protection to the vested interests of the chartered universities. *Non noster hic Sermo.* Dr. Anster, the Regius Professor of Civil and Canon Law in T.C.D., having stated that the number of terms required to be kept in England by graduates, was eight, and being asked by what authority the necessity of keeping them was imposed says :—

“ By an Act of Parliament of Henry VIII. (33 Hen. VIII. [Session 2] Chap. 3, *Irish*), no person shall be admitted as a Pleader in any of the four Courts, or to argue any matter in law, &c., who has not been for the space ‘ of years complete demurrant and resiant in one of the Inns of Court in England.’ The blank before the word ‘ years’ exists in the Statute ; and I believe the eight Terms required has been fixed as the shortest that would satisfy the word ‘ years.’ ”

If eight Terms were fixed as the shortest period that would satisfy the word “ years,” what could the Professor say to six Terms? It is obvious that so far as complying with the statute is concerned, the Society might as well have fixed two Terms.

This statute of Henry VIII. was dwelt on very much by the witnesses before the Dublin University Commission, and that body recommended its repeal. This recommendation, with others, remained unnoticed by our legislators till last session, when the members for the University proposed their Bill for carrying some of them into effect. The second clause of this Bill recites and provides as follows :—

“ II. And whereas by an Act of the Parliament of Ireland, made in the second Session of the said Parliament holden in the thirty-third year of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, and chapter three, intituled ‘ An Act touching Mispleading and Jeofailes,’ it is by section three of said Act enacted in the words following ; that is to say, ‘ That no person or persons that now is or hereafter shall be admitted or allowed in any of the king’s principal courts within this His Grace’s realm in any cause or matter, whatsoever it be, or yet to make or exhibit to or in any of the said Four Courts, any declaration or bill, plea in bar, replication, or rejoinder, or to give evidence to any jury, unless it be for the King’s majesty, or to argue any matter in law, or yet to do or minister any other thing or things in any of the said Four Courts which customarily hath been used to be done by one learned or taken to be learned in the King’s laws, but such person and persons hath or shall be for the same Act one time or several times by the space of years complete at the

last resiant and demurrant in one of the Inns of Court within the realm of England, studying, practising, or endeavouring themselves the best way they can to come to the true knowledge and judgment of the said laws, upon pain of one hundred shillings to every person or persons offending contrary to the Proviso last before specified, or anything therein contained :’ And whereas the provisions of the said Act were made perpetual by another Act of the said Parliament of Ireland, made in the First Session of the said parliament holden in the eleventh year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and chapter Five, intituled ‘An Act for reviving the statute against gray merchants, the statute for servant’s wages, and the statute for jeofailes :’ And whereas the Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, have recently increased the salary and emoluments of the Regius Professor of Feudal and English Law in the University of Dublin, and also the salary and emoluments of the Regius Professor of Civil Law in the said University, and have enlarged the course of legal education to be pursued therein, and the benchers of the honourable Society of King’s Inns, Dublin, have recently established a professorship of the law of personal property pleading, practice, and evidence, and a professorship of constitutional, criminal, and other Crown Law : And whereas by arrangements entered into between the said Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, and the benchers of the said Society of King’s Inns, the lectures and teaching of the said Four Professors are available for the education of the students at law and the establishment of a complete School of Law in Ireland, and the compulsory attendance of the students at one of the Inns of Court in London by force of any statute as aforesaid is *inconvenient, and calculated to interfere with the freedom of such arrangements as may from time to time be made for the systematic teaching of the Professors of the School of Law in Ireland, and the regular attendance of the students thereat : Be it therefore enacted, that the herein-before recited provision of the said Act of the thirty-third year of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, and the provisions of the said Act of the eleventh year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, so far as the said last-mentioned Act makes the said recited provision of the said Act of Henry the Eighth perpetual, be and are hereby repealed.”*

In the Report of the Dublin University Commissioners, the idea of a sort of partnership in legal education between T. C. D. and the King’s Inns, was shadowed forth in many passages. In one on this very subject they say—

“From the position of the University of Dublin in the Metropolis of Ireland, where the Law Courts are situate, and from the connection already established between the College and the Benchers of the King’s Inns, a complete Law School might well be developed under their joint superintendence.”

The above clause in Mr. Napier's Bill suggests so strongly the idea of this partnership between these institutions as an established fact, that it behoves the friends of the Catholic University to look after its interests before the proposed arrangement is completed under the avowed and express sanction of Parliament. But before we proceed to point out what steps they should take for this purpose, we had better state also what is further proposed in favour of graduates seeking to become attorneys.

The Dublin University Commissioners recommended "that the stamp duty on articles of apprenticeship to an attorney or solicitor should be remitted or reduced in favour of those who have incurred the expense of an university education." The grounds on which they base this recommendation are thus stated:—

"From the provisions of several Acts of Parliament for the regulation of the professions of Attorney and Solicitor, it is manifestly the intention of the legislature to promote the acquisition of academic education, both in arts and law, amongst those preparing for these branches of the legal profession. For this purpose, the period of apprenticeship is shortened by two years in favour of those who obtain the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and by one year in favour of those who have attended the lectures and passed the examinations of the Professors of Law in the University of Dublin, or in the Queen's University, during two collegiate years. Dr. Anster states that 'this class of students do not come within the arrangements with the King's Inns, and no rule has yet been made by the Board on the subject of their attendance at lectures and examinations.' We have no doubt, however, that, as the law school makes progress, the Board will make arrangements to include in it the class of students referred to.

"The object of the legislature—the encouragement of a higher scale of education amongst those preparing for the professions of Attorney and Solicitor—would be much more generally and effectually secured than at present, if a remission or reduction of the heavy stamp duty of £120. now imposed on articles of clerkship or apprenticeship to attorneys or solicitors, were allowed to those who had incurred the expense of a university education. The great expense which this stamp duty imposes on young men, or on their parents, must often exhaust the funds that would be much more advantageously applied in securing a liberal education. The same reasoning is applied in the Report of the Board, which we have already quoted, to the higher branches of the legal profession. 'If,' say the Committee, 'we were permitted to add the same time and expense to the studies of a law student which he must now

spend in London, it would be very easy to render the law school of the university more efficient.'

"These heavy taxes on the entrance to the legal professions counteract in a great measure the benefits of exhibitions and scholarships as means of assisting young men to enter such professions; for what the successful student gains by the public endowment in the form of an encouragement, to the diligent cultivation of his talents, is shortly afterwards taken from him in the form of a tax on his admission to the professions in which he can best make his talents and acquirements serviceable to the community."

When this report was made, the stamp duty was £120, but in 1854 Mr. Gladstone reduced it to £80. Mr. Napier proposes that it should be still further reduced in favour of the graduates of the Chartered Universities. The following is the ground for this proposition, as stated in the preamble to the third clause of his Bill.

"And whereas in consideration of the learning and abilities requisite for the taking of the degree of Bachelor of Laws in the University of Oxford, the University of Cambridge, the University of Dublin, the University of Durham, the London University, and the Queen's University of Ireland, it is by several Acts of Parliament now in force provided that in the case of any person who shall first have taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Law, in any of the said Universities and shall in the manner and upon the conditions in the said Acts serve as a clerk to an attorney or solicitor, for the space of three years under articles of apprenticeship in that behalf, such person shall be qualified to be admitted as an attorney or solicitor, as fully as any person having been bound and having served five years would in other cases be qualified to be admitted: and whereas it is just and expedient that persons who have or shall have incurred the expense of a University Education, and taken such degree of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Laws, in any of the said Universities, and who are bound to serve a clerkship of three years only, should not be required to pay the same amount of stamp duty upon such articles of apprenticeship as if they had not taken such degrees, and had been bound to serve a clerkship of five years."

This Bill was not pressed last session because the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not yield to this last proposition, and another for allowing a drawback of the paper duty on all works published at the University press, but it will be pressed next session, and probably carried. The friends of the Catholic University cannot with any

show of reason resist its progress. Their duty should be rather to get a charter for the University or to have all privileges in favour of education in chartered universities abolished. The latter we consider the more feasible alternative. Some two years back a charter was not utterly hopeless, but it is so now. The present government, with a general election near at hand, would never run the risk of such a measure, in the face of the Protestant prejudices of England lashed to fury by the Maynooth cry. We may be mistaken, but it is easy for those whom it most concerns, to inquire at the Castle whether the charter will be now sealed, and a Bill proposed to Parliament to put its élèves on a footing with those of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Durham, London, and the Queen's University of Ireland. They may put the seal, but they will not carry the Bill, and unless they do, the charter would be little better than waste paper.

The other course—to demand free-trade in education—is the only practical one. There is no sound reason why great establishments, with immense resources, and all the favour and patronage of the state at their back, should require the additional protection of the privileges which we have just enumerated. The continuance of such privileges is a gross injustice to the Catholics of Ireland. Why should Irish Catholics, who do not choose to go to Trinity College, or the Queen's University, be obliged to spend two years more in the pursuit of a profession than their Protestant competitors, who have no scruples in seeking knowledge in such places? Or why should such Irish Catholics be in a worse position than their brethren in England, who, so far as the Bar is concerned, are now precisely on an equality with their Protestant competitors? Some years back the distinction which still exists in Ireland in favour of graduates existed in some of the Inns of Court in England, but now the one uniform course for all students, whether graduates or not graduates, is the keeping of twelve Terms. This is thus stated in the report of the Commissioners for inquiry into the Inns of Court in England.

1. "All that is at present required of a person wishing to become a Student of the Law in England, with the view of being ultimately called to the Bar, is that he become a Member of one of the four Inns of Court, which is effected by making a formal application for that purpose, merely stating to the authorities of such Inn who

and what he is, with a certificate of his respectability, signed by two Barristers, attached to it; that he keep twelve Terms, by dining a certain number of times in the Hall; and that he attend during one year the Lectures of two of the Readers appointed by the Council of Legal Education, or at his option submit to a public Examination, which is compulsory only upon those who do not attend the Lectures."

So in Scotland, the possessor of an university degree seems to enjoy no special privilege over others. From the above report we learn that—

"2. In Scotland, by the existing regulations, three qualifications are at present indispensable to the admission of 'Intrants' or students, into the faculty of law. It is required of every candidate that he give evidence of general scholarship, that he pass two examinations upon the Civil and the Scotch Laws, and lastly that he prepare a Latin thesis upon a title of the Pandects. This system, however, being deemed insufficient, the faculty of advocates at Edinburgh have lately made a report upon the subject, recommending a much more strict and comprehensive course of legal study, with examinations both in general knowledge and in law."

We next turn to this Report of the Faculty, and it is conclusive in favour of our suggestion. After pointing out the reasons for the Bar maintaining its reputation as a learned body, the Faculty say—

"Influenced by these considerations, the Committee are unanimously of opinion that evidence both of general and legal learning, should be afforded by every candidate for admission to the bar. *The proper evidence of general scholarship is a University Degree*, and if evidence of that be produced, no examination need be made as to general education. But such a test as this the Committee were unwilling to require absolutely and exclusively as it might bear hard upon persons of humble family and straitened circumstances, whose means have denied them the advantage of a college education. Such men ought to have the door of admission open to them as freely as to their more wealthy and aristocratic rivals; and many such have achieved success, and shed lustre upon the profession. Several, too, have been drafted into the legal from other Professions, which they have quitted after prosecuting them for years. If such persons possess the requisite abilities and knowledge, it would be a hardship to them and a loss to the Faculty that they should be refused access to the Bar merely because of the want of a University education in their youth.

"To avoid these evils, the Committee are prepared to recommend that, as regards general scholarship, it should not be indis-

pensable to produce any Certificates of University education. All that ought to be insisted upon is, proof of the possession of the requisite liberal education. It is a matter of indifference in what way that may be acquired, whether by private study or public instruction. And having arrived at this conclusion, the remaining point for determination was the mode of ascertaining the fact. In regard to this, it seemed to the Committee to be the most expedient course to subject the candidate to an examination upon certain branches of general knowledge conducted by men to whose hands it may be reasonably and safely entrusted. By an arrangement with persons of learning, as will be explained immediately, the Committee believe that an efficient Board of Examinators could be procured in whom the Faculty would have confidence. And the subjects to which they would confine the examination would be the following four:—*First*, Latin; *secondly*, Greek; *thirdly*, Ethical and Metaphysical Philosophy; and *fourthly*, Logic (or in the option of the candidate) Mathematics.”

We turn next to America. The commissioners for inquiry into the Inns of Court examined two American lawyers, one from Philadelphia, the other from New York. In Philadelphia the preliminaries for admission to practice involve only a certain attendance in the office of an attorney, and passing an examination in general and professional knowledge. In New York, since 1846, all that is required is to pass an examination before three counsellors appointed by the Supreme Court. The evidence of the New York lawyer, who, by the bye, is described in the Report as *General Thomas*, gives such an ample account not only of the preliminaries to admission, but of the whole career and practice of the counsellor afterwards, that we are tempted to lay it *in extenso* before our readers.

“ GENERAL THOMAS EXAMINED.

“994. Are you conversant with the practice of Law in the United States?—I am.

“995. In what State are you most conversant with the practice of Law?—New York. I have lived in three or four States.

“996. Have you practised yourself?—Yes; but I was admitted to practice at a very late day. I spent the early part of my life in the army, and I was not admitted till more advanced in life than when men usually enter the profession in America, and have only been in practice eight years.

“997. You can, therefore, better inform the Commissioners of the modern system of Procedure?—Yes; I can also state what was the previous system, because I commenced my studies under the original system, and was admitted under the new system.

“ 998. What was the original course of proceeding in the State of New York, with reference to any gentleman who wished to become an Advocate?—He was required to have graduated at some college, and to have entered his name in an attorney’s office, and pursued there, under the direction of an attorney, the study of Law for three years. He was then examined before three persons, appointed by the Supreme Court of the State, and if he passed a satisfactory examination, he was then, by the supreme Court, licensed to practise Law as an Attorney. He was required to practise as an attorney for three years, and I ought to mention that he was required both at the first and at the second examination, to produce a certificate of good moral character.

“ 999. From whom was that certificate obtained?—From respectable counsellors known to the examiners. At the end of three years of practice, as an attorney, he was required to undergo an examination on the principles of Law. The first examination was chiefly upon the practice. On the second examination, previously to being admitted as a Counsellor, he was examined upon the principles of Law very thoroughly by three Counsellors appointed by the Supreme Court, and if that examination proved satisfactory, he was then admitted to practise as a Counsellor, and could then appear and argue Cases in Court, and not till then. Previously he could only appear as an attorney.

“ 1000. The first procedure before he was admitted as an attorney involved general knowledge, as tested by his having been at some University, and a practical knowledge of Laws tested by his having been in some Solicitor’s office?—That was the practice in the State of New York up to 1846.

“ 1001. Besides his having practised as an attorney, was there any intervening course of study prescribed to him beyond the fact that he had passed a general examination in Law?—No, that was not prescribed to him; he studied where he pleased, except that upon his first examination, he was required to produce the Certificate of an Attorney, that he had been a student or clerk in his office, for the period of time mentioned.

“ 1002. With regard to the general knowledge which was required at his first examination, was it necessary that the University, at which he had studied, should be in the State?—No; in any one of the United States.

“ 1003. Was it required that he should take a Degree?—Yes, of Bachelor of Arts.

1004. How many years, usually speaking, are students at the University before they obtain their Degree?—Four years.

“ 1005. When a person is admitted as a Counsellor, does he still continue to practise as an Attorney, does he combine the two?—Yes, he may practise either as an Attorney, or as a Counsellor.

“ 1006. What change in the system has taken place since the year 1846?—Since that period the Examination has been for Admission

to the Bar, and a person once admitted is admitted to practise in all the Courts of the State. There are no Degrees, therefore, of Attorney and Counsellor recognised by the Law. A candidate for Admission to the Bar is required to be examined by three Counsellors, appointed by the Supreme Court, and licensed by the Supreme Court to practise Law as before, but after having obtained this License, he is then admitted to practise as an Attorney, or Solicitor, or Counsellor, as he may get employment.

“1007. Is he required still to produce a Degree from a University?—No Certificate whatever. The Law is thrown open to everybody who can undergo the examination, and produce a Certificate of good moral character. It is not necessary that he should have attended an Advocate's office, or any other office whatever. The only advantage of having taken a Degree is, that on its being produced before the Examiners, it would probably have an effect with them. A Degree at one of the Law Schools would have a very great effect in making the Examination a mere nominal one. The Law requires nothing but that he should pass an Examination satisfactory to the Court,

“1008. Is this one Examination now extended to the Principles of Law as well as the Practice?—To some general Principles, but it is chiefly confined to Practice.

“1009. How many hours does the Examination take, ordinarily?—Not more than half an hour, at the greatest extent. I have attended several Examinations, and I think no one was examined more than half an hour.

“1010. In practice, have many been refused admittance since this New Regulation?—Considering the number admitted, I think not. I think I may say that there is as much Free Trade allowed in the Law as it is possible for one to conceive.

“1011. Looking at the duration of the Examination, is it much more than a matter of form?—It is very much a matter of form. It does not test the Candidate's knowledge of Law.

“1012. Is it Oral?—Yes.

“1013. Are there no Written Papers required?—No.

“1014. Nor any Latin Theses?—Nothing of the kind. They are examined by those Counsellors who have been appointed for the purpose by the Court. Probably forty or fifty young men come in together, and they Examine each one. I think I place the length of time to its greatest extent when I say half an hour, and often it does not exceed five minutes.

“1015. And you say also that it is merely formal?—As far as regards testing one's knowledge of Law, or ability to practice, it certainly is so; but this Examination is confined chiefly to the Practice of the Law, the mode of bringing Actions, their nature, and generally those questions with which an Attorney is supposed to be familiar.

"1016. Are private communications received, with reference to the impeachment of moral character?—I think they are.

"1017. The Examiners consider themselves open in that respect?—Yes, they do, to the best of my knowledge.

"1018. The party himself would be informed what the objection was?—Yes.

"1019. Is there any Examination as to Scholarship at all?—No.

"1020. Is there none whatever, as to any acquaintance with the Latin language?—No. The new Code abolishes all Latin terms.

"1021. Was this change cotemporaneous with that which took place with the fusion of Law and Equity?—Yes.

"1022. What proportion of the young men who have been annually admitted to the Bar since the change, have passed through a University, do you think?—I should think four-fifths.

"1023. So that it is a general rule in the United States, to go through a University where there is a very good Legal Education and Legal Examination, before coming to the Bar?—I do not mean that four-fifths go through the Law School, but at least that proportion take the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, and many of them, besides, take a Degree at a Law School or University. We think that that portion of the community who have to employ Lawyers believe that education is necessary, although some men who have not had the advantages of going through College and graduating at a University, may acquire this knowledge elsewhere, yet our people believe that the knowledge acquired in a Collegiate Education, is necessary, as a general principle; and it seems to be a recommendation with every one who employs a legal man to do his business, that he should have had a regular education. It is so much in his favour. But occasionally we find a man who has acquired this knowledge through other channels.

"1024. Is it competent to any person who is an Advocate, to exercise any other calling, a trade, for instance?—It is competent, but it is altogether unknown.

"1025. It has been stated to the Commissioners, that in Philadelphia there is a mode of bringing Professional opinion to bear upon the Profession, by means of a Club or Association; is there anything of that description in New York?—There is nothing more than the Law Association.

"1026. Do the majority of the Members of the Profession belong to that Association?—They do; at least all those who are at all distinguished.

"1027. Would the opinion of that Body have any weight, or is it their habit to express an opinion upon Professional or Non-Professional conduct?—I think not, as an Association; but I think there is no Profession in the United States, which has so much weight, as the Legal Profession.

“1028. You think it is simply left to general Public opinion?—Yes.

“1029. What Superintendence is there over the Bar. Take the case of a Barrister forgetting the Rules of Honourable Conduct, in what way would his conduct be censured; would he be degraded?—The Court have power to degrade him, and the Public opinion of the Bar, which is very effective, could very well be concentrated upon such an individual, but the Court has the power to degrade him.

“1030. As far as you can judge, you conceive that that has been a sufficient practical check?—Yes.

“1031. Have you had any experience at all of the effect upon the Bar of the old and new Systems as to whether the one or the other works best?—I do not know that my opinion would be worth very much on that point, as my knowledge of the Bar has been chiefly under the new system.

“1032. In England, Barristers who practise in the Courts of Law, are rarely found in Equity, and *vice versâ*, consequently they have different courses of study, and very frequently different orders of Legal Mind. Did anything corresponding with that exist in the United States, under the old system? Was the Bar divided into the Bar belonging to the Courts of Equity, and the Bar belonging to the Courts of Law?—Yes, it existed to some extent. Those men who had a peculiar qualification for appearing in the Courts of Equity were generally selected, both by their brother Lawyers, and by their reputation amongst Clients for the particular Court in which they excelled; but there was no Legal designation that they should appear in one or the other Court, all having liberty to appear in whatever Court they might select.

“1033. But practically, were they separated?—Practically, in many cases, they were. I could point the Commissioners to many Barristers who appeared in a Court of Equity alone; many who took up the subject of Conveyancing; others who appeared almost entirely in the Courts of Appeals, and so on. I ought to say that that divides the Bar to a certain degree, even yet. There are many eminent men of Legal knowledge, who have devoted themselves entirely to the business of Conveyancing, who never appear in Court at all, but who may appear where they please. Then there are others who do nothing but appear in Court constantly; and there are men of large Legal attainments, who remain in their offices all the time, and prepare the Cases for others acting as Attorneys; so that, practically, I consider that the Bar has divided itself to suit the circumstances of the case, although the lines are not so distinctly marked as if they were recognized by Law.

“1034. When admitted as an Advocate at New York, do you at once practise in the Supreme Court of the States?—Yes; and a person may appear in his own case, without ever being admitted to

the Bar, and may argue his own case ; but practically, that is not often the case.

“ 1035. Is the State of New York divided into Districts for the purpose of the Administration of Justice ?—It is.

“ 1036. Are you admitted to all the Districts ?—To any part of the State.

“ 1037. The Examining Body is usually at New York ?—Yes, or where the Supreme Court holds its session.

“ 1038. Are you satisfied with the working of the new system, or should you wish to see any change ?—I am satisfied with the new system entirely : it is the system that exists in all the States which were never Colonial States. The practice of admission to the Bar was always the same in the new States as now exists in the State of New York ; but an examination was required, to admit persons to practise.

“ 1039. And a certificate of character ?—Yes ; in all the new States, that is what is required now. The examination is, perhaps, a mere form in most of them ; but the client looks to the man whom he employs, and he takes the responsibility, whether he gets a man of talent and character, or not ; and generally the clients are most astute in finding out those things with us.

“ 1040. You trust to the public to find that out ?—Yes.

“ 1041. Several of your eminent legal writers have been professors at universities, have they not ?—Yes.

“ 1042. Was not Judge Story a Professor ?—Yes, he was.

“ 1043. Are the judges selected from advocates, or professors at universities ?—Advocates always.

“ 1044. Are the judges elected at New York ?—Yes, they are.

“ 1045. Has that been the case recently ?—It has been so since the last change.

“ 1046. Are they elected for a term of years ?—Yes ; for eight years.

“ 1047. That has only now just been tried ; the eight years are now about to expire ?—Yes.

“ 1048. The election is generally renewed, is it not, for one term ?—Yes. The judges of some of the courts are elected for a shorter period than eight years ; the eight years applies to judges of the highest court ; but those judges who are competent, and who are willing to be re-elected, have generally been re-elected ; I hardly know an exception ; but unfortunately, the salaries are very small, and we cannot get the first-class barristers to go on the bench ; they will not leave a lucrative practice, to accept the office of judge unless they happen to have accumulated a fortune, when they will do it for the honour.

“ 1049. What is the salary in the higher court ?—The salary in the Court of Appeals in the State is not so high as in the city, because, in the city of New York, persons are supposed to have larger expenses. The salary in the Court of Appeals is only

about 2,500 dollars, about 500*l.*; in the city of New York, the salary of the Superior Court Judges is 3,500 dollars, about 700*l.*

“1050. You speak of being satisfied with this almost formal examination. In New York, and in every State, are there not abundant means for every young man about to enter upon the study of the Law, to obtain, in the State, a legal education?—Yes.

“1051. That is provided?—Yes.

“1052. So that a young man has not to seek a legal education for himself, but there are places where he may obtain it, if he desires it?—Yes; legal education in America is chiefly obtained in a lawyer's office; but a small portion of those admitted to the bar take a degree at a Law University. They take the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and then he enters in an attorney's office: some go to the law school or university, and take a degree before entering into an attorney's office.

“1053. You are aware of the practice that existed in England till recently, that a student of law was obliged to seek the best education he could find, and that no means were provided for him. That has never been the case in New York, has it?—No; places have been always open to the student.

“1054. And degrees conferred in law?—Yes; in many of the colleges of the United States, we have law schools; most of our students who resort to the schools, go to the school at Newhaven, in the State of Connecticut, or Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts.

“1055. Have you had your attention called to the distinction in this country between an Attorney and a Counsel?—No, I have not.

“1056. The Attorney here does all the practical part, and the Counsel only opens his mouth in court?—We think that the intercourse of the Client with the Counsellor has a very beneficial influence upon society. If a Client comes with a bad cause, or one in which he is guilty himself, the Counsellor, if he is a man of the station and character which most Counsellors possess or occupy, a direct personal influence upon the client would be exercised, that is beneficial in correcting his morals, if they be bad, and in preventing his bringing into litigation a matter which has not a plausible and fair appearance of justice.

“1057. You approve very much of the amalgamation of the two branches of the profession in one person?—Yes.

“1058. Do you mean to say, that in New York it is the province of the Counsel to ascertain the facts from the party?—It depends altogether upon the nature of the case. If it is a case of great magnitude, (I am not speaking now of criminal law, but questions of property,) the Counsel always has an interview with the Client himself; he wishes to understand distinctly the grounds of the action.

"1059. That is after the materials of the case, the facts, have been previously investigated and laid before him in the brief, is it not?—No; it is in the outset. That is a privilege which the Client claims, of seeing the Counsel, and conferring with him, whether he is to go to law or not.

"1060. How is the evidence hunted up?—That is done by the Attorney and Client, but the Counsel sees personally the leading witnesses.

"1061. Who is the Attorney, as distinct from the Counsel?—The offices are divided according to the nature of the business. A man begins to practice law in New York, for instance, and he has one or two cases. He then does all the business himself; but his business increases, and he has more than he can do himself, and he then employs a clerk, who takes a part of it off his hands; then he employs an attorney, and the cases that require no investigation, such as bringing a common action, would be commenced by the attorney, without seeing the counsellor, unless there was a special request made in the matter.

"1062. So that the attorney is nominated and employed by the counsel?—Yes; he generally belongs to his office.

"1063. And generally speaking, there is a partnership, is there not?—Yes. The moment the business becomes sufficiently important to justify the taking in a partner, the counsel takes in this man whom he has employed as attorney, or some one else, as his partner, and he does the ordinary business of the office, while the other goes into court.

"1064. Are there men of considerable eminence, such as the late Mr. Webster, who never act in any other way than as counsel?—Yes.

"1065. Practically, in all important cases, there is the same division of labour between the counsel and the attorney, in the United States, as exists in this country?—Exactly so; but it is rendered so by circumstances. If you go into States which are new, where the population is spare, there are few law-suits, and the counsel will sit in his office half the day, and talk with a client, for he has nothing else to do; of course, in that case, he needs no attorney.

"1066. Is not the effect of this system, that in all simple causes, only one agent is employed?—Yes.

"1067. Therefore it is much cheaper in practice than the system pursued in this country, of having two agents in every case?—Yes; this is certainly true.

"1068. Can you give the Commissioners any idea of the expenses of a suit, so far as the counsel's fee goes?—For the first class counsel the fees will vary from 50 dollars to 2,000 dollars; if the Fee were above that, it would be a case out of the ordinary magnitude.

"1069. For what class of case would a fee of 50 dollars be con-

sidered adequate remuneration?—It would depend somewhat upon the amount involved. It would be a very small amount involved when 50 dollars would be a compensation.

“1070. How many of such cases might be disposed of in a day?—A dozen probably; but where the fee was 500 dollars, probably it would take the whole day, and very often longer.

“1071. Does that include the whole of the remuneration to the counsel in that suit?—No; there are certain costs that are allowed, and which are specified by law.

“1072. Which the losing party pays?—Yes. Sometimes the court think proper to decree that each party shall pay their own costs. An important counsel would hardly appear for less than 100 dollars, to make an argument.

“1073. Does the counsel fix the fee, or how is it fixed?—In this way. Whenever a suit is undertaken, the party ascertains from the clerk probably, or some one who has employed him before, or from his own knowledge of the matter, that he ought to pay him a retaining fee at the commencement; that is ordinarily not very much. If the suit is an important one, he gives him a 100 dollars at once, and perhaps more, depending on the nature of the case. When the argument in the case takes place, the clerk sends in a bill for 500 or 1,000 dollars, as he thinks fit.

“1074. Is that merely for pleading, or are there any charges for copying papers?—The costs are all separate. He sends in a bill for ‘Arguing the Cause in Court of Appeal, 500 dollars,’ or whatever the charge may be.

“1075. In the case of a gentleman who confines himself solely to the duty of an advocate, his fee would be arranged by the attorney or advocate conducting the cause?—No; he would send in a charge in his own name, or that of the firm, and probably there are fewer of those bills disputed than any others in the world.

“1076. It is recoverable by law?—Yes.

“1077. Is it a quantum valeat?—If it were to be resisted, it would be left, of course, to the court and to the opinion of lawyers of some standing, whether it was too great a fee or not.

“1078. Would not the court refer it?—Yes.

“1079. It could be sued for before a jury, could not it?—Yes.

“1080. Does that fee go to the partnership, or to the advocate alone?—To the partnership.

“1081. The bill is sent in as a partnership bill?—Yes. The bill is sent in as a partnership bill for arguing cause, so-and-so, and the name of the firm.

“1082. What would be the fee in a common case like a Bill of Exchange?—In the State of New York, it would be about 2½ per cent. In the Southern States, it is 5 per cent. invariably, any-

where, on the amount recovered, no matter how large it is, when a debt is collected.

“ 1083. If nothing is recovered, is nothing paid?—The expenses are usually paid ; but nothing more.

“ 1084. Is that the case, whether the action is disputed or not; suppose a Bill of Exchange pleaded for delay?—Ordinarily, there is nothing in the Southern States, except the commission.

“ 1085. In ordinary causes, it does not depend upon success?—No.

“ 1086. What do you call sending a bill for selection, must you go to court?—Yes ; you must go to court by a regular suit, if a demand by counsel is unsuccessful.

“ 1087. Is not 2½ per cent. rather high upon a large bill, if there is really no defence?—Yes ; but ordinarily, in the State of New York, and in all the great commercial cities, there is a special agreement made in those matters, when it varies from the ordinary rules in collection cases.

“ 1088. In the case of a bill of 1,000*l.*, 25*l.* is a large fee, if there is really no dispute?—Yes.”

Let us not be misunderstood as suggesting the amalgamation of the two professions, as in America. We quote the above merely to show that in that practical country they have upon consideration set aside the privilege heretofore conferred upon an university degree, and admit all alike to practise who can pass the examination.

In England at present it is a moot point whether an examination before admission to practise should not be compulsory. The witnesses examined before the Commission gave different opinions on the subject, but no one proposed to do what the Irish Benchers do—impose an additional two years' probation upon those who have not the mystical and metaphysical aid of a degree from a royally-chartered university.

The course, then, for our friends to pursue, is to insist that for all students, whether graduates or not graduates, a three years' apprenticeship, or attendance at Terms, shall be sufficient for admission to practice as attorneys or barristers, and that the stamp duties for all should be exactly the same. The Dublin University Commissioners have repeatedly urged that the power of admission to the Bar in Ireland should be “entirely entrusted to the Benchers of the King's Inns.” We doubt the propriety of giving them this absolute power, and we think the cause of legal education would be served if they were kept in wholesome fear of competition, by allowing all persons

called to the Bar in England, to practise here on producing a certificate of their call, just as is done in the colonies. Something of this kind was done here in 1792. Prior to the Emancipation Act of that year, the English Inns of Court had been in the habit of admitting Catholics as students, and to practise under the Bar as Special Pleaders and Conveyancers. The strict letter of the Penal Laws had been enforced against them in this country. In order to remedy this, the 7th and 8th Sections of that Act, the 32nd Geo. 3, ch. 21, provided that any Catholic who had been entered before the 20th January, 1792, as a student in any of the Inns of Court in England, should be entitled to be entered in the King's Inns "as of the day on which the certificate of his entry into such English Inn of Court bears date," and to be admitted to the Bar as if he had been entered a student in the King's Inns "on the day of the date of the said English certificate." It will be easy to improve upon this precedent. We have an exact precedent in the case of another learned profession. There is a College of Surgeons in St. Stephen's Green, but the difficulties interposed by it to an admission to the rank and dignity of a surgeon are so great, that most of our medical students find it cheaper and more convenient to go to London and obtain their diplomas there, than to wait for them here. We need scarcely add that it is just as lawful for them to kill and slay their Celtic brethren under letters of license from the dissecting establishment in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, as under any from its rival in Stephen's Green. We have also the satisfaction to state that the latter establishment has of late seen the unwisdom of its courses, and has taken, or is about to take, steps for making it as cheap for Irish students to buy their diplomas in the home, as in the foreign market. If we pursue a like course of treatment with the establishment in Henrietta Street, we shall soon find it amenable to justice and common sense, and then the Catholic University will have, so far as the legal professions are concerned, that which alone it wants, fair play and no favour.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—(1) *Adelaide, Queen of Italy; or the Iron Crown.* An Historical Tale. By WILLIAM BERNARD MACCABE. London: Dolman, 1856.

(2) *Florine, Princess of Burgundy.* A Tale of the First Crusaders. By WILLIAM BERNARD MACCABE. Second edition. Dublin: Duffy, 1855.

One of the most fertile sources of anti-Catholic prejudice, not only in England, but in every Protestant country of Europe, has been the active and unscrupulous use which writers of various degrees of ability have made of the so-called Historical Novel, as an instrument of misrepresentation. So universal is the influence which it exercises, and so numerous the classes which it is enabled to reach, that the apologist of Catholic principles in vain recurs to the ordinary and serious means of vindication in order to counteract it. We have never ceased, therefore, to represent the mistaken indifference of which Catholics have so long been guilty, in leaving to their adversaries the all but undisputed possession of the field of historical fiction, and to urge, by every argument, the necessity of encountering an evil from which we have so long suffered, by turning to the vindication of the truth, what has from immemorial use become the exclusive vehicle of falsehood and of calumny.

Among those of our popular writers who have felt most sensibly the importance of this policy, and who, even in the scanty intervals of an anxious and busy career, have devoted themselves most earnestly to its service, is the able author of "*Bertha*," Mr. MacCabe. The laborious and extensive historical researches in which he was long engaged during the compilation of his *Catholic History of England*, have peculiarly fitted Mr. MacCabe for the lighter task to which he has since devoted some of his occasional hours of leisure. He has already turned to a useful and interesting account more than one episode of mediæval history; and we rejoice to find that he has been repaid, by a steady and increasing popularity. The

large circulation of his "Bertha" and "Florine," both of which have been reprinted in a cheap and popular form, is a pleasing evidence of the growth of a taste among our people for higher and better qualities in a work of fiction, than the ephemeral excitement of an ingenious plot or a series of startling adventures.

But among all Mr. MacCabe's tales we can confidently predict for that now before us, "Adelaide, Queen of Italy," the largest circle of readers, and the most permanent as well as most general success. It is founded upon the romantic story of that beautiful princess, the daughter of Rodolf of Burgundy; and it has an especial historical interest in relation to our own times, inasmuch as it details with singular clearness and force the complicated series of causes in the affairs of Italy, which first led to the interposition of that German influence, which, with few interruptions, has ever since been maintained in the Italian Peninsula.

With perhaps a less variety of personages than is found in his former stories, "Adelaide" contains more of individual character, and develops each individual character with greater care and minuteness. Lothaire, Berengar, and Adalbert, are drawn from the very life. We hardly know in the whole range of historical fiction, a more charming sketch than that of the heroine Adelaide; and its beauty is, if possible, enhanced by the contrast of the revolting but most just and truthful delineation of Willa, the wife of Berengar.

We must, however, leave to our readers the pleasure of discovering for themselves the details of the narrative, which is as full of dramatic interest as it is of solid historical information. But we cannot help observing, as an evidence of the writer's artistic skill as well as of his sound religious feeling, that he has drawn this beautiful and edifying story from one of the darkest and most painful periods of mediæval history,—a period from which even Cardinal Baronius has turned away in sorrow and dismay. And yet in this Mr. MacCabe has not once compromised the truth of history. Without disguising a single one of the horrors of the period, he has turned them to their true account as a moral lesson, and as an illustration of God's providence towards His Church in her humiliation no less than in her glory.

II.—*Flemish Interiors*. By the writer of “a Glance behind the Grilles.” Longman and Co., Paternoster Row, London.

This work supplies a great desideratum in English literature. We have plenty of Hand-books instructing the Tourist in the *matériel* of the countries, which he has to travel through; but we have few or none concerning the *morale* of those countries.

The book before us treats of the religious, charitable, and educational establishments of Belgium;—a country where the church has for the last twenty-five years enjoyed the greatest freedom, and has turned that freedom to a noble account. The churches and chapels—the religious houses for both sexes—the hospitals—the orphanages—the asylums for the aged or infirm—the schools, whether elementary, or of a higher kind, whether for the people or for the upper classes—successively pass under review. Though the same class of objects has often to be described, yet has the author with a happy talent placed those objects under different aspects, and thus avoided tedious or irksome repetition. With the account of some religious house is often interwoven a brief history of the rise and progress of the order or congregation, to which it may belong; or pleasing or edifying anecdotes of some of its more eminent members are interspersed in the narrative.

Nor is the book confined to an account of the religious or educational institutes of Belgium. The social customs and manners of her remarkable people are occasionally noticed; and the adventures, more or less incident to all travelling, related as they are with a natural liveliness, form a very pleasing back-ground to the graver objects depicted in the work. The conversations of eminent personages, whom the author meets with, impart a more life-like interest to the narrative; while a happy memory enables the writer to transcribe remarks heard in such conversations, and even long fragments of important sermons. The descriptions of different localities are very graphic; the style is easy and natural, though we should suggest a less frequent use of French words and phrases; and considerable acquaintance with classical as well as with modern literature is evinced. Rumour has ascribed the work to a lady; and, indeed, there are many of those minute traits and delicate touches, which betray the feminine hand.

We shall in our next Number give a fuller critique of this useful as well as interesting work.

III.—*General Comte de Rhadow. A Transparency.* Translated from the MS. of Baron Frederick de Dachenhausen. Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby, 1856.

“General Comte de Rhadow” is a very unequal story. Some of its scenes are sketched with great vigour and elegance, while others (although but a few,) are extravagant and improbable to the very last degree. The general aim and tendency of the tale, however, are admirable, and if a few pages could be modified or suppressed, would deserve our warmest commendation.

IV.—*The History of Sedgley Park School, Staffordshire.* By F. C. HUSENBETH, D.D., An Old Parker. Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby, 1856.

Dr. Husenbeth's task in the preparation of this history has plainly been a labour of love. It is intended, of course, mainly for those who, like the venerated author, are connected with Sedgley Park by that dearest of all ties which binds men from youth to age to the Alma Mater. For them, especially, it is full of curious and pleasant reminiscences. But there is no English Catholic to whom it will not be heartily acceptable. As a contribution to Catholic history, it fills up a space which a few years more would have left hopelessly blank; and preserves a number of interesting and even important facts, both general and personal, the knowledge of which, had not Dr. Husenbeth hastened to record them, would have perished with the generation which is now on the eve of passing away.

For the “Parkers” it has too many charms to need any recommendation at our hands. To the students of the Catholic history of the last century, it will supply much curious and interesting information, which it would be hopeless to seek in any other quarter.

V.—*Mediæval Preachers and Mediæval Preaching.* By the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. London: Mozley, 1856.

The reader may recollect a very striking article on Mediæval Preaching, which appeared in the Christian Remembrancer for July 1854. Mr. Neale, the writer of that article, has been induced to expand it into the present volume. He has multiplied the specimens of the preachers

upon whose sermons the article was founded, and he has arranged them in chronological order; so that what was originally but a sketch, is now not merely an interesting historical summary, but to some extent a valuable practical treatise, from which our modern preachers may derive much solid instruction.

The volume is, of course, addressed to Mr. Neale's brethren of the Establishment. But we may claim it as our own upon a twofold title—the right of inheritance as well as the title of doctrinal tradition.

VI.—*The Blessed Sacrament; or the Works and Ways of God.* By FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D. Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Second Edition. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

In modern literature it is found that no works are more eagerly received by the public than those which give, in an easy form, the results of deep science. Dr. Faber has effected in theology a concession, like that which popular progress is asking and obtaining in the lower sciences. And the result would seem to be no less acceptable. Of his three heart-stirring treatises, "All for Jesus," "Growth in Holiness," and "The Blessed Sacrament," the first has already reached its sixth edition in England; and the second edition of the present work is dated just eleven months after the appearance of the first. In this edition, the preface, after specifying three classes of emendations made, (it is with humility declared,) in consequence of the criticisms of friends—goes on to say:—"One objection which some have made, I have been unable to meet, viz., that the minute theological teaching of the schools will not be popular. But in truth I wrote the book with the hope it would be so. To meet this objection, therefore, I must either have left it unwritten, or now withdraw it from circulation. But it is an objection, the value of which nothing but the event, that is, success or failure, can really decide. The book must make the experiment at its own risk. It hopes to find not a few with whom an increase of theological knowledge is only another expression for an increase in the love of God."

VII.—*Questions of the Soul*. By J. T. HECKER. New York : Appleton and Co., 1855.

The object of Mr. Hecker's book is to press into the service of the Church the profound and anxious speculations in which the new transcendental school of America delights to indulge. His work is a "Philosophy of Religion," addressed chiefly to thinkers of this school. It abounds in brilliant and eloquent passages, and for a certain class of readers cannot fail to prove both useful and attractive.

VIII.—*Calvinism in its Relations to Scripture and Reason*. By the REV. ALEXANDER MUNRO, Professor in the Scotch College, Valladolid. Glasgow : Margey, 1856.

During the last fifteen years the engrossing interest of the Tractarian movement has attracted the whole current of Catholic controversy into that single channel. We have lost sight of all other forms of dissent from the Church. The older subjects of discussion for a time have gone into abeyance. Questions which used to occupy the first place in every dispute between Protestants and Catholics—the authority of the Church, the sufficiency of Scripture—the Real Presence, and many similar discussions, have of late been assumed as points which it was no longer necessary to examine. In a word, the whole field of controversy has been shifted, with the shifting of parties and principles which this new phase of Protestantism has occasioned.

And yet throughout this entire time there has been a large and influential section of Protestants upon whom this new form of the controversy has been completely thrown away, and who have clung to the old tenets of Protestantism with an earnestness heightened by the very desertions which they witnessed all around. And in Scotland, particularly, the fervour of the Calvinistic zeal has not only outlived the novelties of Tractarianism, but has gained even strength from the reaction which these novelties produced.

It is with no little satisfaction, therefore, that we welcome the return to the olden forms of controversy, of which Mr. Munro has set the example in the admirable work upon our table. It is a complete and methodical, although thoroughly popular, examination of the entire system of Calvinism, not only in its relations to Scripture, but in all

its moral and philosophical bearings. The work is indeed, in the best sense of the word, a complete and systematic examination of the articles of the Westminster Confession.

Some portions of the volume, therefore, especially the first chapter, necessarily traverse the same ground which has commonly been taken by Catholics in their older controversies; but the second and third chapters will be almost entirely new to English readers. They regard the more peculiarly characteristic tenets of Calvinism, and contain many striking and original views of the awful and mysterious questions which it involves. The work is in many respects one of the most important acquisitions to our stock of popular controversial literature which we have received for several years.

IX.—1. *The National Review*, April 1856. Theobald, London.

2.—*National Democratic Review*, April and May, 1856. Washington : Buell.

3.—*Putnam's Monthly*, January, 1856. New York : Dix and Edwards. London : Sampson, Lord, and Co.

4.—*The Lamp*. New Series. Nos. II., III., IV., 1856. London : Dolman.

5.—*Catholic Institute and Magazine*. Nos. 2, 3, 6, 7, 9. 1856. Liverpool : Rockliff and Son. London : Burns and Lambert.

6.—*The Book and its Missions*. Specimen Number, 1856. Dedicated to the British and Foreign Bible Societies. Bagster and Sons.

We propose to class together this miscellaneous collection of periodical literature, although of very different pretensions. The *National Review* is a work of considerable merit ; out of nine articles six consist of genuine literary criticism ; somewhat superficial perhaps, but refined, acute and vivacious. We may bring it as a charge against one of the writers, that in reviewing Macaulay's history he has passed too slightly over those cardinal points upon which depend this author's fitness to be an historian at all ; but it would be difficult to find a more delicate analysis of his style, both of thought and writing, and of the fascination which it exercises. The same may be said of a criticism upon the poetry of Rogers. A long article upon the "Characteristics of Göethe" is very interesting, and writ-

ten with much excellent feeling, both for morality and literature ; although in respect to the former the writer is driven into some inconsistencies from his unwillingness to admit the plain truth of Göethe's character, that his was one of the many instances of a luxuriant poetic intellect, accompanying a cold bad heart ; as if thrifty nature had stunted the moral qualities in proportion to the vigorous development she had given to the intellect.

In politics this new Review does not appear superior to the prejudices of the day, but nevertheless the subject is treated sensibly, and with fairness. And for Theology, there is a long clever article upon "Mediatorial religion," in which the whole system of the Christian faith is taken to pieces, considered, debated upon, and put together according to fancy, in a style which must greatly suit the views of the "enlightened nineteenth century." These two important points being thus arranged so as to be no hindrance, we augur success for a work of unquestionable spirit and power.

The "Democratic Review," an American periodical, is also new ; and we find some indications of its being Catholic in faith ; but so uncatholic in spirit, so boisterous, fierce, and unreasoning ; we cannot feel that its success, if it should succeed, will in any single point be beneficial to religion or to humanity. Slavery as an institution of the land is upheld and justified ; not a modification suggested, or a hope held out ; it is simply considered with reference to the convenience of the slave owner. We have nothing to say to the American politics of the Review, of which the leading points are opposition to the Know-nothings and limitation to the power of Congress over individual States. With regard to other nations, hatred to England is the one passion expressed ; aggression the one law admitted. There are few of our readers who do not know something of American newspapers: from the most rampant amongst them they may form an idea of the style in which this review addresses the "Noble Democracy" upon these points ; calling upon them "to plant themselves upon high ground, to re-write the laws of nations ; to abrogate by an American dash of the pen, the dull and time-worn rescripts of constitutional and monarchical Europe," &c., &c., &c.; in plain English urging as a matter of right the seizure of the whole soil of the new world for the United States of America. After this

we are told "when our national flag shall be not only the beacon, but the protector, of the world; then, indeed, will the political millennium have arrived; then, indeed, will the mind of man pour forth the unrestrained torrents of its love and wisdom; then, indeed, may the arts and sciences aspire to their Utopian perfection. Our fate is in our own hands, and the path is clear before us. To the Genius of American liberty, we repeat, there is nothing impossible!"

Putnam's Monthly is not Catholic; rather the contrary. It has some pretensions in point of literature, but the articles are eccentric; rather too much so to render a judgment upon the first number a safe one. In the first article the "Shakespearian Drama" is, with some wit and more audacity, denied altogether to be the work of William Shakespeare! the "pet horse-boy at Blackfriars, the wit and good fellow of the London link holders, the menial attaché and élève of the playhouse, the future actor and joint proprietor of the new Theatre on the Bank-side"..... "this Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe, this mild, respectable obliging man," is, with some ingenuity and eloquence, declared to have been incapable, from position and character, of producing these wonderful plays.

The theory is that they were entrusted to him, by "One with learning broad enough, and deep enough, and subtle enough; one with nobility of aim and philosophic and poetic genius enough, to be able to claim his own, his own immortal progeny, undwarfed, unblinded, undeprived of one ray or dimple of that all providing reason that informs them; one who is able to reclaim them, even now, cured and perfect in their limbs, and absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them." Shakespeare, it seems merely received these plays, treated them as part of the furniture of his theatre, is termed "traitor and miscreant" for taking so little care of them, and we are told that of this heavy retired country gentleman...this old tradesman, this old showman and hawker of plays, this old lackey" we may "enlarge the vacant platitudes of the forehead as we will pile up the artificial brains in the frontispiece to any height which the credulity of an awe struck public will hesitate to pronounce idiotic," and so on, but that we are merely idealising a creation of our own. We have been amused by the audacity of this paradox; but taken more seriously, it is a crime thus to invade the memory of the

mighty dead, without real and tangible grounds to which the author can make no pretension. But enough of this. There follows an article or two upon the natural scenery of America, which are highly graphic, one or two which have to us all the raciness of genuine portraitures of foreign manners; and some criticisms too utterly warped by religious prejudice to be considered in any other light than as smart pieces of writing.

We turn now to the far more interesting Catholic publications.

"The Lamp" contains a great deal of useful miscellaneous information, chiefly Catholic, in the newspaper style; its reprints of the Jew of Verona, and the translation of Bossuet on the Apocalypse, are valuable, but there is a great want of selection in the original contributions: one we cannot refrain from mentioning; it must, we think, have escaped the attention of the Editor; it is a hymn for Holy Saturday, and touches upon some of the deepest and most tender mysteries of the Faith, in a style of which we can give no idea without quotation. We will select the following:

"Then I will kneel by Mary dear,
Her beating bosom I will hear,
While she is weeping near the grave,
Of Him who came all men to save.
And shall I softly say, 'Mamma,'
You are disconsolate and careworn; Ah!
Why not make your chaplain say
Mass for your husband's soul to-day?"

And much more of the same character against which, for its absurdity and almost profane irreverence, we cannot too strongly protest.

The Catholic Institute contains some amusing tales, and a few well-written articles. Its Anti-English feeling we regret; but if it must needs be indulged, (and with some Catholics it has become almost a new article of the creed,) let it be at least expressed with so much of logic and dignity, as may not bring ridicule upon *ourselves*. Montalembert's eulogy of England and her institutions, has called down upon both a storm of invectives, exceedingly indiscriminating, and as we think, often unjust; but, be that as it may, is there much

sense in such a passage as the following? It is introduced by an angry tirade against the English constitution.

“Such was not the ideal of a monarchy stamped with the divine approbation. Let us look, for a few moments, at that most interesting crisis of the Old-Testament history, the request of the Israelites for a human king, ‘to judge us as all nations have.’ The sin of that people was, that, insensible of their wonderful privilege and honour in having the Almighty Himself for their Sovereign, they desired, from mere secular motives, to fall into the rank of the idolatrous people round them, and obstinately said, in the face of the patriot Samuel’s remonstrances, ‘Nay, but we will be like all nations; and our king shall go out before us, and fight our battles.’ What, then, did the prophet say in reply? Did he tell them they should have a *constitutional* king? one who, instead of fighting their battles, should stay at home, with every appliance that security and luxury could give, while the blood of his generals and soldiers was shed like water far away; one whose sole power should be that of choosing a prime minister, to act as long as the majority of the ‘representatives of the people’ should be pleased to allow him? One whose very words, addressed to this assembly on the greatest interests of the kingdom, should be composed for him, and recited by him as a parrot might be taught to recite them? No: such precious ideas had not entered men’s heads in those days, but were reserved for Hume’s, Smollet’s, and Walpole’s to cherish and admire. The prophet Samuel gives a very different description of the nature of the kingly office, and says, ‘They shall be the RIGHT of the king that shall reign over you. He will take your sons and put them in his chariots, and make them his horsemen, and running footmen to run before his chariots,* and will appoint of them to be his tribunes and centurions, and to plough his fields and reap his corn, and make him arms and chariots. Your daughters also will he take, to make him ointments, and be his cooks and bakers. And he will take your fields and give them to his servants. Moreover, he will take the tenth of your corn and revenues to give his eunuchs and servants. Your servants also, and handmaids, and goodliest young men will he take away, and put them to his work.’ Now, the plain English, so to speak, of all this was, ‘If you have a king, he must be really one. Almighty God will not allow you to trifle with one of His own attributes, reflected in a vice-gerent. Your king will not be your highest public servant but your *master*.’ And so it proved. And the moral of the history, to us Christians and Catholics, is this;

* This is just what was done by the kings of France, and, to qualify the runners by giving them additional breath, a particular operation was performed on them:—their *spleens* were cut out.

that, instead of looking, with stupid admiration, on what is called a 'constitutional monarchy,' we should despise it as a contemptible humbug, entirely the offspring of Protestantism, and never realized among men till first the 'Reformation,' and then the Revolution of 1688, had perverted our glorious old Saxon and Catholic system, and brought in the present corrupt and heartless one, infallibly pregnant with the seeds of its own decay."

We think an Englishman might not unfairly retort that all human institutions were "pregnant with the seeds of their own decay." That the model king offered no temptation to exchange for him *any* system that would work at all, and that as, according to the writer's own showing, Saul (and most of his successors probably,) were direct chastisements from God, a nation might be pardoned for endeavouring to avoid such a visitation as long as possible. If we have not spoken flatteringly of these two Catholic Magazines, it is not that we do not admit their merits, and also the great difficulties through which they must have struggled in order to attain to their present position, but we would gladly see them aim still higher, in order to ensure the full measure of usefulness, of which they are capable; they should not rest so much upon their exclusive Catholicity; but having in view the great talent and research with which Protestant publications of the same class are conducted; we could wish that they would combine greater variety of subjects, more general information, and a more polished and earnest style of writing, with the merit which they now possess, and the sound religious sentiments they have always advocated.

We now introduce the very first number of a work entitled "The Book and its Missions," which has oddly enough been sent to us; it professes "to meet a want long expressed by collectors for Bible Societies, of something which shall tell their subscribers what is being done with their money." If it would do this fairly, it would be a not unprofitable task to collate its statements with those of our far-famed "Annals for the propagation of the Faith." Take China, for instance, read (with some envy,) the statement of £39,000. having been allotted for the sole purpose of distributing bibles in China, with £1,000 more for the expense of carriage—then study the results; "seven additional excursions have been undertaken into the interior; and by this means about 1,000 New Testaments, 2,000 portions of ditto, and 500 Bibles, have been

distributed. The circulation is already bringing forth fruit ; persons come to see us from distant parts, who have read and approved the Scriptures ; and some appear to have derived saving benefit from their perusal." Then follows an account of the interior of China, quoted avowedly from the travels of Huc, after which we hear in a few lines concerning Messrs. Cobbold, Medhurst, and Edkin, that they had travelled over 500 miles of the country, through seven Chinese cities, and across hills 4,000 feet high, and were everywhere well received ; the result of the expedition is summed up in this, that "they found the priests very civil, some of them intelligent, and all eager for books." Messrs. Burdon and Taylor have distributed 109 Testaments and 400 portions of Scripture, (by whose authority we wonder are these "portions" doled out to the Bible-reader,) and Messrs. Muirhead and Edkins, 150 Testaments and 30 Bibles, and upon the conduct of some of their readers these books are believed to have had a "marked influence." Mr. Medhurst has given away 690 New Testaments, and 100 Bibles, and adds, "The Colporteurs we have engaged have been out several times distributing the Scriptures in a quiet and judicious manner. They have sometimes met with opposition on account of attacking the superstitions of the Chinese, but a little friendly talk has allayed the ferment. They have both of them kept journals, and one has a list of the names of persons to whom he has given copies." This is absolutely the whole result obtained in China ; in other countries it is very similar,—let it be compared with our bishoprics, colleges, convents, martyrs, and confessors of the Faith, and it will be seen that the Roman Catholic Missionary, who is patronizingly spoken of, as "having travelled far and wide in the East, with his patine, his crucifix, and his rosary," has at any rate had the Divine blessing upon his labours.

X.—*The Primitive Doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration.* By J. B. MOZLEY, B. D. Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. London : Murray, 1856.

We think it sufficient to inform our readers of the publication of this work. The writer is already known to them, and neither the subject nor the mode of treating it, require any fresh notice.

XI.—*Meditations of Divine Love; or, a Spiritual Retreat of Ten Days, on the Love of God, as Displayed in the Great Truths and Mysteries of the Christian Religion.* From the French of the REV. FATHER VINCENT HUBY, S. J. Revised by a member of the Society of Jesus. Dublin: Gerald Bellew.

No recommendation is required for this new edition of the *Meditations* of the eminent French Jesuit and servant of God, Father V. Huby, who died in the odour of sanctity. As a popular adaptation of the Exercises of the great Master of the spiritual life, St. Ignatius, this work will be found excellently suited to meet the wants of those Christians who devote themselves to the salutary practice of mental prayer, or who make spiritual retreats at stated times.

XII.—*An Outline of the Life of the Very Rev. Antonio Rosmini, Founder of the Institute of Charity.* Translated from the Italian by Sisters of the Convent of our Lady at Greenwich. Edited by the Rev. Father Lockhart. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

Few men more remarkable in the Age or in the Church, has this nineteenth century produced, than Rosmini, Archpriest of St. Mark, at Rovereto. To propound such a theory original and Christian, in the doctrines of perception and of existence as should refute by supplanting them the false metaphysics of the time, sensism, idealism, materialism, and pantheism; to establish religion on a new vantage-ground, like that the Fathers gave it from Plato, and the Schools from Aristotle—this was one work of Rosmini's, and yet he was denounced as the bringer in of an infidel philosophy; the honoured friend of three Popes, he was made a mark for the bitterest suspicions of some Catholics, and blackened by the praises of sworn foes to the papacy; a consultor of the Sacred Congregation of the Index, he was himself once and again a defendant at its bar; and once smitten by its censure; yet only that he might surprise and edify all Christendom by the childlike Catholic humility of his submission; charged with disaffection to the Church and of leanings to the idolatries of "Young Italy," he was in his life a model of the self-renouncing perfectness of an ecclesiastic; and the Founder of Religious Congregations, charged by high sanction with

holy purposes, and especially with that of England's mission; sending to us with his rule and benediction holy priests of his land, and drawing to his Order fervent and devoted converts of our's. Such, and other features will give to the Life of Rosmini, when fully written, scope enough to raise and satisfy interest. The present "outline" pretends to no such object. It is rather the tribute of affection to a beloved Father, than a biography in the usual sense. It tells us of Rosmini's virtues, of his gigantic labours in letters, in philosophy, in religion, in charity; of his crushing heart-trials, and the saintly heroism they elicited—but it avoids altogether the polemic aspect of Rosmini's career. We are promised a full life, but no author's name is mentioned. The translation is well done. Prefixed is a lucid summary of Rosmini's philosophy by the learned Father Gustaldi, of Rugby; and subjoined is the complete list, in Italian, of Rosmini's works. These two additions would alone give the "outline" much value for the student.

XIII.—*The Eighth of December, 1854.* Some account of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, with the Dogmatic Bull of His Holiness (in Latin and English); and a preface by a Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. London: T. Jones, 10, Paternoster Row.

The Rev. dignitary who introduces this little publication to the Catholic public (for we recognise the initials of a Chamberlain of His Holiness at the end of the preface), truly remarks that a complete and corrected narrative of so important an event as that of December 8th 1854, in a permanent and convenient form, together with the Dogmatic Bull of the Holy Father, cannot fail to be acceptable to the servants of Mary. The account seems very carefully and correctly written; and it is introduced with some appropriate remarks on the general subject of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, with especial reference to Protestant misrepresentations respecting the recent definition. The author (to whom we are also indebted for the sketch of the life of St. Edward we lately noticed, and some other publications,) quotes the remarkable words of the Protestant Bishop Hall, expressing devotion to the Blessed Virgin: "How worthily is she honoured of men, (says Dr. Hall,) whom the angel proclaimed beloved of God! O! Blessed Mary, we cannot bless thee, *we cannot honour thee too much,*

that deifies thee not, [thus expressing exactly, though unconsciously, both the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church.] 'That which the angel said of thee thou hast prophesied of thyself. We believe the angel and thee. All generations shall call thee blessed by the fruit of whose womb all generations are blessed.'" We observe that a Protestant quarterly bestows some attention upon this most interesting publication.

XIV.—1. *Hardwicke's Shilling Peerage, for 1856.* By EDWARD WALFORD, Esq., M.A. Balliol College, Oxford. London: Hardwicke, 26, Duke Street, Piccadilly.

2.—*Hardwicke's Shilling Baronetage and Knightage, for 1856.* By EDWARD WALFORD, Esq., M.A. Balliol College, Oxford. London: Hardwicke, 26, Duke Street, Piccadilly.

3.—*Hardwicke's Shilling House of Commons.* By EDWARD WALFORD, Esq., M.A., Balliol College, Oxford. London: Hardwicke, 26, Duke Street, Piccadilly.

4.—*Hardwicke's Electoral Representation of the United Kingdom, from the Reform Act of 1832 down to the present time.* By EDWARD WALFORD, Esq. M.A., Balliol College, Oxford. London: Hardwicke, 26, Duke Street, Piccadilly.

5.—*Hardwicke's Annual Biography for 1856.* By EDWARD WALFORD, Esq., M.A., Balliol College, Oxford. London: Hardwicke, 26, Duke Street, Piccadilly.

We heartily recommend this series of publications to our readers, who will find in them an immense quantity of useful, and for the most part, accurate information, in the cheapest possible form; and should, as we hope will be the case, Mr. Walford carry forward his design, each year will necessarily increase the value and importance of his publications. The Electoral Manual contains some valuable introductory remarks, which show in an unmistakeable form how much the actual number of Irish members falls below its equitable proportion. This work also presents a bird's-eye view of the Electoral history of every County and Borough since 1832, and leaves a column of remarks for carrying on the history during the current year. Perhaps wisely, the Author has not given any information as to the politics of any of the members. The biography is an excellent idea, and appears to us to be executed with great accuracy.

XV.—*Personal Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement, with Illustrations from Dr. Newman's "Loss and Gain."* A Lecture Addressed to the Islington Catholic Popular Club. By **FREDERICK OAKELEY, M. A. Oxon.** London: Burns and Lambert, 1855.

When shall the history of the Oxford movement be written in its entirety? May such a history be reasonably expected with the present generation? Or is it to be executed piecemeal by different actors, each describing his own share, and the immediate circle in which he formed an item? If it is destined to the latter fate, to be composed in detached pictures and fragmentary sketches, we trust that they will fall into the hands of artists such as the author of these charming "*Personal Reminiscences*." No one who knows Mr. Oakeley need be told of the brilliancy, the terseness, the racy English character of his writing, and above all, of the genuine tenderness and depth of feeling which pervades them. In none of his published works are these high qualities displayed more lavishly than in the admirable Lecture to the Club which he has himself organized, which has been published under this pleasing title. Few who have passed through the scenes which he describes, can read these Reminiscences without emotion. Few we are sure of those whose hearts still cling to the fond hope which so long supported the earnest and sincere men who were the partners and companions of his struggle, can fail to derive warning, mingled with consolation, from the result as he depicts it. In a few slight touches Mr. Oakeley does thorough justice to the noble conception of Charles Reding. Would that every generous child of Anglicanism could realize the picture which he draws, and lay it earnestly to heart!

XVI.—*The Philosophy of the Stomach, or an exclusively Animal Diet the most Wholesome and fit for Man.* By **BERNARD MONCRIFF.** London: Longman, 1856.

This book commences with an account of Mr. Moncriff; his tastes, opinions, history, health, and matrimonial views. It launches then into speculations of Deistical German Philosophy, which we think we have met with before; in the present instance they have their use, for they lead us—in a round about method, to the conclusion that the centre,

and primary object of importance throughout creation, is the human stomach; and that its great type and model is the stomach of Mr. Moncriff. Of course we have then the story of that wearisome old gentleman, Lewis Cornaro, and an account of Mr. Moncriff's having, in emulation of him, lived for six months mainly upon milk and sweet almonds, and being all the better for it! Having thus brought himself, he says, to his original condition of babyhood, having the world before him as to the choice of diet, he resolved to live entirely upon animal diet, "without any vegetable or condiment whatever:" and he describes himself as having attained through this diet to such a charming condition of mind and body, that we think really a young lady might do worse than take the hint thrown out in his preface. Seriously, it is astonishing how many plausible arguments are given in favour of his system, which is most ingeniously advocated.

XVII.—*Descriptive and Historical Notices of some Remarkable Northumbrian Castles, Churches, and Antiquities, with Biographical Notices of Eminent Persons.* By WILLIAM SIDNEY GIBSON, Esq., F.S. A. F. G. London: Pickering.

The three volumes which constitute this elegant work, may almost be considered as distinct books. They have been published at different dates, and the subjects are given rather as they have arisen spontaneously under the author's pen, than according to any exact design. In the second volume of the series, Mr. Gibson has collected, into a short memoir, many interesting particulars of the young heroic Earl of Derwentwater, one of those few characters upon which the mind can rest with unmixed pleasure: not less good than he was magnanimous, his fidelity to his religion merited that bright crown of happiness, without which the destiny of such a man would have been a tragedy indeed. Shorter biographical notices of the worthies of former days, and genealogical histories of several noble families are introduced in connection with the scenes the author has visited. These volumes contain notices of nineteen of the most interesting spots in Northumberland; castles, ruined monasteries, long established charities, and parish churches, which have an historical as well as an architectural interest. Mr. Gibson, himself a

member of Antiquarian, Architectural, and Archaeological societies, is well qualified in every way to do them justice ; he has as keen a sense of natural, as he has an instructed taste for architectural beauty. Stronger than either, perhaps, is his love of moral worth, and a value for what is venerable and orderly, which will infallibly procure for him the epithet of Puseyite, amongst the generality of his readers. How, indeed, can any man write from predilection on such subjects as Mr. Gibson has chosen, without deserving the appellation? We would fain hope that with such feelings as his, he will not long continue on such "debateable land." We can only say that to Catholics there is not one of these works of former ages, the history of which does not bring gratification ; not one of the contrasts incidentally afforded, between the National Church of a former, and that of the present age, which does not heighten that gratification by a feeling of grateful triumph. Mr. Gibson, however, has no insidious intention ; he labours heartily to do justice to every praiseworthy character and incident belonging to the Church of England ; and, amongst others, we read with awe and wonder the record of the virtues and good works of Bernard Gilpin ; be it permitted to us to notice and lament over him especially. Would that he had been less excellent, or that his kindred had not cause to grieve over him as a fallen star—fallen from that firmament in which he should have shone with such a glorious lustre !

XVIII.—1. *Third Yearly Report of the Cork Young Men's Society.* Cork : Roche, 1856.

2. *The Jesuit Missions of Paraguay.* A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Society of Limerick. By Brother Stephen O'Donnell. Dublin : Duffy, 1856.

There are evidences of life and energy, literary as well as religious, in this young institution, the significance of which it is impossible to overrate. The Cork Report is an extremely able, practical, and satisfactory document, and appears to place the fortunes of the Society in that city beyond all the perils which are incidental to every new undertaking. Mr. O'Donnell's lecture is a very pleasing and popular, as well as learned, summary of the story of one of the most curious episodes in the entire history of

colonization. We trust that the example of these active and meritorious branch-societies will find imitators in all the leading Catholic communities throughout the empire.

XIX.—*Authentic Account of the Occupation of Carlisle in 1745.* By Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Edited by George Gill Mounsey. London : Longman and Co. 1856.

There are episodes in history—brief periods—of which the events address themselves in an unusual manner to the feelings of the heart ; and produce rich crops of heroic virtues and great deeds. Such events have an interest far beyond any which they derive from their intrinsic importance ; and such a one was the attempt of the last of the Stuart line to regain his inheritance. All details concerning this period are acceptable to us. Poets and novelists have long illustrated the cause of the chevalier ; we have now a glimpse at it from another point of view ; we have here the feelings of the besieged defenders of Carlisle, awaiting “under great apprehensions” the arrival of this “rabble” of “rebels.” The most important letters which Mr. Mounsey has here given to the public, are those of Dr. Waugh, Chancellor of the Diocese ; who writes to his friends and to influential persons in London, minute accounts of the dangers and preparations of the townspeople of Carlisle ; so minute and so graphic, that it is difficult not to believe, that the delays of the existing government in suppressing insurrection were intentional ; and with a deliberate purpose of laying a trap for the Jacobites, and thus more effectually crushing them ; the humanity of which device would have been in complete accordance with the subsequent conduct of the government which was better served than it merited. Dr. Waugh, Captain Gilpin, Colonel Durand and others, did what good men might, in defence of the town ; but the North Country Militia pleased on that occasion (only) to be of Cuddie Headrigg’s opinion. They saw no reason why a man should fight “let a ’be when he’s angry,” and they clearly were *not* angry just then, so they went home, and the city surrendered. Dr. Waugh then quitted the town, and left his curate to guard his house and property from the rebels first, and then from the army of the Duke of Cumberland, which latter task he seems to have found by far the hardest of the two. The good Doctor was more zealous

as a steward than as a general intelligencer; but still his miscellaneous correspondence is valuable, and we think the public are indebted to Mr. Mounsey for his care in preserving and editing it. All the details which are given are authentic and interesting; we must not blame the editor for the omissions of which we complain. Yet it does seem curious that scores of good men and true; embarked in an unselfish, and at least a pardonable cause; including in their numbers the young, the high-born, and the chivalrous, should be butchered in such a repulsive and fearful manner; after months of cruel treatment, under the eyes of their neighbours and countrymen; and their fate not give rise to an expression of horror or of pity. Yet not one such do we find in all this correspondence, while the town was filled with suffering prisoners awaiting transportation or a miserable death. When the Duke of Cumberland threatened to give the Cathedral bells for a perquisite to his artillery, abundant pluck and energy were shewn in defending them, and they were preserved; but for their brave and loyal fellow-countrymen not so much stir was raised by the gentry of those days, as now becomes a matter of course whenever a convicted murderer is sentenced, though with all humanity and caution, to the death he has deserved. We should like to know what change is going on in the nature of the human heart.

XX.—*The Sea-Side Lesson Book, or, the Common Things of the Sea Coast.* Groombridge, 1856.

This tiny lesson book contains sound information upon every point on which a child by the sea-side is likely to be curious. We should advise any family so situated to procure it, as they will find it really useful.

XXI.—*Leaves of Grass.* Horsell, Loudon, 1856.

We have glanced through this book with disgust and astonishment;—astonishment that any one can be found who would dare to print such a farrago of rubbish,—lucubrations more like the ravings of a drunkard, or one half crazy, than anything which a man in his senses could think it fit to offer to the consideration of his fellow men. Where these bald, confused, disjointed, caricatures of blank verse have any meaning, it is generally indecent; several times execrably profane. We should not have bestowed one line of notice upon such an insult to

common sense and common propriety, as this book, but that, to our unspeakable surprise, we find bound up with it extracts from various American papers highly laudatory of this marvellous production: and we think it right to call the attention of our American readers to the fact, that *any* (even of the meanest) of their literary critics, should be mistaken enough to lend a sanction to such trash as this.

XXII.—*The Story of the War in La Vendée, and the Little Chouannerie.* By George J. Hill, M. A. Burns and Lambert.

This is the most complete, and consequently the most interesting, history we have yet seen, of one of the most glorious passages which history, ancient or modern, can produce. It is, we believe the only narrative which embraces the whole of the period from the time when the discontent of the Vendéans broke into open rebellion in March 1793, until the treaty by which, at the end of two years they obtained religious liberty, indemnity for their losses, and peace which continued without important interruption until 1832, when the Duchesse de Berri appeared in La Vendée to throw the interests of herself and her family again upon the loyalty of these brave people. This narrative connects the war of the Vendéans with the Chouannerie of Brittany, which was formidable to the Republic, and which was able to obtain from the terrible Emperor Napoleon terms honourable and satisfactory. In 1804 the ancient College of Vannes was reopened, and was immediately filled with youthful heroes, the sons of those heroes who had fought for their religion. These brave men having secured its freedom, now sought to maintain a priesthood to dispense its blessings to themselves and to their children. A glorious college it was, worthy of its origin and of its objects; the deeds of its young students may truly be termed the “romance of history.” The old traditions of religion and loyalty had struck deep root amongst them; uneasy during the increasing severity of the last years of Napoleon’s reign: but unsubdued in spirit, they resented his insults to the Pope, more than they dreaded that of the dangers of the conscription; and their joy may be conceived when the return of Louis XVIII. promised to satisfy every desire of their devout and loyal spirits.—Their joy was short; Napoleon returned from

Elba; but neither the allegiance of these brave boys nor the Breton peasantry, was to be transferred from hand to hand, like that of so many called their betters. They rose in arms. The account of their gallant struggle is taken almost entirely from the narrative of M. Rio;—himself one of the “little boys” amongst them; upon him the Professor made the first attempt, hoping, on account of his childish years, to persuade him to give up the little silver cross which he wore, and for which the authorities intended to substitute an Imperial Eagle. The spirit and boldness with which the child refused it, raised him to the rank of a leader amongst his comrades; and such he continued during the short but severe campaign, in which—badly armed, and only disciplined by their own self-taught exertions, these youths were constantly, and often victoriously, opposed to the veteran soldiers of the Empire. A glorious peace ensued which lasted until a Bourbon of another generation endeavoured once again to arouse the population of these provinces to incur death and disaster in the cause of that family. She was mistaken; the Vendéans had fought for their God first, then for their sovereigns. By the former they were rewarded; they won freedom of conscience, the return of their expatriated priests; the re-establishment of their churches and their colleges. From the Bourbons, whom they so long loved and defended, what was their reward? The Bourbons have passed away, and we would not bear hardly upon a family not yet extinct; could they ever again recover political importance, what a lesson might be drawn from this history. During the whole of the struggle the Vendéans found their princes to be their enemies, ever inciting them to perseverance when success was hopeless, luring them with false promises, sowing dissension amongst their chiefs, and confusion within their councils;—never once did the Bourbon princes set foot in France, to share the dangers of their adherents. Will it be believed that Turrean, the leader of “the infernal columns;” above all others, the devastator of these provinces, arraigned even before the convention for his cruelties, was named by Louis XVIII., Chevalier de St. Louis! While Hofflet and Cathelineau were refused admission into the royal gallery of Vendean generals, because they came of peasant blood!! But we are exceeding our limits and will only add that this history is compiled from the memoirs of eye-

witnesses, actors in those grand and terrible scenes; that it is filled with instances of virtue and vice, of suffering, vicissitude, and triumph, carried to the highest point of which human nature is capable, and which are narrated with energy and feeling worthy of the subject.

XXIII.—*The Iliad of Homer*, faithfully translated into unrhymed English Metre, by F. W. NEWMAN. London: Walton and Maberley, 1856.

A new translation of Homer's *Iliad* is an event in literature. Mr. Newman is, in scholarship, well equal to this great undertaking, to which he has brought not only learning, but deep and careful consideration. In an introductory chapter, the translator has laid down the principles by which he has been guided in his selection of the metre, and in the liberty he has used in the choice of language, in order to avail himself of all the wealth of the English vocabulary, and of the flexibility of all its admissible idioms, to meet the requirements of the original Greek. We cannot undertake to enter upon anything like a critical examination of its merits as a translation. We must, content ourselves with drawing the attention of our readers to its publication, and giving an opinion upon its merit as an English poem. This, after all, is the great criterion of success. For although we agree with Mr. Newman, that the object of a translator should not be to obliterate all that is characteristic of the original, and foreign in its colouring, for the sake of losing, in the smoothness of an original work, the fact of its being a translation, nevertheless, in whatever language, the poem should retain the beauty and the charm that will obtain for it a general acceptance. This new version of the *Iliad* is rough, and at times rugged; the metre is not easy to catch, or to read musically, and at times the hurrying impetuosity of the narrative produces some degree of obscurity. But in this hurrying impetuosity there is to us a great charm. In spite of the beauty of Pope's versification, we have ever felt that its continuous evenness gives a feeling of sameness, and lessens the passion as well as the reality of the narrative. In this more faithful version we are sensible that it regains this natural earnest character; multitudes of minute traits of life-like simplicity and feeling reappear. The interest of the poem is diversified and its vigour

increased by an absence of that redundancy of words which rhyme must always render necessary. With epithets that paint, and words that burn, there comes often a more tender spirit. We have not space for many extracts, but the following passage will illustrate our meaning. For the benefit of juxta-position we will give it from both versions, and first from that with which our readers are already well acquainted. (Book vi.)

“ Hither great Hector passed, nor passed unseen
Of royal Hecuba, his mother queen.
(With her Laodice, whose beauteous face
Surpassed the nymphs of Troy’s illustrious race.)
Long in a strict embrace she held her son,
And pressed his hand, and tender thus begun ;
‘ Oh Hector ! say, what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls ?
Com’st thou to supplicate th’ Almighty power,
With lifted hands from Ilion’s lofty tower ?
Stay, till I bring the cup with Bacchus crowned,
In Jove’s high name, to sprinkle on the ground,
And pay due vows to all the gods around.
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl,
Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,
The brave defender of thy country’s right.’

“ ‘ Far hence be Bacchus’ gifts,’ (the chief rejoin’d) :
‘ Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.
Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice
To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.
By me that holy office were profan’d !
Ill fits it me, with human gore distained
To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,
Or offer Heaven’s great sire polluted praise.
You with your matrons go, a spotless train !
And burn rich odours in Minerva’s fane.
The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,
Most priz’d for art, and laboured o’er with gold,
Before the goddess’ honoured knees be spread,
And twelve young heifers to her altar led.
So may the power, aton’d by fervent prayer,
Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,
And far avert Tydides’ wasteful ire,
Who mows whole troops, and makes all Troy retire.
Be this, O mother, your religious care ;
I go to rouse soft Paris to the war ;

If yet not lost to all the sense of shame,
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.
 Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,
 That pest of Troy, that ruin of our race!
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,
 Troy yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.'
 This heard, she gave command, and summon'd came
 Each noble matron and illustrious dame.
 The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
 Where treasured odours breath'd a costly scent.
 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
 Sidonian maids embroidered every part,
 Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
 With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore.
 Here as the queen revolved with careful eyes
 The various textures and the various dyes,
 She chose a veil that shone superior far,
 And glowed refulgent as the morning star.
 Herself with this the long procession leads ;
 The train majestically slow proceeds."

The following is Mr. Newman's translation, (line 250.)

<p> "Just then, benign in tenderness, Leading with her Laodike, And closely did she press his hand, 'And why, my child, thus comest thou, Achaia's children (luckless name!) Sorely, I guess, outwear the folk ; To come and raise thy hands to Jove, But stay, and let me bring thee wine. Shalt thou libations make to Jove, Firstly ; and afterwards thyself Wine to a man all wearied As wearied art thou, my son, Great Hector of the motley helm, 'Raise not to me, heart soothing wine, Lest thou my limbs unnerve, It shameth me, the sparkling wine, To Jupiter ; nor may a man To Saturn's gloomy-clouded son But thou with gifts of incense, Within her temple gathering Out of thy sacred closet choose Largest and loveliest may be This do thou place upon the knees </p>	<p> his mother came across him, the fairest of her daughters ; and spake, his name pronounc- ing ; leaving the hardy battle ? around the city warring, and thee thy mind commanded, upon the city's summit. With wine, as honey pleasant and other gods immortal, shalt by the draught be strengthened. increaseth mighty vigour ; thy kinsmen's lives defending.' then spake to her responsive : O venerable mother, and steal my memory of valour. to pour with hands unwashed with gore and filth bespattered : offer a seemly worship. seek Athene booty-driving the aged women round thee. the robe which in thy palace and to thyself the dearest ; of ample-haired Athene, </p>
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And pledge thy vow to consecrate
 Yearlings unknowing of the goad
 The city of the Troians,
 If she from sacred Ilium
 That spearsman wild and truculent,
 Do thou within her fane approach
 But I must Alexander seek
 He will to feel reproaches. Oh!

For troth ! a grievous pestilence
 And all his sons, and all his folk
 If to the house of Aïdes
 Seemeth my mind would then be
 He spake. Then she unto her halls
 To her attendants, they forthwith
 The aged women. She herself
 Where robes of curious broidery
 Wrought by Sidonian women
 Himself from Sidon brought to her
 In that emprize of voyage which
 Of these did Hecuba take one
 Which was in varied broideries
 Like to a star its brilliance was
 Then forth she hied ; and after her

twelve heifers in her temple,
 if that she deign to pity
 their wives and infant offspring.
 may ward the son of Tydeus
 stout counsellor of terror.
 Athene booty-driving :
 and summon him if haply
 that earth might yawn to gulp
 him.

to mighty-hearted Priam
 the Olympian hath reared him.
 him I beheld descending
 rid of misery's remembrance.
 departing gave commandment
 about the city gather'd
 went to her perfumed chamber,
 many and large were treasured.
 whom the godlike Alexander
 over the broad flood sailing
 bare off the high-born Helen.
 for honour to Athene,
 most beautiful and largest,
 and undermost she found it.
 poured many aged women."

In this version we can better imagine the mother coming to meet Hector, with her fair young daughter at her side : there is more straightforward tenderness in her maternal greeting ; and Hector's gentle refusal of the wine, that *his* limbs may not be unnerved, nor *his* spirit relaxed, touches us more than the small homily which Pope has put into his mouth. There is less personal petulance, and more of the chieftain's noble sorrow in his mention of his brother ; and the " aged women," who pour into the temple after their queen, are more pathetic than Pope's " spotless train" of matrons and illustrious dames. Slight touches these, but no lover of poetry will deny their value. Whether the characteristics of old Homer's genuine poem will in general estimation counterbalance the flowing melody and graceful polish of Pope's Iliad, we cannot venture to foretell ; we think it doubtful. But we ourselves have no hesitation in preferring it. In this, of all English versions, we seem best to taste the flavour and the strength of this antique epic, the model of heroic poetry.

XXIV.—*Bothwell*. A Poem in Six Parts. By W. Edmonstone Aytoun, D.C.L. Blackwood and Sons, 1856.

We have no hesitation in saying that this is a poem of the first order. It has every requisite for exciting the imagination and the feelings. The idea upon which it is founded is simple, yet full of grandeur; *Bothwell*—alone—wrestling, with instinctive bravery against the fear of death and the horrors of remorse,—pours forth in the depths of his Danish dungeon, the torrent of his agonized remembrances.

“Cold—cold! The wind howls fierce without;
It drives the sleet and snow;
With thundering hurl, the angry sea
Smites on the crags below.
Each wave that leaps against the rock
Makes this old prison reel—
God! cast it down upon my head
And let me cease to feel!
Cold—cold! The brands are burning out,
The dying embers wane;
The drops fall plashing from the roof
Like slow and sullen rain.”

This is the opening of the poem; the captive recalls the scenes of his past life with all the vividness and fire of heartfelt passion, he pleads for himself against the despair which over-masters him; he lays bare his fierce ambition, his scorn of his competitors, his rough fidelity to the land he lived in; but with these are shown the main-spring of a manly love, a half adoring passion for Mary, as woman and as queen, which gives an indescribable tenderness and pathos to the story. The Author has shown admirable knowledge of human nature in the character he ascribes to *Bothwell*; and the narrative never once flags in interest, or loses its life-like character. The man tells of events that have been as it were, burnt in upon his memory; he recalls keenly the incidents, and the feelings awakened by each successive event, he interrupts himself with groans of sorrow or remorse, he suggests excuses, recalls the counsels of his friends, the perfidy of his foes, bursts into flashes of vindictive fierceness, which again expire in the piteous wailings of the hopeless prisoner; and in the pauses of his anguish, the sea which he looks out

upon, or the church bells sounding even in his prison, recall bright visions of his own castle among his native mountains: or feelings of more softened penitence. We cannot do justice to this noble and original poem; we have not space to give by extracts an idea of the beauty and spirit of its versification; but we recommend it to our readers, who will, we doubt not, find much enjoyment in its perusal.

XXV.—1. *Conscience; or, the Trials of May Brooke.* By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. Dunigan, New York, 1856.

2. *The Hamiltons; or, Sunshine in Storm.* By Cora Berkley. Dunigan, New York, 1856.

These two beautiful stories will be an acquisition to any young person's library. They contain nothing exciting to the passions, or in other words, novel-like; yet they are full of incidents, life-like, and of real and stirring interest; thus the sentiments and precepts of religion which it is the object of both stories to inculcate, are naturally called forth; there is no appearance of parade in their expression; no need of long explanatory speeches. The saintly little heroines will have sympathy from the gayest children in their strength of piety. And, so far as we have observed, there is no fear of such sympathy being misled by anything incorrect, in the sentiments or principles. Something there is at times in the language which strikes an English ear as vulgar, but this is of little consequence, and it is vain to criticize what would probably be justified as national.

XXVI.—*The Four Martyrs.* Translated from the French of A. F. Rio. London: Burns and Lambert, 1856.

We confess to peculiar opinions concerning Biographies, and have often read with distaste and peevish criticism, the endless volumes of "Memoirs," of men about whom all that was really worth knowing, might have been condensed into a few pages. M. Rio's work is of a different kind; in one short volume he has narrated the lives of four of those heroes of virtue, who, if they are of an inferior order to the Canonised Saints, are yet beacon lights on the path of honour and truth; glorious names,

which it is a great deed to preserve for immortality. First of the number is Philip Howard, doubtless now the Patron Saint of his noble house, who on account of his religion suffered eleven years' captivity, in Elizabeth's loathsome dungeons, and died at length under all the torments which could be devised by her ingenious cruelty. Ansaldo Ceba is the next; he scarcely can be called the martyr of charity; but the perseverance and fervour with which he sought for the salvation of a friend, whom he never saw, but whose great intellectual and moral powers he desired to convert to the service of God, affords a striking instance of the exercise of this grace.

The life of Helen Comaro is one that belongs especially to the Middle Ages; she was a beautiful young woman, of wonderful genius; prompted by the ambition of her father, who looked upon her as the glory of his house, and whom she could not resolve to disappoint, she attained the highest honours of learning; in every kind of which she excelled; admitted doctor in philosophy and arts in Padua, her sex alone prevented her being made doctor also in theology. The Venetian Senate adjourned a debate on public business that they might hear Helena Comaro, and that no honour might be wanting, her hand was sought for an illustrious marriage. But these distinctions were far more glorious as crosses, than as worldly honours; vowed to chastity, torn violently from prayer and contemplation, simple, sorrowful, humble, and holy; the interior trials of this pure soul will never in this world be known; but enough is shown even in this short narrative to fill us with amazement at such a miracle of grace and nature.

The last hero of the series was indeed a martyr, truly the last of the Crusaders, a Christian soldier, hero, and saint; nothing seems wanting to the glory of a name too little remembered. Marco Antonio Bragadino, defender of Famagosta, in the Island of Cyprus. The heroic perseverance with which he withstood the utmost efforts of the Sultan, averted from the shores of Italy the scourge of the Moslem forces; who were afterwards defeated at Lepanto. It pleased God that at last Bragadino should be compelled to surrender to the foe; and the brutal infidels revenged their lost honour by breaking all treaties, and causing their venerable prisoner to be flayed alive; then, even under their knives, he vindicated by his words of forgiveness,

prayer, and peace, his title to the epithet of Christian martyr. The story is told with spirit and power worthy of the subject, and the translator has done justice to both. We say again we cannot have too many such biographies.

We shall, in our next Number, insert an article on Mr. Froude's extraordinary work in defence of Henry VIII., and we much regret our inability to publish it in this Number.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1856.

ART. I.—*Memorials of His Time*, by HENRY COCKBURN. . 1 vol. 8vo.
Edinburgh : Adam and Charles Black, 1856.

IT is one of the vulgarisms of political quackery, we had almost said of political knavery, to institute comparisons between the more modern history of Ireland and that of Scotland; to contrast the prosperity of the latter with the misery of the former; to expatiate upon the political influence of the one country side by side with the political nullity of the other; and to draw conclusions favourable to the superior sagacity, general good sense, and general right-mindedness of Scotland. Ireland, says one or other of the leaders of English opinion, was long discontented with her act of union; so was Scotland. Ireland rebelled twice; so did Scotland. Ireland was defeated as a matter of course; so was Scotland; but Scotland subsided into calm, riches, commercial greatness, literary distinction, and political influence; and so did not Ireland. It is then usual to advert to the eminent qualifications of Irishmen for success in every department of life, civil or military; to notice the remarkable men from Ireland, who have adorned the literature, or propagated the boundaries of the empire; to speak with a kind of jealousy of the worth and talent that foreign nations have recruited in Ireland; to insist upon the amount of industry and enterprise which the same foreign countries are continually abstracting from that place, and incorporating into their own greatness; next to inquire why it is that Irishmen are not everything they ought to be at home; and finally, after playing with the question for a while, as with a curious yet simple puzzle, to give it up in despair, and advise the Irish to stick close to business, to avoid excitement, to forget their own history, to pay their tithe rent charge.

punctually, to look upon its recipients as part of a beneficent institution intended to last; to regard national honour as a delusion, and embrace any amount of dishonour for the sake of quietness. No one can deny that this is in substance the advice given to Ireland upon all occasions by those even who are supposed to represent liberal opinions. Lord Elgin, however, in the course of a long and honourable life of experience, has found reason to hold and to give expression to very different views from those which it is the fashion to put forward regarding Ireland and Scotland. "I think," he says, "the results which have attended the connection between England and Scotland, and England and Ireland, will go very far to show how little a nation gains which succeeds in forcing its own foreign institutions, foreign laws, and foreign religion upon a reluctant and high-spirited people. Oh, gentlemen, I fear, I greatly fear that we have not yet read that most valuable but most painful lesson to its close, for rely upon it, that if ever a collision takes place between those two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, which dwell on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, that calamity, the most grievous that can befall either country, will be attributable to the humiliations which in bygone days England has sought to impose upon Ireland." And Lord Elgin is right when he lays so much stress upon the humiliation sought to be imposed, and so very effectually imposed upon Ireland, in bygone days as *he* says, but existing, as we say, in a great measure to the dishonour and danger of the nation at the present hour. These very humiliations to which Ireland has been subjected, have been more fatal to her interests, more injurious to her morality, and more obstructive of her progress, social, political, and industrial, than any one of her wrongs, or all her wrongs taken together, merely in so far as they are wrongs, and do not necessarily imply dishonour, degradation and the extinction of public spirit.

In point of mere wrongs, that is to say, of political wrongs, Scotland for a long period had very little the advantage of Ireland, if we are to judge from the picture shown up to us by Lord Cockburn in his interesting volume. The so-called electoral system previous to the Reform Bill, did not require the aid of corruption to render an election a still more fictitious and unreal procedure in Scotland than in England or Ireland. Political prosecutions were many degrees more serious in their conse-

quences, and the law regarding political offences far more severe in Scotland than it had ever been in Ireland. In the latter country, too, public opinion, although in a very rudimentary state, was not without influence for many years before it had struggled into light in Scotland; and political changes amounting to revolution, had been effected in Ireland with a high hand against all the power and resources of government before Scotland was emancipated from Dundas. But owing to the facilities presented by the structure of the electoral body, corruption, as might be expected, prevailed in Scotland to that degree that it soon came to be a creed better understood than the Institutes of Calvin, or the Westminster Catechism, that there was no God but office, and that Dundas was his prophet. "There was then," says Lord Brougham, speaking of the meridian hour of the Dundas influence, "no doubt ever raised of the stability of the ministry or of Mr. Dundas' ample share in the dispensations of its favours. The political sky was clear and settled to the very verge of the horizon. There was nothing to disturb the hearts of anxious mortals. The wary and pensive Scot felt sure of his election if he but kept by the true faith, and his path lay straight before him, the path of righteous devotion, leading unto a blessed preferment. But our northern countrymen were fated to be visited by some troubles. The heavens became overcast; their luminary was for a while concealed from devout eyes. In vain they sought him, but he was not. Uncouth names began to be heard. Instead of the old convenient and intelligible alternative of 'Pitt or Fox,' 'Place or Poverty,' which left no doubt in any rational mind which of the two to choose, there was seen—strange sight! hateful and perplexing omen! a ministry without Pitt, nay, without Dundas, and an opposition leaning towards its support. Those who are old enough to remember that dark interval may recollect how the public mind in Scotland was subdued with awe, and how men awaited in doubting silence the uncertain event, as all living things quail during the solemn pause that precedes an earthquake.

"It was in truth a crisis to try men's souls. For a while all was uncertainty and consternation, all were seen fluttering about like birds in an eclipse or a thunder-storm; no man could tell whom he might trust; nay, worse still, no man could tell of whom he might ask anything. It was

hard to say not who were in office, but who were likely to remain in office. All true Scots were in dismay and distraction. It might truly be said they knew not which way to look, or whither to turn. Perhaps it might be yet more truly said they knew not *when* to turn. But such a crisis was too sharp to last; it passed away, and then was to be seen a proof of Mr. Dundas's power among his countrymen, which transcended all expectation, and almost surpassed belief, if indeed it is not rather to be viewed as an evidence of the acute foresight, the political second sight of the Scottish nation. The trusty band in both houses were found adhering to him against the existing government; nay, he held the proxies of many Scottish peers in open opposition. Well might his colleague exclaim to the hapless Addington on such unheard of circumstances, 'Doctor, the Thanes fly from us!' When the very Scotch peers wavered, and when the Grampian hills might next be expected to move about, it was time to think that the end of all things was at hand; and the return of Pitt and Security, and Patronage and Dundas, speedily returned to bless old Scotland, and reward her providence or her fidelity, her attachment at once to her patron and herself."

But under all her wrongs, with the whole power and patronage of the country in the hands of one man, with political morality almost utterly destroyed, with all independence silenced, with juries ready to convict any man of anything, and judges armed with a discretion of punishment for sedition, ranging between one year's imprisonment and transportation for life—Scotland had never been humbled; her laws, though bad, might, as things were then understood, be looked upon as her own. There were no foreign institutions, foreign laws, and above all, no foreign religion seated in abhorred supremacy over all that claimed her natural allegiance. Her dignity was left untouched by defeat, and whatever degradation she incurred by her political subserviency, was partly her own choice and partly a result of her institutions, not an acquiescence in disgrace imposed by foreign authority. Pride, though reprehensible and unreasonable in an individual, is not only permissible but of primary necessity in a nation. To deprive a people of that chastity of honour, that jealousy of reproach, that persuasion of excellence which are guarantees of public spirit and public virtue, will ruin it more effectually than

anything else that power and ingenuity can compass. Since the day of Bannockburn the pride of Scotland never had been effectually humbled, and her successful resistance to the establishment of a spurious episcopacy, over what had unfortunately come to the national Calvinism, has a closer connection with her present prosperity and imposing attitude in the councils of the empire than men are apt to suppose. Even those rebellions so often drawn into a parallel with the two Irish insurrections of '98 and 1801, have nothing in common with the two latter movements. Excepting the massacre of Glencoe, there was little to disgust Scotland with the government of William, and still less with the House of Hanover. The Scotch were actuated by attachment to their ancient dynasty, although, if we are to take the Scottish chieftain, quoted by Lord Cockburn, as a sample of the general spirit, love of plunder would seem to have been the animating principle of the two rebellions; for when asked by a friend whether in accompanying Prince Charles Edward in his march, he really thought the House of Hanover could be driven from the throne, the chieftain candidly admitted he thought nothing at all about the matter, as his great anxiety was to see "Donald riflin' Lunnun." When the Irish, on the contrary, attempted to rise, perhaps the views of the body of the insurgents were not very distinct; they fought neither for pretenders, nor chieftains, nor plunder, but they were galled by a real yoke, they felt a real goad, they endeavoured to escape from intolerable misery and disgrace, from the smarting of literal whips, from the fester-ing of bonâ fide chains, they fought, whatever might be the dreams of republican leaders, for life and altar and bread. And although great and peaceful victories have been achieved for freedom in Ireland since those unhappy years, she yet retains marks of dishonour and inferiority which diminish her self-respect, and are more obstructive of progress and amelioration than any amount of wrong: although in the case at least of the Protestant establishment the most intolerable dishonour is linked to the most grievous wrong.

Now it might be supposed from these remarks that the book of which we offer a notice is political in character; so it is; but not purely, or even principally political. It sketches with peculiar truth and animation successive phases of Scottish life, social and political, and we attached our ves

at once to the latter ; because feeling as we do, considerable jealousy of the literary eminence and material prosperity of Scotland, we also felt that it was in great measure to be attributed to the favourable circumstance which we have attempted to describe; and because we yet feel with a strength of conviction not likely to diminish, that Ireland must remain as she is until her honour be vindicated by the fall of the Anglican establishment, and every other institution that stands in the way of good citizenship, and patriotic pride ; transforming one class of our countrymen into a garrison or a colony, and banding the other as a confederacy of discontented, angry, contemned and half caste natives. It would not be fair, however, to omit noticing Lord Cockburn's charming volume as a picture of social life. The plan of the book is very simple indeed. It might almost be called the annals of Edinburgh, for such in fact its pages are, and the running commentary with which they are illustrated and embellished, is full of that happy humour, that large benevolence and genial philosophy for which only two other men are, or were equally remarkable with Lord Cockburn, we need hardly say we mean Sydney Smith and Charles Dickens. It includes the eventful period from 1779 to 1830, from the time when George the Third was king ; when the Bourbons reigned in France, and the United States were provinces ; when Ireland was a distinct and rather saucy kingdom ; when the Catholics in their humiliation were the wonder and the pity of the world ; and the House of Commons was a constitutional fiction ; to the period when the Bourbons proper had disappeared a second time, after the world had been convulsed to restore them ; when America had grown to be a great and haughty rival of the Empire ; when Ireland had been changed into west Britain, the Catholics transformed into freemen, and the House of Commons into a representative assembly. It also traverses an interval during which powdered pig-tails and small clothes were the badges of loyalty, and pantaloons or clean hair the emblems of jacobinism. It embraces the æra of fur collars and the contemporaneous reign of terror in the realms of fashion that has given to white neckerchiefs the well earned title of chokers, and causes Beau Brummell to be remembered as the Robespierre of dandyism. It takes in an epoch stained by all the enormities of female costume, from the puff sleeves, short waists, and slim skirts ; to

the voluminous folds of the sleeve called leg-of-mutton, and the cavernous recesses of the coal-scuttle bonnet. It casts a lingering glance at the claret and toddy that redeemed many of the errors of the time it chronicles, and accompanies us through all the changes of dinner hour, to mark the advance of civilization. It takes us through the days of Adam Smith, Ferguson, Playfair, Robertson and Dugald Stewart, to the generation of Brougham, Sydney Smith, Scott, Jeffreys, and Cockburn. Something in short is said of everything and everybody in a way, that to our mind at least, presents a more agreeably shifting, and yet more regular picture of a period marked by great and striking transition than anything we remember to have read. We shall hardly deserve to be excused, however, for keeping the reader so long without an extract, and accordingly we offer one in which Lord Cockburn gives a graphic description of his early school-days, interspersed with serious reflections, which those who are in any way concerned with education would do well to lay to heart. The glimpses it affords of the terrorism and immorality by which the Tory supremacy was maintained in Scotland, and of the meannesses to which it never scrupled to descend, are very characteristic, nor do we believe that the history even of Ireland shews anything more disgusting.

“In October 1787 I was sent to the High School. Having never been at a public school before, and this one being notorious for its severity and riotousness, I approached its walls with trembling, and felt dizzy when I sat down amidst above 100 new faces. We had been living at Leith, for sea bathing, for some weeks before ; and I was taken to school by our tutor. The only thing that relieved my alarm as he hauled me along was the diversion of crossing the arches of the South Bridge, which were then unfinished, on planks. The person to whose uncontrolled discipline I was now subjected, though a good man, an intense student, and filled, but rather in the memory than in the head, with knowledge, was as bad a school-master as it is possible to fancy. Unacquainted with the nature of youth, ignorant even of the characters of his own boys, and with not a conception of the art or of the duty of alluring them, he had nothing for it but to drive them ; and this he did by constant and indiscriminate harshness.

“The effects of this were very hurtful to all his pupils. Out of the whole four years of my attendance there were probably not ten days in which I was not flogged, at least once. Yet I never entered the class, nor left it, without feeling perfectly qualified, both in

ability and preparation, for its whole business ; which, being confined to Latin alone, and in necessarily short tasks, since every one of the boys had to rhyme over the very same words, in the very same way, was no great feat. But I was driven stupid. Oh ! the bodily and mental wearisomeness of sitting six hours a-day, staring idly at a page, without motion and without thought, and trembling at the gradual approach of the merciless giant. I never got a single prize, and once sat *boobie* at the annual public examination. The beauty of no Roman word, or thought, or action, ever occurred to me ; nor did I ever fancy that Latin was of any use except to torture boys.

“ After four years of this class, I passed on to that of the rector, Dr. Alexander Adam, the author of the work on Roman Antiquities, then in the zenith of his reputation. He had raised himself from the very dust to that high position. Never was a man more fortunate in the choice of a vocation. He was born to teach Latin, some Greek, and all virtue. In doing so he was generally patient, though not, when intolerably provoked, without due fits of gentle wrath ; inspiring to his boys, especially the timid and backward ; enthusiastically delighted with every appearance of talent or goodness ; a warm encourager by praise, play, and kindness ; and constantly under the strongest sense of duty. The art of teaching has been so immeasurably improved in good Scotch schools since his time, that we can scarcely estimate his merits now. He had most of the usual peculiarities of a schoolmaster ; but was so amiable and so artless, that no sensible friend would have wished one of them to be even softened. His private industry was appalling. If one moment late at school, he would hurry in, and explain that he had been detained ‘ verifying a quotation ; ’ and many a one did he verify at four in the morning. He told me at the close of one of his autumn vacations of six weeks that, before it had begun, he had taken a house in the country, and had sent his family there, in order that he himself might have some rustic leisure, but that having got upon the scent of some curious passages (his favourite sport) he had remained with his books in town, and had never even seen the country house.

“ He suffered from a prejudice likely to be injurious in those days. He was no politician ; insomuch that it may be doubted whether he ever knew one public measure or man from another. But a Latin and Greek schoolmaster naturally speaks about such things as liberty, and the people, and the expulsion of the Tarquins, and republics, and this was quite sufficient for the times ; especially as any modern notions that he had were popular, and he was too honest, and too simple, to disguise them. This innocent infusion of classical patriotism into the mind of a man whose fancy dwelt in old Rome, made him be watched and traduced for several years. Boys were encouraged to bring home stories of him, and of course reported only what they saw pleased. Often, and with great agi-

tation, did the worthy man complain of the injustice which tolerated these youthful spies ; but his chief sorrow was for the corruption to which the minds of his pupils were exposed. I remained at the rector's class two years."—pp. 3-6.

In the course of the next few pages we are introduced to the author's only two companions at the High-school who reached any great eminence ; but to make up for that, the eminence they did attain to was enough to make the character of any school, unless of one where, as in this instance, their distinction was acquired in spite of their training, and could in no possible way have been a consequence of it. These men were Horner and Brougham. No one that has been at school can fail to recall incidents of his own school-days in reading the passage.

"They had the barbarity to make us be in school during summer at 7 in the morning. I once started out of bed, thinking I was too late, and got out of the house unquestioned. On reaching the High School gate, I found it locked, and saw the yards, through the bars, silent and motionless. I withdrew alarmed, and went near the Tron Church to see the clock. It was only about two or three. Not a creature was on the street ; not even watchmen, who were of much later introduction. I came home awed, as if I had seen a dead city, and the impression of that hour has never been effaced.

"Not one of the boys of my class has reached any great eminence ; which indeed has been attained by only two boys who were at any of the classes of the High School in my time. These two were Francis Horner and Henry Brougham.

"Horner, with whom I was at the rector's class for one year, was then exactly what he continued afterwards to be—grave, studious, honourable, kind ; steadily pursuing his own cultivation ; everything he did marked by thoughtfulness and greatness. Before leaving the school we subscribed for a book which we presented to the rector ; a proceeding then unprecedented. It fell to Horner as the dux to give it, and he never acquitted himself better. It was on the day of the public examination ; and after the prizes were distributed, and the spectators thought that the business was over, he stood forth with one volume of the book in his hand, and in a distinct though tremulous voice, and a firm but modest manner, addressed Adam in a Latin speech of his own composition not exceeding three or four sentences, expressive of the gratitude and affection with which we all took leave of our master. The effect was complete, on Adam, on the audience, and the boys. I was far down in the class, and can still recal the feeling of enthusiastic but despairing admiration, with which I witnessed the scene. I thought

Horner a god, and wondered what it was that made such a hopeless difference between him and me.

“ Brougham was not in the class with me. Before getting to the rector's class, he had been under Luke Fraser, who, in his two immediately preceding courses of four years each, had the good fortune to have Francis Jeffrey and Walter Scott as his pupils. Brougham made his first public explosion while at Fraser's class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot but good natured old fellow, on some small bit of latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge that he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember, as well as if it had been yesterday, having had him pointed out to me as ‘ the fellow who had beat the master.’ It was then that I first saw him.

“ As mere school years, these six were very fruitlessly spent. The hereditary evils of the system and of the place were too great for correction even by Adam; and the general tone of the school was vulgar and harsh. Among the boys, coarseness of language and manners was the only fashion. An English boy was so rare, that his accent was openly laughed at. No lady could be seen within the walls. Nothing evidently civilized was safe. Two of the masters, in particular, were so savage, that any master doing now what they did every hour would certainly be transported.

“ Before we left the school Adam made us a sensible and affecting address. In order to encourage us all to go on with our studies voluntarily and earnestly, he pointed out the opposite tendencies of early eminence, and of early obscurity, upon boys; warning those who had been distinguished against presumption, and those who had hitherto been unnoticed against despair; and explaining to both that, even in the very next stage, he had often known them change natures; the one from fancying that nothing more required to be done, the other from discovering that they had everything to do. I drank in every syllable of this well-timed discourse, and felt my heart revive. And a very few years proved its justice. The same powers that raise a boy high in a good school, make it probable that he will rise high in life. But in bad schools, it is nearly the very reverse. And even in the most rationally conducted, superiority affords only a gleam of hope for the future. Men change, and still more boys. The High School distinctions very speedily vanished; and fully as much by the sinking of the luminaries who had shone in the zenith, as by the rising of those who had been lying on the horizon. I have ever since had a distrust of duxes, and thought boobies rather hopeful.

“ I doubt if I ever read a single book, or even fifty pages, voluntarily, when I was at the High School. The Spectator was the first

book I read, from the sheer pleasure of reading, after I left it."—pp. 8-12.

Before quitting this period of the author's experience we shall copy one other chapter of his academical life, not so much for its value as a picture, as because it rebukes with modesty the cant of the day, which seeks to disparage classical learning, and talks of cramming boys with Latin and Greek, as if Latin and Greek represented languages merely, and not the perfection of whatever is human in literature. Indeed, we are not aware of ever having heard this contemptible common place from anyone who could pretend to the character of a scholar, although it is unquestionably true, not that undue attention has been given to classical learning, but that modern literature and languages have been treated with stupid neglect. We need only point to America for an instance of a system such as educational reformers of the present day would introduce, not corrective of our own, but its opposite in every particular. The newspaper is almost the only literary production of America, and with few exceptions journalism is less distinguished for ability and morality in America than in any other, even the most despotic country. Education is there almost exclusively commercial and utilitarian. There are a few sickly institutions in America called universities, some of them even bearing the names of seats of learning in this country, but they are in no respect similar to anything spoken of in Europe as an university; still less is there anything in America to represent Eton, Rugby, and Harrow, those fine and characteristic establishments upon which M. de Montalembert dwells with such pardonable enthusiasm in his "*Avenir d'Angleterre*."

"In October 1793 I was sent to the College of Edinburgh.

"My first class was for more of that weary Latin; an excellent thing, if it had been got. For, all I have seen since, and all I felt even then, have satisfied me that there is no solid and graceful foundation for boy's minds like classical learning, grammatically acquired; and that all the modern substitutes of what is called *useful knowledge*, breed little beyond conceit, vulgarity, and general ignorance. It is not the mere acquaintance with the two immortal languages that constitutes the value, though the value of this is incalculable, but the early discipline of the mind, by the necessary reception of precise rules, of which the use and the reasonableness is in due time disclosed. But the mischief was that little Latin was

acquired. The class was a constant scene of unchecked idleness, and disrespectful mirth. Our time was worse than lost.

“ Andrew Dalzel, the author of *Collectanea Græca* and other academical books, taught my next class—the Greek. At the mere teaching of a language to boys, he was ineffective. How is it possible for the elements, including the very letters, of a language to be taught to one hundred boys at once, by a single lecturing professor? To the lads who, like me to whom the very alphabet was new, required positive *teaching*, the class was utterly useless. Nevertheless, though not a good schoolmaster, it is a duty, and delightful, to record Dalzel's value as a general exciter of boy's minds. Dugald Stewart alone excepted, he did me more good than all the other instructors I had. Mild, affectionate, simple, an absolute enthusiast about learning—particularly classical, and especially Greek; with an innocence of soul and of manner which imparted an air of honest kindness to whatever he said or did, and a slow, soft, formal voice, he was a great favourite with all boys, and with all good men. Never was a voyager, out in quest of new islands, more delighted in finding one, than he was in discovering any good quality in any humble youth. His lectures (published injudiciously by somebody in 1820 or 1821) are an example of the difference between discourses meant to be spoken to boys, and those intended to be read by men. Yet our hearts bore witness how well they were conceived, at least as he read them, for moving youths. He could never make us actively laborious. But when we sat passive, and listened to him, he inspired us with a vague but sincere ambition of literature, and with delicious dreams of virtue and poetry. He must have been a hard boy whom these discourses, spoken by Dalzel's low, soft, artless voice, did not melt.

“ Dalzel was clerk to the General Assembly, and was long one of the curiosities of that strange place. He was too innocent for it. The last time I saw this simple and worthy man was very shortly before his death, the near approach of which he was quite aware of, at a house he had taken on the Bonnington Road. He was trying to discharge a twopenny cannon for the amusement of his children; but his alarm and awkwardness only terrified them the more; till at last he got behind a washing-tub, and then, fastening the match to the end of a long stick, set the piece of ordnance off gloriously. He used to agree with those who say, that it is partly owing to its Presbyterianism that Scotland is less classical than Episcopal England. Sydney Smith asserted that he had overheard the Professor muttering one dark night in the street to himself, ‘If it had not been for that confounded Solemn League and Covenant we would have made as good longs and shorts as they.’”—pp. 18—21.

We now pass to a sketch of a different description, but

several of the features of which are recognizable here as well as in Scotland, and can not only be recalled by men who number fewer years than did the illustrious author of these memorials, but have left many traces in particular circles, and some in our general manners. Lord Cockburn introduces us to the elaborate etiquette of a dinner in the olden time, and the oppressive absurdities with which it was accompanied. Use of course made it all as familiar and as easy as what we consider the perfection of ease and unrestraint in our modern dinners or social reunions of any kind.

“Heaths and toasts were special torments ; oppressions which cannot now be conceived. Every glass during dinner required to be dedicated to the health of some one. It was thought sottish and rude to take wine without this—as if forsooth there was nobody present worth drinking with. I was present, about 1803, when the late Duke of Buccleuch took a glass of sherry by himself at the table of Charles Hope, then Lord Advocate ; and this was noticed afterwards as a piece of Ducal contempt. And the person asked to take wine was not invited by anything so slovenly as a look, combined with a putting of the hand upon the bottle, as is practised by near neighbours now. It was a much more serious affair. For one thing, the wine was very rarely on the table. It had to be called for ; and in order to let the servants know to whom he was to carry it, the caller was obliged to specify his partner aloud. All this required some premeditation and courage. Hence timid men never ventured on so bold a step at all ; but were glad to escape by only drinking when they were invited. As this ceremony was a mark of respect, the landlord, or any other person who thought himself the great man, was generally graciously pleased to perform it to every one present. But he and others were always at liberty to abridge the severity of the duty, by performing it by platoons. They took a brace, or two brace, of ladies or of gentlemen, or of both, and got them all engaged at once, and proclaiming to the sideboard—‘A glass of sherry for Miss Dundas, Mrs. Murray, and Miss Hope, and a glass of port for Mr. Hume, and one for me,’ he slew them by coveys. And all the parties to the contract were bound to acknowledge each other distinctly. No nods, or grins, or indifferences ; but a direct look at the object, the audible uttering of the very words—‘Your good health,’ accompanied by a respectful inclination of the head, a gentle attraction of the right hand towards the heart, and a gratified smile. And after all these detached pieces of attention during the feast were over, no sooner was the table cleared, and the after dinner glasses set down, than it became necessary for each person, following the landlord, to drink the health of every other person present, individually. Thus, where

there were ten people, there were ninety healths drunk. This ceremony was often slurred over by the bashful, who were allowed merely to *look* the benediction; but usage compelled them to look it distinctly, and to each individual. To do this well, required some grace, and consequently it was best done by the polite ruffled and frilled gentlemen of the olden time.

“This prandial nuisance was horrible. But it was nothing to what followed. For after dinner, and before the ladies retired, there generally began what were called ‘*Rounds*’ of toasts; when each gentleman named an absent lady, and each lady an absent gentleman, separately; or one person was required to give an absent lady, and another person was required to match a gentleman with that lady, and the pair named were toasted, generally with allusions and jokes about the fitness of the union.—And, worst of all, there were ‘Sentiments.’ These were short epigrammatic sentences, expressive of moral feelings and virtues, and were thought refined and elegant productions. A faint conception of their nauseousness may be formed from the following examples, every one of which I have heard given a thousand times, and which indeed I only recollect from their being favourites. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his, or for her, sentiment, when this or something similar was committed—‘May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning.’ Or, ‘May the friends of our youth be the companions of our old age.’ Or, ‘Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.’ ‘May the honest heart never feel distress.’ ‘May the hand of charity wipe the tear from the eye of sorrow.’ ‘May never worse be among us.’ There were stores of similar reflections; and for all kinds of parties, from the elegant and romantic, to the political, the municipal, the ecclesiastic, and the drunken. Many of the thoughts and sayings survive still, and may occasionally be heard at a club or a tavern. But even there they are out of vogue as established parts of the entertainment; and in some scenes nothing can be very offensive. But the proper sentiment was a high and pure production; a moral motto; and was meant to dignify and grace private society. Hence, even after an easier age began to sneer at the display, the correct course was to receive the sentiment, if not with real admiration, at least with decorous respect. Mercifully, there was a large known public stock of the odious commodity, so that nobody who could screw up his nerves to pronounce the words, had any occasion to strain his invention. The conceited, the ready, or the reckless, hackneyed in the art, had a knack of making new sentiments applicable to the passing accidents, with great ease. But it was a dreadful oppression on the timid or the awkward. They used to shudder, ladies particularly—for nobody was spared, when their turn in the *round* approached. Many a struggle and blush did it cost; but this seemed only to excite the tyranny of the masters of the craft; and compliance could never be avoided except

by more torture than yielding. There can scarcely be a better example of the emetical nature of the stuff that was swallowed than the sentiment elaborated by the poor dominie at Arndilly. He was called upon, in his turn, before a large party, and having nothing to guide him in an exercise to which he was new, except what he saw was liked, after much writhing and groaning, he came out with—‘The reflection of the moon in the cawm bosom of the lake.’ It is difficult for those who have been born under a more natural system, to comprehend how a sensible man, a respectable matron, a worthy old maid, and especially a girl, could be expected to go into company only on such conditions.”—pp. 36-40.

A matter of very practical interest at the present day is the increase of Judaism amongst the professing religious public of Protestants, in the observance of the Sunday. It always struck us as a rather singular caprice of private judgment to fasten upon practices which our Lord singled out for emphatic condemnation and endeavour to transfer them to the Christian discipline. One is lost in wonder to conceive how a Protestant using the right of interpretation for himself and reading the passages in which the Lord of the Sabbath rebuked the ancient Sabbatarians by word, argument, and example, should insist upon all that the Saviour discouraged. While we are glad to see the Sunday protected from the desecration of traffic, there is to us no form of intolerance more odious, more contemptible, or more anti-christian than that which seeks to convert the Christian Sunday into a worse than Jewish Sabbath, substituting inaction for rest, and public debauchery or private sotting for rational amusement. We could not expect Lord Cockburn to feel as strongly upon a matter of this kind as people born out of Scotland, and the modesty with which he gives expression to his own sentiments is not the least attractive feature in the passage we are about to quote. For our own part we believe that notwithstanding the array of petitions which the advocates of Judaism are able to parade in the house; notwithstanding all the marches they may be enabled to steal, or the cat-like dexterity of their surprises; in spite of their tracts and denunciations; public opinion under the influence of men like Cockburn, and with moderation and steadiness to ballast it will eventually prevail and crush as hateful a tyranny as any ever sought to be exercised over conscience. In Scotland, perhaps, this cannot happen for a long time. Bigotry is entrenched too strongly

in that interesting country to be easily driven from her favourite position, and it must be borne in mind, that the peculiar bigotry of the place is of a nature more difficult to be dealt with than that of any other country in Europe. It is well known that the observance of the Sabbath finds no more indignant vindicator than the pious Christian who spends the whole interval from Saturday night to Monday morning at or under the table, whether of his own house or of the public-house.

“There is no contrast between those old days and the present that strikes me so strongly as that suggested by the differences in religious observances ; not so much by the world in general, as by deeply religious people. I knew the habits of the religious very well, partly through the piety of my mother and her friends, the strict religious education of her children, and our connection with some of the most distinguished of our devout clergymen. I could mention many practices of our old pious which would horrify modern zealots. The principles and feelings of the persons commonly called evangelical, were the same then that they are now; the external acts, by which these feelings and principles were formerly expressed, were materially different. In nothing do these differences appear more strikingly than in the matters connected with the observance of Sunday. Hearing what is often confidently prescribed now as the only proper mode of keeping the Christian Sabbath, and then recollecting how it was recently kept by Christian men, ought to teach us charity in the enforcement of observances, which, to a certain extent, are necessarily matters of opinion.

“It is not unusual for certain persons to represent Scotland, but particularly Edinburgh, as having been about the beginning of this century very irreligious. Whenever any modern extravagance, under the name of piety, is attempted to be corrected by showing its inconsistency with the practice of the pious of the last age, this is sure to be met by the assertion that the last age was not merely irreligious, but generally infidel. There are some with whom this idea is suggested by the mere echo of the words of David Hume. With others it is necessary for the promotion of a more ascetic system than the last age would have borne. And, with many it is taken up from mere policy; as for example, when Established Churchmen, who maintain the necessity for college tests, are referred to the long success of the College of Edinburgh without tests, the answer is nearly certain to be that the College of Edinburgh used to be tainted by infidelity.

“I attest that, so far as I ever saw or heard, this charge is utterly false. I am not aware of a single professor to whom it was ever applied, or could be applied justly. Freedom of discus-

sion was not in the least combined with scepticism among the students, or in their societies. I never knew nor heard of a single student, tutor, or professor, by whom infidelity was disclosed, or in whose thoughts I believed it to be harboured, with perhaps only two obscure and doubtful exceptions. I consider the imputation as chiefly an invention to justify modern intolerance.

"As to the comparative righteousness of the present and the preceding generation, any such comparison is very difficult to be made. Religion is certainly more the fashion than it used to be. There is more said about it; there has been a great rise, and consequently a great competition of sects; and the general mass of the religious public has been enlarged. On the other hand, if we are to believe one half of what some religious persons themselves assure us, religion is now almost extinct. My opinion is that the balance is in favour of the present time. And I am certain that it would be much more so, if the modern dictators would only accept of that as religion, which was considered to be so by their devout fathers."—Pp. 42-45.

We shall offer no apology for giving one of the author's political sketches somewhat at length. It is not easy to conceive anything more hopeless than the prospects of liberal opinion in Scotland at the time which Lord Cockburn describes, and we believe we were correct in saying that at no period since the revolution did Ireland exhibit such absolute political prostration as was witnessed in Scotland from the suppression of the last rebellion to the few years preceding the reform movement. Lucas, Moleynaux, and Swift, exposed themselves to considerable risk by their outspokening in Ireland, but they never could have uttered or written a syllable in Scotland under the reign of Pitt and Dundas; still less would it have been possible for a man like O'Connell to organize a public association taking upon itself many of the functions of government, dissolving and reappearing at the wave of the Magician's wand as circumstances required, but always in defiance of, and in opposition to the government. Had Ireland, though degraded, been as incapable of political action as Scotland, O'Connell never could have appeared, and emancipation never could have been achieved. The band of Scottish liberals was bold but not exactly heroic, although they had the mortification to see mediocrity promoted and exalted in consequence of a political connexion which men less honourable than themselves might have joined in despair of their country and their cause. But mere sacrifice without action

and vigorous exertion never could have won reform for Scotland under the then existing state of things, nor could the *Edinburgh Review*, powerfully as it advanced the liberal interest, have operated upon Scotland alone. Reform was achieved by England and Ireland, it was granted under the pressure of a movement that threatened revolution; and though public opinion in Scotland was evidently ripe for the change, as subsequent events have proved, that opinion never could have struggled to the surface, so as to make itself seen and heard, if the success of reform depended upon Scotland. That country, it is not to be denied, furnished some of the great wrestlers to the struggle, but Scotland was not their field of triumph, and we believe it never could have been. There is no painting or flourishing in the account given by Lord Cockburn. It is a strict and dry statement of fact, as will readily appear from the passage itself.

“The principal leaders of the true Whig party were Henry Erskine, who had recently been Lord Advocate; Adam Gillis, John Clerk, and David Cathcart, all afterwards judges; Archibald Fletcher, Malcolm Laing, James Graham, and John Macfarlane, advocates; and James Gibson, Writer to the Signet. Some brighter names, especially that of Jeffrey, had not yet come into action; and there were a few stout-hearted brethren, who, though too obscure to be now named, formed a rear rank on whom those in advance could always rely. The profession of these men armed them with better qualities than any other avocation could supply in a country without a Parliament—with talent, the practice of speaking, political knowledge, and public position; but their personal boldness and purity marked them out still more conspicuously for popular trust. It was among them accordingly that independence found its only asylum. It had a few silent though devoted worshippers elsewhere, but the Whig counsel were its only open champions. The Church can boast of Sir Harry Moncreiff alone as its contribution to the cause; but he was too faithful to his sacred functions to act as a political partisan. John Allen and John Thomson, of the medical profession, were active and fearless. And the College gave Dugald Stewart, John Playfair, and Andrew Dalzel. Of these three, mathematics, which was his chair, enabled Playfair to come better off than his two colleagues; for Dalzel had to speak of Grecian liberty, and Stewart to explain the uses of liberty in general; and anxiously were they both watched. Stewart, in particular, though too spotless and too retired to be openly denounced, was an object of great secret alarm. Not only virtuous, but eloquent in recommending virtue to the young, he united Nero's objections both to Virginius the rhetorician, and Rufus

Musonius the philosopher—'Virginium Flavum et Musonium Rufum claritudo nominis expulit. Nam Virginius studia juvenum eloquentiâ, Musonius præceptis sapientiæ, fovebat.' (Tacitus—An. Lib. 15, cap. 71). A country gentleman with any public principle except devotion to Henry Dundas, was viewed as a wonder, or rather as a monster. This was the creed also of almost all our merchants, all our removable office holders, and all our public corporations. So that, literally, everything depended on a few lawyers; a class to which, in modern times, Scotland owes a debt of gratitude which does not admit of being exaggerated. Nor have any men, since our revolution, been obliged to exercise patriotism at greater personal risk or sacrifice. Could there have been the slightest doubt of their purity or courage, public spirit must have been extinguished in Scotland. The real strength of their party lay in their being right, and in the tendency of their objects to attract men of ability and principle.

“With the people put down, and the Whigs powerless, Government was the master of nearly every individual in Scotland, but especially in Edinburgh, which was the chief seat of its influence. The infidelity of the French gave it almost all the pious; their atrocities all the timid; rapidly increasing taxation and establishments all the venal; the higher and middle ranks were at its command, and the people at its feet. The pulpit, the bench, the bar, the colleges, the parliamentary electors, the press, the magistracies, the local institutions, were so completely at the service of the party in power, that the idea of independence, besides being monstrous and absurd, was suppressed by a feeling of conscious ingratitude. And in addition to all the ordinary sources of government influence, Henry Dundas, an Edinburgh man, and well calculated by talent and manner to make despotism popular, was the absolute dictator of Scotland, and had the means of rewarding submission, and of suppressing opposition, beyond what were ever exercised in modern times by one person, in any portion of the empire.

“The true state of things, and its effects, may be better seen in a few specific facts, than in any general description.

“As to our *Institutions*—there was no popular representation; all town-councils elected themselves; the Established Church had no visible rival; persons were sent to the criminal courts as jury-men very nearly according to the discretion of the sheriff of their county; and after they got there, those who were to try the prosecution were picked for that duty by the presiding Judge, unchecked by any peremptory challenge. In other words, we had no free political institutions whatever.

“The consequences of this were exactly what might have been expected, and all resolved into universal prostration. The town-councils who elected the burgh members of Parliament, and the 1500 or 2000 freeholders who elected the county members, formed so small a body that a majority, and indeed the whole, of them

were quite easily held by the Government strings ; especially as the burgh electors were generally dealt with on a principle which admitted of considerable economy. Except at Edinburgh, there was only one member for what was termed a *district* of four or five burghs. Each town-council elected a delegate ; and these four or five delegates elected the member ; and instead of bribing the town council, the established practice was to bribe only the delegates, or indeed only one of them, if this could secure the majority. Not that the councils were left unrefreshed, but that the hooks with the best baits were set for the most effective fishes. There was, no free, and consequently no discussing, press. For a short time two newspapers, the Scots Chronicle and the Gazetteer, raved stupidly and vulgarly, and as if their real object had been to cast discredit on the cause they professed to espouse. The only other newspapers, so far as I recollect, were the still surviving Caledonian Mercury, the Courant, and the Advertiser ; and the only other periodical publication was the doited Scots Magazine. This magazine and these three newspapers actually formed the whole regular produce of the Edinburgh periodical press. Nor was the absence of a free public press compensated by any freedom of public speech. Public *political* meetings could not arise, for the elements did not exist. I doubt if there was one during the twenty-five years that succeeded the year 1795. Nothing was viewed with such horror, as any political congregation not friendly to existing power. No one could have taken a part in the business without making up his mind to be a doomed man. No prudence could protect against the falsehood or inaccuracy of spies ; and a first conviction of sedition by a judge-picked jury was followed by fourteen years' transportation. *As a body to be deferred to*, no public existed. Opinion was only recognized when expressed through what were acknowledged to be its legitimate organs ; which meant its formal or official outlets. Public bodies therefore might speak each for itself ; but the general community, as such, had no admitted claim to be consulted or cared for. The result, in a nation devoid of popular political rights, was, that people were dumb, or if they spoke out, were deemed audacious. The wishes of the people were not merely despised, but it was thought and openly announced as a necessary precaution against revolution, that they should be thwarted. I knew a case, several years after 1800, where the seat-holders of a town church applied to Government, which was the patron, for the promotion of the second clergyman, who had been giving great satisfaction for many years, and now, on the death of the first minister, it was wished that he should get the vacant place. The answer, written by a member of the Cabinet, was, that the single fact of the people having interfered so far as to express a wish, was conclusive against what they desired ; and another appointment was instantly made."—Pp. 84-90.

We never experienced more difficulty in the selection of extracts, a difficulty arising from their abundance and uniform excellence. The whole book is one for reading, as every book ought to be, far more than for comment. There is no attempt at style, "nothing is extenuated nor aught set down in malice." It is impossible to trace a particle of ill-will in the author towards any of his political opponents; and although his description of men, especially as to their personal appearance, is very graphic indeed, it never can be said to be malevolent, or anything else than humorous and accurate. His gentleness and sincerity are very striking when he deals with some of Sir Walter Scott's mistakes, to which many men, even upon Cockburn's own showing, would give a harsher name. His tenderness for the great name and worth of Scott, while it leads him to vindicate the motives of so decided an opponent, do not at all blind him to the criminality of some of his actions, for which it is very difficult indeed to suggest a motive consistent with sound morality or honourable feeling. It seems to cost him unaffected pain when he is obliged to notice the failings of the worthy, as he seems to enjoy a hearty and almost grateful gratification in awarding praise wherever it may be due. Few readers of ordinary intelligence, and with ordinarily good hearts, will rise up unimproved from the perusal of this work, whatever may be their political opinions or connexions. The philosophy of much that he has written is a matter of course now, and has found acceptance where no one hoped it could be made to penetrate; but it is not the less forcibly or gracefully urged, or less attractive in the garb in which he has presented it, than if it came before us for the first time. At one moment we are drawn off by the ludicrous correctness of some sketch of social or political character and accordingly we set it down for extract, when we are suddenly caught by some description of more serious import, and immediately embarrassed in our choice. We wavered for a considerable time between his detail of the terrible formalities of the old Scotch ball, whose proprieties were as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and his description of Lord Eskgrove, a political judge. Our hesitation was the greater as we cannot afford ourselves another extract, and at length we fixed upon the judge, as we in Ireland have

had many individuals of the species, and it might be useful to compare them with a Scottish variety.

“Eskgrove was a very considerable lawyer; in mere knowledge probably Braxfield's superior. But he had nothing of Braxfield's grasp or reasoning, and in everything requiring force or soundness of head, he was a mere child compared with that practical Hercules. Still he was cunning in old Scotch law.

“But a more ludicrous personage could not exist. When I first knew him he was in the zenith of his absurdity. People seemed to have nothing to do but to tell stories of this one man. To be able to give an anecdote of Eskgrove, with a proper imitation of his voice and manner, was a sort of fortune in society. Scott in those days was famous for this particularity. Whenever a knot of persons were seen listening in the Outer House to one who was talking slowly, with a low muttering voice and a projected chin, and then the listeners burst asunder in roars of laughter, nobody thought of asking what the joke was. They were sure that it was a successful imitation of Esky; and this was enough. Yet never once did he do or say anything which had the slightest claim to be remembered for any intrinsic merit. The value of all his words and actions consisted in their absurdity.

“He seemed, in his old age to be about the average height; but as he then stooped a good deal, he might have been taller in reality. His face varied, according to circumstances, from a scurfy red to a scurfy blue; the nose was prodigious; the under lip enormous, and supported on a huge clumsy chin, which moved like the jaw of an exaggerated Dutch toy. He walked with a slow stealthy step—something between a walk and a hirple, and helped himself on by short movements of his elbows, backwards and forwards, like fins. The voice was low and mumbling, and on the bench was generally inaudible for some time after the movement of the lips showed that he had begun speaking; after which the first word that was let fairly out was generally the loudest of the whole discourse. It is unfortunate that, without an idea of his voice and manner, mere narrative cannot describe his sayings and doings graphically.

“One of his remarks on the trial of Mr. Fysche Palmer for sedition—not as given in the report of the trial, but as he made it—is one of the very few things he ever said that had some little merit of its own. Mr. John Haggart, one of the prisoner's counsel, in defending his client from the charge of disrespect of the king, quoted Burke's statement that kings are naturally lovers of low company. ‘Then, sir, that says very little for you or your client! for if kinggs be lovers of low company, low company ought to be lovers of kinggs.’”—pp. 118-120.

“Brougham tormented him, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The Justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and conse-

quently he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor Justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when, lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. ‘I declare,’ said the Justice, ‘that man Broom, or Brougham is the torment of my life!’ His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham’s eloquence by calling it or him *the Harangue*. ‘Well, gentle-men, what did the Harangue say next? Why it said this’ (misstating it); ‘but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill.’

“As usual, then, with stronger heads than his, everything was connected by his terror with republican horrors. I heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, aggravate the offence thus, ‘and not only did you murder him, whereby he was berea-ved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimen-tal breeches, which were his Majes-ty’s!’

“In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into Court veiled. But before administering the oath Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty—‘Youngg woman! you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face.’

“Sir John Henderson of Fordell, a zealous Whig, had long nauseated the civil court by his burgh politics. Their Lordships had once to fix the amount of some discretionary penalty that he had incurred. Eskgrove began to give his opinion in a very low voice, but loud enough to be heard by those next him, to the effect that the fine ought to be fifty pounds; when Sir John, with his usual imprudence, interrupted him, and begged him to raise his voice, adding that if the judges did not speak so as to be heard, they might as well not speak at all. Eskgrove, who could never endure any imputation of bodily infirmity, asked his neighbour, ‘What does the fellow say?’ ‘He says that, if you don’t speak out, you may as well hold your tongue.’ ‘Oh, is that what he says? My Lords, what I was sayingg is very simpell. I was only sayingg that ~~in~~ my humbell opinyon, this fine could not be less than two hundred and fifty pounds sterling’—this sum being roared out as loudly as his old angry voice could launch it.

“His tediousness, both of manner and matter, in charging juries was most dreadful. It was the custom to make juries stand while the judge was addressing them; but no other judge was punctilious about it. Eskgrove however insisted upon it; and if any one of them slipped cunningly down to his seat, or dropped into it from inability to stand any longer, the unfortunate wight was sure to be reminded by his Lordship that ‘these were not the times in which

there should be any disrespect of this high court, or even of the law.' Often have I gone back to the court at midnight, and found him, whom I had left mumbling hours before, still going on, with the smoky unsnuffed tallow candles in greasy tin candlesticks, and the poor despairing jurymen, most of the audience having retired or being asleep; the wagging of his Lordship's nose and chin being the chief signs that he was still *char-ging*.

"A very common arrangement of his logic to juries was this—'And so, gentle-men, having shewn you that the pannell's argument is utterly impossibill, I shall now proceed for to shew you that it is extremely improbabill.'

"He rarely failed to signalize himself in pronouncing sentences of death. It was almost a matter of style with him to console the prisoner by assuring him that, 'whatever your religi-ous persua-shon may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-shon at all, there are plenty of rever-end gentle-men who will be most happy for to shew you the way to yeternal life.'

"He had to condemn two or three persons to die who had broken into a house at Luss, and assaulted Sir James Colquhoun and others, and robbed them of a large sum of money. He first, as was his almost constant practice, explained the nature of the various crimes, assault, robbery, and hame-sucken—of which last he gave them the etymology; and he then reminded them that they attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, and then came to this climax—'All this you did; and God preserve us! joost when they were sitten doon to denner!'"—pp. 121-4.

We have passed over many descriptions of distinguished men and great doings of the time, which we should gladly have given. Such are his sketches of Robertson, Dugald Stewart, and Chalmers, his account of the Scottish volunteer corps, that were to have repelled the French invasion, of the newspaper libels, that at one period set every two men in Edinburgh together by the ears, and were near drawing Scott into a duel, of the great fire which consumed a portion of the Parliament Close, with many other scenes of Edinburgh life, which, although interesting to Scotchmen chiefly, belong to general literature from the descriptive power they display; and are still more valuable for the spirit of charity, true-heartedness, and free thought, that seems to animate them. Other portions of the work are exclusively Scotch, and almost quite without interest for the general reader; but, taking the "Memorials" as a whole, they are well worthy of their author. In one chapter we have an account of a meeting in favour of Catholic

emancipation, in which Lord Cockburn of course took part. As it was Shiel's eloquent observation, but not more eloquent than true, that if the monuments in Westminster Abbey were to be appealed to on the great question of the day, the array would be on the side of justice: so the Edinburgh meeting comprised all the living worth of Scotland; although the fanatical crowd was as thoroughly Protestant as Lord George Gordon's mob. The petition in favour of emancipation received about eight thousand signatures, and the petitions against it not less than four times that number. One of the concluding chapters gives an account of Trinity hospital, an asylum for decayed women of the better class, not such as would necessarily be considered gentlewomen, even in the enlarged acceptation of the word, but simply persons who had seen better days. In reading it we are forcibly reminded of one of Dickens's Christmas tales, in which he describes some similar charity, the shell probably of a Catholic charity, whose substance had been eaten out in the progress of the reformation. The descriptive powers of Cockburn appeared to us quite on a level with those of the great novelist, and we felt, notwithstanding his playfulness of manner, that what he stated was the simple truth. Indeed, it hardly appears possible to carry painting in words, either portrait-painting or landscape, much farther than has been done by Lord Cockburn. His humour is perfectly quiet and unconstrained. It appears to have welled upwards, and sparkled naturally without any aid from art or study. His sentiment appears to be equally his own, and we believe it could hardly belong to a better man. He never attempts to dogmatise, although he treats, as admitted truths, a great many doctrines that in his earlier years would have been supposed to qualify him or any other man for Bedlam or the hulks. From first to last, he has the air of regarding the reader as a familiar friend, one that he can talk to without ceremony or preparation, with whom he delights to exchange ideas, and who he knows will be pleased with him. The reader is not to be envied who should not feel himself at his ease with Cockburn.

It is matter of regret that the "Memorials" stop short at the year 1830, for Lord Cockburn's experience did not assuredly cease to be valuable then; but he probably thought the period of transition was almost over, and

probably too the increase of his own duties deprived him of a leisure which must have proved so valuable to us. When about to bring the volume to a close, he had just been named Solicitor-General, with Jeffreys as Lord Advocate. He looked forward with hope, anxiety, and courage, to the struggle which was before the liberals of that day. An exciting and eventful period, as he anticipated, was before him. The Tories were dismayed and somewhat stunned by recent occurrences, but they were by no means defeated, or at least not decisively so, at the arrival of Lord Grey to power. Perhaps, after all, reform was not so much due to the power of its promoters at home as to events abroad, and it is very doubtful whether it was not more than half won in the streets of Paris during the now untalked-of and utterly forgotten days of July. The French revolution of that year, like every other French revolution, made itself felt all over Europe, and nowhere more than in England. It gave the last strong and irresistible impulse to the reform movement. True it was, the Revolution of 1830, although in a great measure owing to the intrigues of the unfortunate man in whose favour it resulted, had been precipitated by the infatuation of Charles X. and his advisers. Its ostensible cause was in the extreme measure resorted to by the crown of that country, in excess of its constitutional prerogatives. Nothing of the kind was at all likely to provoke revolution in England. The Princes of the House of Hanover, were as fondly attached to the prerogative, and as anxious to increase it as any of their predecessors, but they had learned caution sufficiently to enable them to preserve appearances, and place their opponents technically in the wrong if they proceeded to extremities. But to a country suffering under real wrong, and injustice of an aggravated character, as England actually was in her parliamentary representation of that period, revolution was a dangerously easy lesson, and as in the case of Catholic emancipation, it soon came to be believed that resistance without bloodshed was impossible. Demonstrations of the most alarming character, and plainly of a nature to intimidate and overawe the legislature were openly countenanced, or secretly abetted by the aristocratic promoters of the reform movement, nor was the measure finally carried without a stern and almost successful resistance from the party calling itself conservative, and whose

real strength in the country was not sufficiently estimated, as appeared a few years later, after it had been rallied and disciplined by Sir Robert Peel. Before the Reform Bill became law, the House of Lords had to be literally terrified into submission by the threatened creation of peers sufficient for the carriage of the measure, and there can be now no doubt that had the peers persisted in rejecting reform, and had the crown declined the exercise of the prerogative, to which it must have been advised, revolution, or at least insurrection, was quite inevitable.

Although not so completely behind the scenes, or so prominently upon the stage as his countryman, Lord Brougham, yet, as an old and trusted member of the party, as one, the fascination of whose mind and character must have endeared to many, who were foremost in the struggle, Lord Cockburn must have been able to furnish interesting particulars of individuals and parties at the time when the struggle was hottest. However, we have reason rather to thank the author for what he has contributed to our information and amusement, than to find fault with him for the omission of what might have prolonged our gratification and added to our instruction. Doubtless he was engaged in more effective service, and it is quite possible that he may have contributed more to the success of the measure, than men who rated higher, not as men of worth, but as politicians. He could at least have told us what was said and done in Scotland during that period; and it must have been very dry, and very spiritless indeed, if his narrative could not have clothed it with interest. It might also have been very full of instruction, or rather must have been, for we have a good deal to learn of the Scotch in respect of the tactics by which they maintain an ascendancy in the House of Commons, altogether out of proportion with their numbers or intelligence. That they have a system of combination upon Scotch questions, independently of their party divisions, is well known, and that the great liberal majority of Scotland, without any express declaration to that effect, constitutes a solemn league and covenant, and makes its terms with the government as a recognized power through its accredited agent, the Lord Advocate, is an ascertained fact. It is not so much the political as the religious differences of the Irish that forbid anything like harmonious action between the principal political parties, for we do not now

speak of the divisions which exist between the fractions of what once was known as the liberal party in Ireland. The accord existing between the Scottish liberals cannot have been the work of an hour or of a day; it must have taken time and skilful workmen to build it up, and we should have been glad to follow it in the early stages of its construction.

It is deeply to be regretted that we have no Cockburn to give us the memorials of his time on Ireland during the same period. He would have had, of course, to work upon far different materials; for, although Ireland and its capital furnished many great and venerable names to the empire during that period, their greatness was not of the same stamp as that of the Scottish patriots and philosophers, fragments of whose memories have been preserved to us by Lord Cockburn. For a long time also the star of O'Connell was too vivid, to admit of lights less brilliant being noticed or catalogued; but the whole period was, notwithstanding, full of instruction, and prolonged beyond the political life of man. The Memorials of the reform agitation in particular would show a series of sacrifices on the part of the Irish constituencies, of which, even yet, the English form only a faint idea. Heroism had grown to be a matter of course, and every county in Ireland was anxious to emulate the example of Clare. The tenant under sentence of death, it might almost be said, voted for reform, although his heart yearned as tenderly towards his wife and little ones, who were soon to be turned adrift because their father had a conscience, as the heart of either tory or reforming candidate. And yet, when Irish reform was in question, such was not only the coldness, but the enmity of the British Reformed Parliament, that the Bill for Ireland was suffered to be trimmed, and pared, and gnawed away to that degree, that it hardly presented one feature of what had been accomplished for England with so high a hand, and mainly by Ireland. We take leave, then, of Lord Cockburn's Memorials, with the feeling of having been engaged upon a book which unites pleasure and improvement in as remarkable a degree as almost any other that we know; and to such of our readers as have not yet seen it, we doubt not the few extracts we have been enabled to afford, will offer an inducement to seek acquaintance with the original.

ART. II.—1. *History of England; from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By the Rev. J. A. FROUDE, M.A. Vols. i. and ii. London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1856.

2. *Lingard's History of England.* Sixth Edition, vols. iv. v. and vi. London: Dolman.

THE apologist of tyranny must share its infamy. He who justifies iniquity volunteers indeed a kind of vicarious complicity. Arguing that he *might* commit it, he implies that if he were so inclined, he *would*. The Church teaches that there are many more ways of contracting the actual guilt of mortal sin than the mere commission of it. To vindicate the criminal is to partake of the shame, if not of the crime.

We should have thought the day was long gone by for a vindication of such a monster as Henry VIII. We hardly could have imagined any one hardy enough even to palliate the appalling guilt of his revolting deeds of lust and of blood. We should have deemed it almost a libel on such a body of gentlemen as the Anglican clergy, to suppose it possible that any one of them could descend to such a degradation. But we were mistaken. We had underrated the depraving power of a false system, with all its manifold sophistications, and its habitual stifling or perverting of the moral sense. The last, let us hope the *lowest*, development of Anglicanism is before us—an elaborate apology for the enormous iniquities of the English Nero—the Eighth Henry. Nay, not apology, the word is not strong enough, to describe a thorough and entire *vindication* of the royal monster! Mr. Froude does not quail, nor flinch, nor falter in his foul work. He follows the tyrant step by step in his horrible career, with an ever ready sophistication, with servile justification, with an almost *admiring* regard. *Almost!* rather let us say an *altogether* admiring and reverent regard! We declare we do not exaggerate. We fear, however, that our readers will hardly credit us, and we hasten to quote some of the very expressions of the book to give some idea of it.

Henry is described as having been “faithful (with one exception) to his wife’s bed,” up to the time of his inti-

macy with Ann Boleyn.* His desire for a divorce was "not occasioned by any latent inclination for another woman;" not at all. It arose from the deepest anxiety about the succession to the throne. Henry, in fact, got rid of his wife from a sense of duty. And when he got tired of Ann he got rid of her, equally from a sense of duty. And so as to the third, the fourth, the fifth. Mr. Froude quotes with sympathy and complacency the hypocritical language in which the horrible tyrant tries to disguise the deformity of his depravity. "The King's Highness having above all other things his intent and mind ever founded upon such respect unto Almighty God as to a Christian and Catholic prince doth appertain, knowing the fragility and uncertainty of all earthly things, and how displeasing unto God, how much dangerous to the soul, how dishonourable and damageable to the world, were it to prefer vain and transitory things unto those that be perfect and certain, hath in this cause and matter of matrimony always cast from his mind the darkness of falsity," &c., &c. We really cannot quote any more of the atrocious cant of which Mr. Froude, with the utmost calmness, copies entire pages, "in order to show," as he says, "the *spirit* in which Henry entered upon the question." So that he entirely credits all the hypocritical pretences of the tyrant, and goes on to declare, that in dealing with the "obstacle" to his desires, i.e., his marriage with a woman who had been his wife for twenty years, he displayed "a most efficient mastery over himself!" Need we cite more? Is not this enough to mark the character of a writer who can so tamper with his own moral sense, or so trifle with the interests of truth? Not only have we said enough to *describe* the book, but we have almost stated enough to demolish it.

What can be the worth of it? What reliance can be placed on the statements of such a writer? How far can we confide in his accuracy, when it tasks our charity to credit his sincerity? One might predicate beforehand that his statements must be false, his citations unfair, his

* * What that "exception" is in Mr. Froude's idea, he does not inform us. He is, indeed, to Henry's vices very blind. He is *silent* as to Henry's having debauched Ann's sister, (if not her mother as well,) a fact so well known, that Lingard even suspects it was the reason for afterwards annulling the marriage with Ann.

quotations garbled, and his facts fabrications. And it is so.

At the outset we must notice the fallacy of eulogies on the character of Henry at the era of the divorce, about 1530, founded upon the Letters of Giustiniani, the Venetian ambassador, written in 1515. Fifteen years of royal self-indulgence had worked a great change. Very different was Henry in the morning of his life and the opening of his reign, under the influence of his exemplary wife and of his most able minister, Wolsey; very different was he *then* to what he became when he had shaken off, under evil influences, both his consort and his councillor. His apologist represents him (as we have seen) still the same; nay, he makes his conduct about the divorce an act of virtue!

The first gross unfairness in Mr. Froude's book is, in the giving Henry the credit, not only of his own education, but of the national prosperity in the early part of his reign. He is eloquent upon Henry's attainments, and takes care not to mention that his education had been entrusted to an ecclesiastic; as he also avoids mentioning, when speaking of the English nobility, that they could find no worthier places for the education of their children than the mansions of prelates. A more important question is, that as to the administration of the government in the early portion of Henry's reign. Mr. Froude glows with enthusiasm in describing the prosperity of the country, and by his eulogies on Henry leaves his readers to suppose that *his* was the glory of it all. Certainly no one would ever gather from his language that during all this period Henry was engaged in his pleasures, and that the government was mainly in the hands of Wolsey. This is the mean spirit of suppression and sophistication in which the whole work is written. How different is the work of an *honest* Protestant, like Galt, for instance, who gives to Wolsey all the glory of the earlier half of Henry's reign, and contrasts it with the disasters of the latter half.

Mr. Froude is eloquent upon the character and condition of the people of England at this era. "The habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal." "The priest had enough to supply him in comfort with the necessaries of life. The squire had enough to provide moderate abundance. Neither priest nor squire was able to establish any steep differences in outward advantages between himself and the commons among whom he lived. We read of

‘merry England,’ we hear of the ‘glory of hospitality.’ In such frank style the people lived ; hating idleness, want, and cowardice ; carrying their hearts high, and having their hands full.” “ Looking at the state of England as a whole, I cannot doubt that under Henry,” (it ought rather to be under Wolsey,) “ the body of the people were prosperous, well fed, loyal, and contented. In all points of material comfort they were as well off as they had ever been before, *better off than they have ever been in later times.*” Such is a picture of Catholic England drawn by a Protestant writer, but by one who takes care to conceal the share the *Church* had in it all, and ignores the fact that an *ecclesiastic* had ruled England during the period he describes. He refers to the “ guilds” or fraternities which so served to develope commerce in that age, but he speaks of them as if they were civil institutions, and takes care to conceal the fact that they were *ecclesiastical* in their origin. But above all is this mean spirit of suppression shown in the way he speaks of education. “ Of the education of noblemen and gentlemen we have contradictory accounts.” Such is the terse vague statement studiously framed in order to avoid disclosing the fact that the “ education of noblemen and gentlemen” was only to be obtained under the auspices of ecclesiastics. “ The universities were well filled, by the sons of yeomen chiefly. The cost of supporting them at the colleges was little, and *wealthy men* took a pride in helping forward any boys of promise.” From this artful and sophistical statement, (especially the latter sentence,) who would suppose that to the Church all this was owing ; that if “ the universities were filled—chiefly with the sons of yeomen,” it was by means of her cathedral grammar schools, and the endowments attached to them, (long since swallowed up by the rapacity of Protestant deans and chapters,) and that of “ wealthy men,” “ helping forward boys of promise,” very few instances could be discovered except in Churchmen, of whom there were so many, such as Waynflete and Wykeham.

In the next sentence we come, however, to that which is the pith of the book—vilification of the Catholic clergy in those times. “ It seems clear that as the Reformation drew nearer, while the clergy were sinking lower and lower, a marked change for the better became perceptible in a portion at least of the laity.” Mark the admirable sophis-

try of that last expression, “a portion, *at least*.” It is a *safe* phrase, very safe; it will cover a world of mental reservation. It must be true in a sense, for at what period might it not be said that a change for the better became perceptible “in a *portion*, *at least*, of the laity?” The writer abstains from very distinctly defining the portion he points to. He insinuates, however, that they were the disciples of progress. For he observes that “the more old-fashioned of the higher ranks were slow in moving, for as late as the reign of Edward VI. there were peers of parliament unable to read.” The obvious effect of this clever way of expressing it is, that the “old fashioned” gentry, i.e., the adherents to the ancient faith, were those who were indifferent to education; the very reverse being the fact, and the “reforming” nobles being as ignorant as they were sensual.

After this it is hardly necessary to say, that in alluding to the invention of printing, Mr. Froude carefully avoids mentioning that its introduction into England was owing to Cardinal Bouchier, and that the first press was set up under the auspices of monks.

We desire, however, to direct particular attention to the sophistical mode in which Mr. Froude deals with one part of his subject, not very consistently with his previous account of the condition of England. He says that, as a “sentimental opinion prevails, that an increase of poverty and the consequent enactment of poor laws was the result of the suppression of religious houses, and that adequate relief had been previously furnished by these establishments;” “he desires to dissipate a foolish dream,” and declares that “at the opening of the sixteenth century, before the suppression of the monasteries had suggested itself in a practical form, pauperism was a state question of great difficulty.” With a characteristic infirmity of memory he forgot when he wrote this, the fact which elsewhere he refers to, that so early as the reign of Henry IV., the “suppression of the monasteries” had been “suggested” in a practical form by the House of Commons. He asserts that, “though for many centuries the religious houses fulfilled honestly their intentions, so early as the reign of Richard II., it was found necessary to provide some other means for the support of the impotent poor, the monasteries having begun to neglect their duty.” A more monstrous mis-statement was never made. It is

entirely and absolutely false. Mr. Froude has evidently searched the statute book, and we cannot think that he has failed to find, though he has carefully failed to notice, the statutes of Edward II., recognizing the oppressions exercised upon the religious houses, of the nobility quartering their retainers upon them, and thereby impoverishing them, and preventing them in many instances from exercising their customary hospitality. And there is no statute ascribing a decline of their almsgiving to any other cause. Mr. Froude himself alludes to the statute of Edward III. against beggars, but that, in its terms, involves no reflection upon the monasteries, (especially when coupled with the other act to which we have just alluded,) and construed by the light of contemporary history, and other similar statutes, it clearly betrays an *animus* hostile to the poor. Its purview is not their relief, but their oppression. The same spirit which had dictated the statutes of mortmain, the statutes of *præmunire*, and the statutes of provisors, and the other acts directed against the Church, dictated cruel laws against the poor. The feudal system had so far declined as regards the lower orders, that great numbers of them had become free labourers. The object of the aristocracy was to reduce them as much as possible to serfdom. In other words, to force the poor to work for the rich, on the terms the rich chose to offer. This could not be done save by the coercion of starvation. And this coercion could not be exercised without checking the relief obtainable from the religious houses. This was partly the reason for the statutes of mortmain. But those statutes only checked the foundations of new religious houses. To cripple the old ones other acts were desired. And one of them was the very one we have referred to—the act of Edward III. against able bodied beggars. Mr. Froude admires it, but we doubt if he perceives its scope. Its effect was, that it became penal for any man who “could” work, i. e., was physically able to work on any terms, fair or unfair,—to ask alms at the gate of a monastery. Of course the result was, that under the pressure of starvation, the poor were forced to work on any terms the richer order chose to offer. Starve they could not. And if they resorted to a monastery for relief, they were liable to be punished. It might be that the wages offered would barely keep soul and body together, and were wickedly, iniquitously unjust. Never-

theless, they must accept such hard terms, and work without fair wages. Woe unto them if they went to the hospitable door of the monastery! This was the law to which Mr. Froude complacently refers; and to enforce it further the Act of Richard II. was passed, to which he also refers, as providing means for the relief of the impotent poor! A more ludicrous misrepresentation we never knew! The scope of the statute is to prevent any but impotent persons asking for relief; and in order to do so, it prohibits asking for relief without a license from the authorities: who were to judge of the 'impotency.' That is to say, even a poor man, unable to work, could not, without a license, ask relief from a religious house! And this is the law which Mr. Froude represents as providing other means for the relief of impotent poor!

That our accounts of these acts is the true one, is apparent, not only from the history of the age, which mentions many outbreaks of the "common people," caused by these oppressions, but likewise from two other statutes which Mr. Froude has forgotten to mention; one, the statute of labourers, (Henry VI.) the other the Act of Henry V., providing for the visitation of religious houses. The former of the two acts followed out the policy of the acts of Edward and Richard; the other provided that the bishops or royal commissioners might visit religious houses to correct any abuses. Had there been any neglect of duty on the part of the monasteries, this act could easily have been enforced against them. This statute has a most important bearing upon the whole question of the suppression of the religious houses, and one which Mr. Froude doubtless perceived when he suppressed it. He actually desires us to believe that Henry, in his visitation of the religious houses, had no idea of their spoliation or suppression! Not in the least. He only desired their reformation. If that were so, (and if it is not really trifling with our readers to discuss so impudent a pretence,) why did he not enforce the Act of Henry V., which provided that the *bishops* should visit, and that only in houses of royal foundation should there be *commissioners*? The bishops were not to be reproached with a rebellious spirit; they acknowledged the Royal Supremacy; they were, however, men of some piety, honesty, and character. And hence a set of obscene and servile men, ready instruments of tyranny, and apt inventors of calumny, were chosen for

the foul work of maligning the venerable institutions it was pre-determined to suppress. But Mr. Froude has omitted to mention a recital in the *first* act for the suppression of the *smaller* houses, which gives the lie to all the calumnies the tyrant's tools invented, the recital "that in the larger houses religion was right well observed;" i. e., the rule of the religious life, comprising of course, charity and hospitality.

Mr. Froude declares that Henry VIII. treated the poor generously, and that the suppression of the religious houses was for their benefit! In all the history of controversy we never remember a more audacious assertion, and one more disqualifying its author for the task of truth. What did the poor themselves think? Speaking of the suppression of the monasteries, Weever says, "It was a pitiful thing to hear the lamentation that the people in the country made for them, for there was great hospitality kept among them." But Mr. Froude says the poor did not know what was best for them. It was better that they should be forced to labour on public works, and Henry found the means for this in the funds of the dissolved monasteries! Really this is insulting us. Does Mr. Froude really imagine any one believes he supposes the funds were applied to such objects? He is not able to afford a *solitary instance* of it, while on the other hand he carefully suppresses the notorious fact of their application to purposes of personal profligacy. But let another ancient writer speak. "To abuse the poor commons it was told them that by suppressing the monasteries they would never hear of tax or subsidy more. This indeed was as pleasing a bait for the people as could be desired, and it took accordingly; they *bit* willingly at it, but the *hook* sticks in their jaws at this day." Why, even in the time of Wolsey, the funds raised by the suppression of smaller houses were so grossly misspent, as to cause the great Cardinal the most poignant grief, and elicit from him the most piteous complaints.

Let us now listen to a Protestant contemporary of our own on the subject. "It is highly probable that from the time of the Conquest till the reign of Edward III., England was little troubled with either vagrant, beggar, or pauper. The 'patrimony of the poor' was found in the possessions of the Church." So writes Mr. Pashley, the Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, in his work on the

Poor Laws. “It was not until after Edward’s wars with France, and after the industry and wealth of towns came into existence, that we first notice traces of any considerable class of free labourers.” It will be observed that this respectable writer does not in the least ascribe any blame to the religious houses, but, on the contrary, attributes the rise of vagrancy to causes over which they had no controul. The same learned author estimates that *three millions* of our people receive—constantly or occasionally—parochial relief. The vulgar cry about the religious houses, repeated by Mr. Froude, (taken from Hume,) is, that they “had one-third of the land.” The answer is, that if it were so, they supported all the poor, and that now the cost of their relief is seven millions: one-third of our ordinary annual expenditure, exclusive of the interest on the national debt. So much for Mr. Froude’s views as to the *poor*.

We must notice more particularly the manner in which Mr. Froude deals with the character of the religious houses and of the clergy at large. It is long since a work so malignant and unscrupulous was put forth, and it is indeed a miserable contrast to the learned and candid work of Maitland. Has the Anglican Church retrograded? Has it re-descended into the coarsest, vilest, and basest depths of bigotry, and there silenced all instincts of justice, steeled itself against all impulses of charity, buried all sense of truth, and lost all sense of shame?

In his preface Mr. Froude says: “To determine who are, and who are not, admissible as witnesses, is the chief difficulty in studying the history of the Reformation. For example, how are we to believe the invectives of Cardinal Pole against Henry VIII?” One would have thought a far better example would have been the invectives of the royal commissioner against the religious houses. But the “difficulty” as to the admissibility of witnesses against the clergy or the religious houses is soon determined by Mr. Froude, and in the simplest way. He admits any witnesses against them,—none in their favour. This is literally the case. He quotes as gospel the infamous statements of the miscreants sent to destroy them,—the minions of the tyrant who was thirsting to devour his destined prey, wretches whose foul spirit is betrayed by the very language they employ, and who have written their own character as sordid, sensual, and unscrupulous;

their filthy imaginations gloating on the iniquities they desired to find, and their wicked minds eager to invent what they failed to discover. These scandalous statements Mr. Froude is not ashamed to transcribe, at the same time coolly adding, that he "will not discuss their truth," and quietly ignoring their notorious infamy and subserviency, giving their statements as absolute verity, and utterly suppressing all testimony in favour of the monks; all matter of defence or exculpation!

Dr. Lingard, in his moderate way states: "The charges against the monks are *ex parte* statements, to which the accused had no opportunity of replying. Of the Commissioners some were not very immaculate characters, and all were stimulated to invent and exaggerate by the known rapacity of the king, and by their own prospects of personal interests." He supports this moderate statement by abundant authority, even on the testimony of Fuller. Of one of the Commissioners, Dr. Loudon, Fuller says: "He was no great saint, for afterwards he *was publicly convicted of perjury*, and adjudged to ride with his face to the horse tail," to which may be added, (citing Strype) that he was condemned to do public penance at Oxford, for incontinency with two women, the mother and daughter. As to another Commissioner, Bedyll, it appears from a letter of one of his colleagues, given by Fuller, that he was an artful and profligate man. "If we may believe, (says Dr. Lingard,) "the Northern agents, Layton and Lee, were not much better." Mr. Froude only mentions the names of the two latter. It will be remembered that he represents that the king did not desire to plunder the religious houses, but only to reform them. To this, the only answer it is worth while to make, is the significant statement for which Dr. Lingard cites the contemporary authority: "When Giffard gave a favourable character of the House, the king maintained that he had been bribed." The Abbess of Godstow thus wrote to Cromwell: "Dr. Loudon is soddenlye commyed unto me with a great route with him, and doth threaten me and my sisters, saying, that he hath the king's commission to suppress the house. When I shouyde hym playne that I wolde never surrender to his hands, being an unequal enemye, he began to inveigle my sisters one by one, as I never herde the king's subjects had been handled." "And notwithstanding that, Dr. Loudon

like an untrue man, hath informed you that I am a spoiler and a waster; I have not alienated one halporth of the goods of the house." This reminds us that Mr. Froude actually represents it as a crime in the monks, their occasionally secreting the treasures of their houses from the rapacious search of the Royal Commissioners! It was for this that poor Whiting, the Abbot of Glastonbury, was, as others were, actually convicted and executed! And we have an Anglican clergyman not ashamed to vindicate these horrible atrocities! and not ashamed to quote as true all the statements of the king's disreputable minions, carefully suppressing every fact and every testimony in favour of those who are thus held up to execration on *ex parte* and interested evidence! Of course he conceals the fact (for instance) that when Cranmer named the clergy for his cathedral, he chose twenty-eight from the monks of Christ Church, one of the most maligned of the monasteries. Dr. Lingard remarks on this fact, that Cranmer must have known the charges against them, and could not have believed them. Does Mr. Froude really believe them? We are persuaded he does not. For he declines to discuss the question of their truth, while giving them to the world, as an authentic and uncontradicted evidence, admitting of no answer! He coolly publishes what he knows to be calumnies, concealing and suppressing the facts which show them to be so. Nay, he goes beyond them, and in language of his own, elaborated to the utmost heights of rhetoric, accuses two-thirds of the monks in England of living in the grossest immorality. A blacker, falser, and more malignant calumny never emanated from the father of lies. If there were any truth in it, the tyrant could have obtained proof of it without resorting to the agency of vile and disreputable tools. As it is, there is not an atom of credible evidence of it. And there is overwhelming evidence to the contrary, all of which Mr. Froude most meanly ignores. For example, we will cite from the work of an *honest* Protestant, one among many hundreds of proofs we could collate in behalf of the religious houses. It is from an interesting paper written by an actual witness, and published by Sir Henry Ellis, in his Third Series of Contemporary Letters, and re-published by the antiquary, Nicholls, as "giving a striking picture of the flood of avarice, spoliation, and oppression, which was let loose at the dissolution of

monasteries.” The writer says that he asked his uncle, who had shared in the general scramble, “whether he thought well of the religious persons, and of the religion then used? He told me, yea, for he did see no cause to the contrary. Well, said I, then how came it to pass you was so ready to spoil and destroy the thing that you thought well of? What should I do, said he? Might I not, as well as others, have some profit of the spoil of the abbey; for I did see all would be carried away, and therefore I did as others did.” “Thus you see, that, *as well they which thought well of the religion then used*, as they which thought otherwise, could agree well enough, and too well to spoil them! Such a devil is covetousness and mammon!” These are the reflections, and such is the evidence of an *eye witness*; and those who have read as much as Mr. Froude has done, must be well aware that this is only a specimen of innumerable other and similar evidences in favour of the religious houses. In suppressing them he has damaged his own character far more dangerously than theirs.

But if we are compelled to speak strongly of Mr. Froude’s course as regards the regular clergy and the religious of both sexes, we must, if possible, use language still stronger to describe his conduct with respect to the secular clergy. In the one case he merely used the evidence of miscreants, such as it was, and suppressed proofs of a clearly contrary character. In the other case he has not been contented with suppression, he has resorted to such arts of unfair selection, untrue citation, and utter misrepresentation, as to justify the charge of fabrication. Moreover, in his eagerness indiscriminately to malign, he has lapsed unconsciously into an inconsistency, reminding us continually of the infirmity of memory, which is a proverbial misfortune of mendacity. His charge is not merely that “among the clergy the prevailing offence was not crime, but licentiousness,” but that “the grossest moral profligacy in a priest was past over with indifference!” He appeals, in proof of this monstrous statement to the Act books of the Consistorial Courts of London, selections from which had been published by the pluralist, Archdeacon Hale, who, we believe, receives from half-a-dozen sources, some £6,000. a year out of the revenues of a church founded and endowed by Catholics,—lives in the monastery of the Charter-house, and uses his learned

leisure for the purpose of casting odium on the Church, upon whose munificence he lives, and the monks whose place he has usurped. These "acts" are, as upon inspection will be apparent, only extracted from the books, and they are what the French call "acts of *accusation*." In most instances the entries given terminate with the appearance of the accused party,* leaving the trial and the result uncertain. And now let us point out, that Mr. Froude himself, when railing against these ecclesiastical courts, says, that "*all charges, whether well founded or ill*, met with ready acceptance in the courts." No doubt this, in a certain sense, is true, as it is of *all* courts, because the truth of a charge can only be known by trial. But Mr. Froude did not perceive how the fact bore upon the truth and fairness of his inferences. In passing, we may describe another gross inconsistency. In describing the condition of England, he had said that "the habits of all classes were open, free, and liberal," that "the people lived in frank style," that they were "prosperous, loyal, and contented, and better off than they have ever been since." But when he is reviling the ecclesiastical system of the country, he describes the people as labouring under an "enormous tyranny," the jurisdiction of the consistorial courts. He complains (curiously enough,) that they "took cognizance of offences against chastity, drunkenness, scandal, defamation, and other delinquencies,—matters, all of them in which it was well, if possible, to keep men from going wrong, but offering wide opportunities for injustice!" And he describes the charges against the *laity* in these courts as mostly for trivial offences against ecclesiastical rather than moral law; mortuary claims, non-payment of offerings, &c., while the charges against the clergy were all for gross immorality. "An active imagination," he says, "may readily picture to itself the indignation likely to have been felt by a high-minded people, when forced to submit their lives, their habits, and most intimate conversations and opinions to a censorship conducted by clergy of such a character." "And we can imagine what England must have been, with an undefined jurisdiction over general morality; such a system for the administration of justice was perhaps never tolerated

* The usual entry being *comparuit*.

in any country.” And he describes the very people as groaning under an enormous and vexatious tyranny, whom he had before described as “contented and happy, and better off than they have ever been since.”

Passing from the glaring inconsistency of these statements, let us look at the gross perversions of fact by which the calumnies on the clergy are supported. He actually cites indiscriminately as cases of proved depravity, all the entries in the act books; although they are for the most part merely *ex parte* accusations previous to the appearance of the accused parties. He suppresses the fact that in the cases in which the result is stated, the result is more often, as regards the charges against clergymen, acquittal than conviction. He takes care to conceal the fact that the charges against the clergy for immorality, are very few as compared with those against the laity. He makes general charges against the clergy on the authority of one or two isolated instances, and those sometimes instances, not of conviction, but of accusation. He picks out with industrious malignity, out of several hundreds of entries, the *only one or two* bad cases he could discover, and then with an affectation of forbearance says: “*I might multiply such instances indefinitely*, but there is no occasion for me to stain my pages with them;” and leaves and leads his readers to imagine, what indeed he elsewhere states, that the body of the clergy were stained by such immoralities, and that the laity were disgusted with the damnation of an immoral clergy!

Now what are the *facts*, as apparent upon the face of the very records on which he relies for proofs of his horrible calumnies on the Catholic clergy? There are (in round numbers) above five hundred entries in the work from which he cites. They are all in the London courts, where, for obvious reasons, (and especially through the residence of Henry’s corrupt and immoral court) there would be the greater likelihood of finding any immoral clergy. They range over nearly two centuries, from 1465 to 1636. They include, therefore, nearly a century before and after the Reformation. The overwhelming majority are accusations against the laity, and mostly for heinous immorality.* Of

* In 1468 we have this entry, which suggests rather fabricated charges than committed crimes, as far as the priests and friars were

the accusations against the clergy, there is a comparatively small number, perhaps in above 500 cases about 20. And out of these cases in which any determination is accorded, the result is usually, an acquittal,† and generally upon the testimony of several persons as well as the accused clergyman. And there are not perhaps above half a dozen instances out of the whole in which a conviction is accorded against a clergyman; not more than *one or two* in which religious persons are convicted of heinous crime. On the other hand there are numerous instances

concerned. “Thomas Cowper et ejus uxor Margareta pronubos horribiles et instigant mulieres ad fornicandum cum quibus cum que laicis religiosis fratribus minoribus et nisi fornicant in domo sua *ipsi diffamabunt* nisi voluerunt dare eis ad voluntatem eorum : et vir est pronuba uxori et vult relinquere eam apud fratres minores pro peccatis habendis.” We suspect that this is one of the two entries on which Mr. Froude most relies for his reckless and wholesale aspersions on the religious. But what does it really prove? That these wretches *tried* to corrupt them. Mr. Froude evidently takes these entries for indirect evidence against the clergy; but surely unjustly so. In 1489 we have this entry: “W. Stamford notatus est pronuba inter M. et domo Goteham et alios presbiteros et diversos homines suspectos adv in diem per dies et noctes.” There is another entry accusing a certain Margareta, “communis meretrix conversatur quotidie cum presbiteris et *nonnullis aliis laicis sinistri opinionis et mali nominis*: comparuit ille et negavit articulum et purgavit se cum vicinis viz: K. Russell, L. Hunt, E. Bremer: et *dimittitur*.” So that she clears herself by the testimony of her neighbours. But if she had *not* done so, what does so vague a charge prove as against the priesthood?

† For instance, “D. Patreius presbiter commisit incestum cum quadam Rosa Williamson filia sua spirituali, et quotidie conversatur cum eadem *nimis suspiciosa in camera sua*. Vircitatus, illo die comparuit: *negavit articulum*, et purgavit se propria manu et *dimittitur*.” So the priest cleared himself. A similar entry follows, as to another, “Johannes Warwick *quondam* clericus adulteravit, &c.” Another priest is accused “quod servientem rapuisse et negavit articulum et purgavit se: comparuit cum purgatoribus suis: et *præsidens declaravit eundem legitime purgatum et dimittitur*.” Another case, “*purgavit se* :” with the testimony of not less than nine persons; “*quam purgationem dominus admisit: et restituit eum bonæ famæ*.” That is to say, he was sent out of court without a stain of suspicion.

in which priests are the accusers,* and complain of persons as common slanderers for aspersing their character by false accusations of immorality ; and either charitably forgive their accusers on confession of their slander, or obtain convictions. And there are many entries to show that the character of those who were accusers of the priests was not likely to be such as to give any weight to their accusations. Their language is coarse, impious, and impure ; and such as shows shocking familiarity with the crimes they impute. And upon the whole the result of a perusal of their entries upon any fair and impartial mind, would be, not so much that the clergy, as that the laity were depraved ; that too many of the laity, because of their depravity, resented the constant endeavours of the clergy to check their immorality ; that in many instances they revenged themselves by false accusations of incontinency against the clergy ; that they had been corrupted by the evil example of an impure sovereign and a vicious court ; in which they saw their king living for years in open adultery with a woman whose sister (if not her mother also) he had debauched ; that following his example in impurity, they likewise followed it in rebellion against the Church, which struggled to prevent it ; and that knowing that in any contest with the ecclesiastical authority they would have the sympathy and support of the crown, they met the remonstrances of the clergy with defiance, and retaliated with defamation.

At all events these “acts” go far more to prove immorality against the laity than against the clergy. And it is manifest that immoral men would hate and slander a faithful clergy ; who in every way would seek to repress their licentiousness, and would often rescue the victims of their seduction. Mr. Froude says, these “acts” show that the people disliked the ecclesiastical courts. No doubt the sordid and sensual portion of the people disliked them. And they would for the same reason dislike the

* Sometimes others accused of participation in their crime are complainants ; for example, Alicia Nicholson communis deffamator vicinorum morum diffamavit uxorem J. Mody in Anglicis, “hore et prestes hore.” Mody comparuit cum purgatoribus. In another instance, “H. Brewster communis deffamator vicinorum et praestum deffamavit dom.” T. Appulby rectorem culesce : et idem rector remisit sibi detectum.” So it is to be presumed the slander was confessed.

clergy just in the proportion in which they were faithful in resisting licentiousness. The fact that a priesthood is unpopular among a licentious people is a fact in favour of the priesthood. And the fact of popular aversion, to the extent to which it existed, accounts for, as it would naturally provoke, a great deal of false accusation against them. Moreover the very functions and position of the priesthood would peculiarly expose them to such accusations, and render it difficult for them to refute them. In several instances the ground of accusation was merely the resorting of some woman to a priest; which might often be for confession; assuming it to be so, the priests would be obviously in some difficulty as to disproving the accusations and would have to rely more upon character; as in fact they appear to have done, and successfully in several cases.

There are, therefore, ample reasons to account for far more accusations even than there appear to have been; and ample reason also to account for the rareness of convictions as compared with accusations. And certainly the fact that out of some thousands of clergy, in the large diocese of London, there were, in the greater part of a century, so very few cases of convictions for immorality, (judging from the proportion of instances in Mr. Hales' book, we should say not twenty,) speaks strongly in their favour.

For the infamous assertion of Mr. Froude that "the grossest moral profligacy in a priest was passed over with indifference," not only is there not the least atom of proof, but the very facts he states show its falsehood. For example, in one of the rare instances he can detect of the conviction of a priest for incontinence, the offender was put to the painful penance of appearing publicly more than once in the presence of a congregation at High Mass, and presenting tapers in acknowledgment of his crime. It appears also that he was fined 6s. 8d. With characteristic disingenuousness Mr. Froude observes on this: "An exposure too common to attract notice, and a fine of 6s. 8d. was held sufficient penalty for a mortal sin!" As to the offence being common we have already shown the falsehood of the assertion. As to the exposure not being any part of the penalty, we may not imagine the feelings of Mr. Froude if he fancy that it would not have been a penalty infinitely greater than any pecuniary penalty or

any imprisonment possibly could have been. But with regard to the amount of the fine, let it be noticed that (as Mr. Froude himself states *elsewhere*, but of course takes care to conceal *here*), the sum of 6s. 8d. was a fifteenth part of a priest's whole yearly income; which ordinarily was only £5 a year; a sum at that time sufficient for his support. Let us ask Mr. Froude to what species of punishment clergymen in the Church of England are subjected, when they lapse into incontinence or drunkenness. The case is not by any means unfrequent: far more frequent than is known generally, for a few years ago an Act of Parliament, the Church Discipline Act, was passed, for the purpose of hushing them up by private enquiries. Notwithstanding this, cases constantly occur, within this very year, several of great atrocity; within the last few months one of a *criminal* character; and we ask, supposing there is no *criminal* offence cognizable by the law, what is the penalty? No exposure; (the most effectual proceeding in the case of a clergyman,) nothing but a pecuniary penalty; not always even suspension; hardly ever deprivation; never degradation. And what man not utterly degraded would not prefer suspension and exclusion from the sacred office to a painful public exposure?

And this leads us to remark upon another unfairness of Mr. Froude, in keeping out of sight the evidences the ecclesiastical records afford of the immorality of the clergy after the Reformation. The cases not only became more numerous,* but the whole body of the clergy became so

* In 1544 there is the following ludicrous complaint:—"The said parson dothe checke his paryshe lykeneynge them unto galled horses, when they be rubbed they will wynce: spekyng it in the pulpyt. Item John Colte mysseusing his tonge with chydynge against the said parson in the Church in servis time, and in the tyme of his sermonde, sainge unto him, Prest fyndest (thou) it in ye boke that my bake (back) is galled?"

In another instance, 1595, the parson was accused of encouraging an adulteress. In 1601, one Bonting complains to the arch-dean of Essex of the rector of Warley, "for drinking in his own Church;" "for being dronke thirty times since Easter, and synging most filthye songes," &c. The accuser bitterly complains of such "caterpillers or spiders in God's Church, which do nothing but suck the swete and spyn such webs as make the enemies of Christ's Gospel to laugh at and jeer such ministers." Several similar cases occur in the same year: fruits of the "Reformation."

degraded, that Elizabeth herself called them "hedge priests;" respectable women would not marry them, and an act of parliament had to be passed to prevent them disgracing their office by degrading marriages! Take the condition of the Anglican clergy during the eighteenth century; we should be sorry to insult the memory of the Catholic clergy of the sixteenth by comparing them. The pages of Smollett and Fielding pourtray their coarseness and their sensuality. In our own lifetime we have had instances of clerical depravity transcending anything that can be discovered in the age of the Reformation. A bishop has been forced to fly the country for a crime not to be named, and within the last few years a rector was convicted of incest with his own daughter. Instances of simony, impurity, and inebriety, are frequent. Until lately the Dean and Chapter of Westminster were proprietors of the foulest houses in London, a whole nest of brothels, and the suppression of the abomination (if it is suppressed) is owing not to their own sense of decency, (for they resisted all the remonstrances of public opinion, and were even deaf to numerous denunciations in parliament), but it is due simply to the improvements carried on by the Board of Works in Westminster. We defy Mr. Froude to find such a foul fact as *that* in the sixteenth century. And we declare that, although we by no means consider the Anglican clergy as a body immoral, we would not for a moment admit that in point of morality they are equal to the Catholic clergy of the age of the Reformation. We are sure of this, that it would be impossible to ascribe to them such immoral sentiments as are to be found in the work of Mr. Froude. A single specimen will suffice. He makes it matter of grave and severe reproach against Catherine that she did not, when her husband was tired of her, at once retreat into a convent, and let him marry some other woman! This is Anglican morality! And such is the man who reviles the Catholic clergy at the era of the Reformation.

Before passing from this part of the subject, we must notice one matter, not only as throwing very great light upon it, but as illustrating the Anglican clergyman's idea of literary honesty and controversial candour, we should rather say common fairness and truthfulness. After seeking to cast odium on the clergy, he takes a story out of Hale, about one Hun, who having been imprisoned in the

Lollards' Tower, was found hanging in his cell. "An inquest," says Mr. Froude, "was held upon the body, when a verdict of wilful murder was returned against the Chancellor of the Bishop of London, and so intense was the feeling of the city that the Bishop applied to Wolsey for a special jury to be chosen on the trial. 'For assured I am,' he said, 'that if my Chancellor be tried by any twelve men in London, they be so maliciously set in favour of heresy, that they will cast and condemn my clerk, though he were as innocent as Abel.'" And here he stops. Who would suppose, from this notice of the case that the inquisition was so monstrous on the face of it, that any sensible man on the mere reading of it could see that it was the result of a malicious conspiracy; that the Bishop's application was not for a special jury, but to have the indictment so far as regarded his chancellor quashed; that he appealed not merely to Wolsey, but to the House of Lords, and publicly denounced the coroner's jury as "perjured catiffs;" that the case was examined into by the Attorney General before the king in cabinet, and that the result was, that the indictment or inquisition as regarded the Bishop's Chancellor was quashed. The wretched man who was found hanging had doubtless hung himself, as many of the heretics did, under the influence of the dark spirit which possessed them. Mr. Froude himself gives an instance, out of Fox. A youth at Cambridge hung himself, an open Bible before him, his finger pointed to a passage upon predestination. The horrible habit of suicide had now entered into the nation. It came with heresy. Until now it had been unknown in the country. We never have discovered a solitary instance of it before the rise of Protestantism, and from that time to the present it has been awfully common in every country possessed by Protestantism, and above all in England.

There is one important fact we ought not to omit to mention, as respecting the calumnies against the clergy in that age. In 1529 the Commons presented their petition to the King, an elaborate indictment against the Church, comprising many charges, mostly frivolous, but embodying every possible accusation against the clergy. Now in this petition *there is no accusation against them of immorality*. Can any one believe that if the character of the clergy as a body had been as Mr. Froude represents it, it

would not have been made a formidable charge in this bill of indictment against the Church?

It is strange that it should never have struck Mr. Froude, and that it should never strike writers of his class, that the more they blacken the character of the prelacy or the clergy at the era of the Reformation, the more they weaken the moral character of the Reformation itself. For the foundation of it was the recognition of the royal supremacy, which preceded by nearly a quarter of a century any *religious* alteration. And the only ecclesiastical ground on which that supremacy can be vested, is its pretended recognition by the prelacy and clergy in convocation. Passing by for a moment the objection that it was not a *voluntary* recognition, but entirely enforced and compulsory, we wonder it should never occur to the revilers of the Catholic clergy of that age, that the more degraded their character is represented, the more utterly worthless was their recognition of the royal supremacy, and the more suspicious must a doctrine appear which was conceded by so discreditable a body. When the Anglican controversialist affects to find any ecclesiastical foundation for the monstrous assumption of spiritual power implied in the royal supremacy, he takes care not to revile the character of the Catholic Church at the era of the Reformation; on the contrary, he enhances and extols it as a venerable body, to whose voice and authority he appeals.

There is still another view of this matter, which it is extraordinary should not present itself to the minds of writers like Mr. Froude, who are perfectly aware of the facts on which it rests. It is this. That the worse and more worldly, not to say wicked, the clergy of the English church are conceived to have been, at the era of the Reformation, the more powerful becomes the argument in favour of the Papacy, and against the Royal Supremacy. For, as we have shown in former articles, the Holy See had long lost all effective power over the episcopate, and had for centuries been practically all but deprived of the exercise of its supremacy. Even Mr. Froude, (fortunately not seeing the force of the fact,) freely confesses it. "The chapters had long ceased to elect freely. The Crown had absorbed the entire functions of presentation, sometimes allowing the great ecclesiastical ministers to nominate themselves. *The Papal share in the matter was a shadow.*" Most true. So it had been ever since the

evil era of the statutes of *præmunire* and *provisors*. The Papacy had practically lost its power over the episcopate, and therefore over the clergy. If the Pontiff rejected the regal nominations, which in rare instances he was absolutely obliged to do, when they were too infamous to be submitted to, the see was kept vacant, and the greatest disorders ensued. If a prelate nominated by the Pope was hardy enough to assume to enter on the see, the crown lawyers prosecuted him under the statutes of *præmunire*, and the whole temporalities of his see were declared forfeited, added to which he might be imprisoned for life. This is the argument we have on former occasions urged as wholly exonerating the Holy See from any responsibility for any evils that may have existed in the English Church for ages anterior to the Reformation. Whatever evils there were, they were results not of Papal but of royal influence, and are so many cogent arguments against the royal supremacy.

The episcopal nominees of the crown might be expected to be courtly, and the clergy they ordained might be expected to be worldly. But the most worldly-minded of prelates would present no fair topic of reproaches against the Church, and especially the Holy See, until it was ascertained *who nominated him*. And of course indirectly the same argument applies to the assumed ignorance or immorality of the clergy.

But we recur to what we have maintained, that the prelacy of England were not worldly, that the clergy as a body were far from immoral. And it rather speaks strongly for the vitality of the Church that, even after having for ages been exposed to the enervating influences of a system of royal patronage, so *little* of worldliness, so much of worthiness, should be found in her episcopate and her priesthood in this country. That there was some taint of worldliness in them, we not only do not deny, but strenuously contend. For if there had not been any, how could they have been brought to admit the impious assumption of the royal supremacy? Mr. Froude himself sees this, and here again with happy unconsciousness, while eagerly pouring out sarcasms on the episcopate and clergy, he undermines the only *pretended* basis for the royal supremacy. He scoffs at the servility of the English church in acknowledging it! There is, alas! some truth in the charge, some reason for the scoff. But it comes curiously from an

Anglican, a devout believer in the royal supremacy ! For if the clergy who admitted the claim are justly reproached with servility, surely the claim must have been impiety and tyranny ?

It is in touching upon this topic, however, that Mr. Froude makes one of his very rare approaches towards truth. It is unhappily true, as he observes, that had the episcopate and clergy resisted at the outset, the impious claim to the supremacy must have been withdrawn in confusion. Henry never could have ventured to slay an entire episcopate, or have sought to extirpate a clergy ! In fact, he never ventured to slay any one for rejecting the supremacy until convocation had been coerced into acknowledging it. And Fisher, who had himself joined with Warham, the Primate, and the rest of the episcopate, in conceding it, sharpened the sword by which he was fated to fall. Nay, even More may be said to have done so, for he had ever, until, too late, he saw his fatal error, upheld the impious statutes of *præmunire*, in the fetters of which the king now cast the clergy of England. Still they had only to resist, and risk the loss of a little money, or in some cases their liberty, and they would have triumphed, and the Church would have been saved. They did not resist, and she fell. What was the reason of their tame concession ? They attached too little importance to the Papal supremacy.

We have one more observation to offer before finally dismissing this subject. It is this. That it is undeniable, and is indeed asserted by Mr. Froude, that at this time there was widely spread infusion of Lutheran ideas among the people, and of course a proportionate aversion to the Catholic clergy. The acts of the Ecclesiastical Courts reveal this in many ways, especially in the bitterness of the language used not only against the priesthood, but the principles and practices of the Church. Truly this must go far to account for the accusations against the clergy.

At all events there are ample causes to account for these accusations,* and while there is very little evidence of

* Among others, the spread of heresy. There is ample evidence that the persons most infected with the new ideas on religion were most envenomed against the priests, and commonly defamed them. Take the following entries for example. "Johannes Forest com-

their truth, it is clear that as regards the body of the clergy they are calumnies. Indeed, as against the body of the clergy there is no evidence that the feeling of the respectable part of the nation was, as Mr. Froude represents. The petition of the Commons is in itself powerful evidence of this. There is another proof of it, which Mr. Froude himself states with an unconscious inconsistency. He dwells in another part of his work on the popular commotion and wide-spread dissatisfaction caused by Henry's measures, and "the extreme peril of the government." How was this, if the whole body of the people had groaned, as he tells us, under "the enormous tyranny" of the Church, and had been disgusted with the immorality of the clergy, regular and secular? Surely had this been so, the nation would have rejoiced at the suppression of the religious houses, and the prostration and spoliation of the Church. On the contrary, they rose into rebellion all over England; they were in a state of disaffection for half a century afterwards; their insurrections were repeatedly put down with cruel slaughter; and this indeed was the excuse urged for the penal laws.

This fact is in itself sufficient to show what value we can attach to Mr. Froude's representations of the feeling of

munis diffamator vicinorum : citatus est : absolutus est et dimittitur ex gratia." Then follows a memorandum, stating,—"*Johannes Forest has bene suspendyd ii times out of ye Chyrch, and he sayeth that ye prest ys curst for God schall a soyell (absolve or assoil) hym agayne ; furthermore he sayes that all ye prestys and doctyrs are but harlotmongers.*" Johannes Forest was clearly a Lutheran. "*Nicholaus Calff et Radulphus Austen communes susurones conspiratores et libertatum ecclesiasticarum contradictores violatores ac ecciam in quantum possunt eversores nomina sinistra sacerdotibus imponentes Anglice horson prestes et horemongeres, eccam sic dicendo, 'I wold there were never a prest in England.' A wish which savours strongly of the new doctrines.*" "*Johannes Oste quia dicit quod illa die quo videt presbiterum est infirmus, et cum seipso male contentus, gaudet quoque eum et quando videt aut audit aliquorem presbiterum in aliqua tribulatione seu vexatione : ultra dicit quod fuit conscius indictatorum plurime ex eis. Et quod vellet iri 60 miliaribus pro uno presbitero indictando, voccando que eos horsyn Prestes : they shal be indyted as many as comyes to my handeling.*" This persecutor of the priests was doubtless a sound Protestant. And other entries show that the men of "the new opinions," were not the most moral.

the body of the nation as regards the great body of the clergy. The clergy as a body were disliked only by two classes, the heretical and the immoral, and these, although, alas! too numerous, did not compose the great body of the nation.

The insurrections of the people at and after the close of Henry's reign, were in a great measure owing to the operation of his diabolical laws against almsgiving. And no part of Mr. Froude's work is more painful and shameful than that in which he apologises for the act of 1536, of which he truly states that Henry himself was the author. It was just after the act for the suppression of the religious houses. An act had already passed, in 1531, five years before, ordaining that able-bodied persons—men and women—asking for alms, should, if they could not give account how they lawfully got their living, that is to say, if they were out of employment, (for asking of alms was unlawful) at once be tied naked to the end of a cart and scourged through the town, until their bodies were bloody! The policy of this infernal statute was no doubt, by deterring poor people from asking alms of religious houses, to diminish the sense of their value to the country. But the act of 1536, framed by Henry himself, *after* the suppression of the religious houses, had a policy and purpose still more diabolical. "The sturdy vagabond," i.e., the able-bodied person, man or woman, asking alms when out of employment, and having no means of obtaining a livelihood, was condemned on the second offence to lose the whole or a part of the right ear, and for a third offence *to suffer death as a felon!* Death as a felon was the penalty for asking alms! And mark—by reason of the suppression of religious houses, thousands of monks and nuns were cast out houseless and destitute upon the country, and were under the necessity of begging or starving. They might indeed hire themselves out as slaves, for the mere scraps that might be cast to them by the inhuman wretches who connived in carrying out this cruel statute, and probably desired to get their labour on such terms as to make them really slaves. And to this they were practically enforced, for if thrice caught asking alms, they were doomed to the death of felons! Such was the fate reserved by Henry and his parliament for the religious of both sexes, rendered destitute by their measures of spoliation! *Slavery, starvation, or death as felons!* Mr. Froude, although a little

staggered by the penalty of death, approves of the policy of these infernal statutes on the whole, as severe but salutary humanity! Let us give his own account of the state of the law as regarded the poor, not forgetting that religious men and women formed a large portion of them. "For an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging was held a crime deserving death. The poor man might not change his master at his will, or wander from place to place. If out of employment, preferring to be idle," (whether preferring it or not,) "he might be demanded for work by any master of the craft to which he belonged, and compelled to work, whether he would or no." (And of course on any terms offered him.) "If caught begging he was flogged at the cart's tail. If caught a second time his ear was slit or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time he suffered death as a felon." So the law of England remained for sixty years, until all the religious of both sexes had perished miserably from the earth, doubtless *many of them being hanged like dogs, for the mere asking of alms!* And this was the first fruit of the Reformation!

We must give a specimen of Mr. Froude's morality on another subject. Of course in his endeavours to blacken the character of the Catholic clergy at the eve of the Reformation, he does not forget to make the most of the so-called persecutions. It requires all his powers of exaggeration to make *much* of them, seeing that on his own statement there were only five executions for heresy in Smithfield during five years, 1529 to 1533, and it requires all his powers of misrepresentation to render the Church, and least of all the Papacy, responsible for these acts, seeing that they took place in pursuance of statutes passed by enemies of the Church, with a political rather than a religious *purview*; and they occurred under a king who ruled despotically, and was at that very time at open variance with the Apostolic See, and entering into actual schism. However, such as they are, of course Mr. Froude makes the most of them, and at the same time, with Anglican inconsistency, palliates all the cruel atrocities of Henry himself, and with Anglican unfairness forgets to reckon up the horrible executions for mere begging, of which there must have been fifty for every one which took place at all on account of heresy, if indeed *any* did, for this is more than doubtful on Mr. Froude's own account; seeing

that all the instances he gives are cases either of mischievous proselytism or of open outrage. The statutes against heretics were passed, be it remembered, by a parliament hostile to the Papacy and jealous of the Church, from experience of the politically pernicious tendency of the new doctrines. And certainly the instances given by Mr. Froude fully confirm this opinion, and also attest the truthfulness of Mr. Maitland's view, in entire accordance with it. Take, for example, the case of the sacrilegious outrage upon Dovercourt Church, which Mr. Froude narrates with such complacency. There was a Rood there very much venerated. Four heretics, "their consciences burdened to see the honour of God so blasphemed by such an *idol*," (the image of the Incarnate God Himself!) went one night, like thieves as they were, to the Church, tore down the crucifix, with the tapers kept for the services, and burnt them sacrilegiously. This is Mr. Froude's own expression, but he seems marvellously insensible to the force of it. For he highly approves of the outrage! The act was undoubtedly robbery, and sacrilegious robbery. At this moment the law of England would treat it as such. But Mr. Froude commends it as a "stroke of honest work against the devil." That is to say, if men disapprove of the reverence paid to the crucifix, they are at liberty to break into a church at night and destroy it! Such is Anglican morality! Now for Anglican bigotry. Of course the miscreants met the fate their outrage deserved. Mr. Froude himself says, "Their fate perhaps was inevitable." And then he adds, "Better for them to be bleaching on the gibbets than crawling at the feet of a wooden rood and *believing it to be God!*"

From what has been already seen, our readers will be prepared for, and appreciate, the tone of Mr. Froude as regards the Pope and his conduct in reference to the divorce. He starts by coolly assuming that "if the Pope had been free to judge only of the *merits* of the case, it is impossible to doubt that he could have cut the knot *either* by granting a *dispensation to Henry to marry a second wife*, (the first being formally, though not judicially separated from him,) or in some other way." The Pope, the Supreme Pastor of the Church, to grant a dispensation to have two wives! And this is the argument of an Anglican, who denies the power of the Pope to dispense with even a canonical disability against marrying a de-

ceased brother's wife. For it was on this supposed want of power that the whole argument in favour of the divorce is rested! And when Mr. Froude says that this question is one on which there can be no doubt,—he only exhibits his own recklessness in the cause of his idol Henry; for it does so happen that the House of Lords have been sorely perplexed upon the question, and come to decisions far from decisive upon it, while the House of Commons have distinctly declared itself against the notion, that the marriage with a deceased brother's wife is contrary to the law of God. We appeal to the British Parliament as being the authority most likely to have weight with a sound Protestant—at all events with Mr. Froude. For ourselves, and all good Catholics, it is enough to know that it has always been held that the Holy See had a power of dispensing with the canonical disability in question. The Anglican prelates, who, during the debates in the Lords last Session, stoutly maintained that marriages within such degrees of affinity are contrary to God's law, studiously confounded *consanguinity* with affinity, and took care never to advert to the command in the Mosaic law, “to raise up seed to a deceased brother, by marrying his widow;” a command distinctly brought under the notice of our Lord, and not disavowed by Him. In the face of all this, it is almost unscrupulous in Mr. Froude to pretend that it was *clear* the Pope could not dispense the canonical prohibition of these marriages, and that Clement VII. could have had no doubt that Henry was entitled to dissolve his marriage with Catherine on that ground,—after twenty years cohabitation. It is too much, even from an Anglican. And the Anglican prelates, in appealing solemnly to the ancient *Canons* on the question, which prohibit just as much second marriages, as marriages of cousins, (prohibitions to which several of them have been amenable,) were guilty of as flagrant insincerity as Henry himself, when, after twenty years cohabitation with his wife, he professed a “scruple of conscience” as to his marriage, exactly at the time he fell in love with another woman.

It seems incredible that any gentleman professing the sacred character of a minister of religion, should assert belief in the sincerity of the “scruple,” and vindicate the conduct of which it was the pretext;—yet this is what Mr. Froude does. And on the other hand, and obviously this

is his motive and aim, he does his utmost to blacken the character of Clement VII., and fix upon it the charge of tergiversation, insincerity, and falsehood. Will it be accredited that he assumes to do this almost entirely on the testimony of Henry himself, or his servile ministers, instruments and agents? Recalling to our reader's recollection the sage observation of Mr. Froude, in his preface, that "the great difficulty in studying the history of the Reformation, is to determine who are admissible witnesses," we assure them he gets rid of the "difficulty" as regards Henry, very easily, merely by admitting his testimony, or that of his agents, in his own favour, and excluding anything against it. A simple process, but somewhat unscrupulous, and such as to show that Mr. Froude would have made an admirable and acceptable agent for Henry himself, whom, as he avowedly magnifies as a hero, he doubtless would have served with all his soul.

Throughout, he misrepresents and calumniates Clement, by giving us the account, not merely of his conduct, but of his motives, drawn for Henry by his agents, and of course coloured to his taste, and suited to his purposes. Mr. Froude seems to have had a passing suspicion that this might not be considered *quite fair*, for he coolly observes that they could have had no wish to deceive him! As if the instruments of a tyrant, sent abroad to promote his projects, had no interest in inducing him to fancy that their influence was effective for that purpose. And be it observed that the misrepresentations they commit consist in artfully confusing their accounts of what the Pontiff said with what they supposed, or professed to suppose, to be his secret motives and intentions; and so giving to the whole a colour and complexion, calculated to please their master and suit his purposes, while also conveying to his mind an impression of their ingenuity and influence. The accusations against the Pontiff of insincerity and inconsistency, are all based upon these accounts of Henry's agents, and on close inspection, can be traced to their own artful confusion of what they heard with what they supposed,—what they state with what they suggest. This artifice would of course serve Henry's purposes and suit their own.

At the outset let it be observed, that on Henry's application to the Pope for a declaration against the marriage

with Catherine, every influence, humanly speaking, was in his favour; supposing the Pontiff open to any bias, it could not have been against him, for Catherine was the aunt of Charles V., whose troops had just sacked Rome, and then held Clement virtually a prisoner. Ranke states truly, that when Clement, shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo, was abandoned by all, Henry found means to send him assistance; from this cause (he adds) the Pope was perhaps more kindly disposed towards Henry, personally, than towards any other sovereign. And he quotes Contarini, who says, "His Holiness loves the English king, and was at first strictly united to him." Ranke is a writer whom Mr. Froude must have read,—how is it that he does not imitate the candour of the German author, in bringing forward this view, which has a strong bearing upon the accusation he urges against the Pontiff, founded in the first instance upon his profession of readiness to oblige Henry as far as possible, by *opening process* in the suit? This is all that the Pope promises. Less he could hardly concede, in a matter of such importance, urged by a powerful prince, hitherto faithful to the Holy See. This was all that Henry at first could have asked. It was all he did ask. It was what the Pope could not refuse. It was all that the Pontiff promised, viz., to permit a suit to be commenced to ascertain the validity of the marriage with Catherine. For, be it observed, that the application was not, and could not be, for a *divorce*. It was for a judicial declaration that the marriage was void on account of the invalidity of the Papal dispensation. Mr. Froude cites a letter of Knight, the king's agent, stating that the Pope expressed his willingness to grant a commission to commence the suit, so soon as he should be liberated from the presence of the imperial army. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Froude that this was due to the dignity of the Holy See, which could hardly, with propriety, take a step in a matter so deeply interesting to the emperor while the imperial troops occupied the Papal States. However, the commission issued, and the suit was commenced. It was a suit in the Papal court. It was commenced by Henry. It is strange that Mr. Froude does not seem to have observed that this was a distinct admission of the Papal jurisdiction. So far from it he seeks studiously to represent that Henry had never acknowledged it! On the contrary, he invoked it.

At the urgent instance of the king, the Papal Legate, Campeggio, came to this country to hear the cause. Mr. Froude tells us, that in passing through Paris, the Legate let out that his instructions and intentions were merely to evade a determination of it. It is highly probable that a Papal Legate should so commit himself! And the only authority for the statement is a letter of the Duke of Suffolk, who had married Henry's sister. Mr. Froude then states that "Campeggio urged the Queen, or was directed to urge her," (he does not say by whom directed, the authority he cites is an English state paper,) "in the Pope's name, to take the vows and enter a religious house." "The proposal was Wolsey's," says Mr. Froude, and was *adopted* by Campeggio." He says also that Campeggio's instructions were to arrange a compromise. But does he really imagine that the compromise contemplated by the Legate, was that Henry should marry again? He does not venture to state as much, but clearly intends to *hint* it. That the suggestion is as groundless as it is monstrous is obvious. Mr. Froude himself states that Catherine said she was ready to take the vow of chastity *if Henry would do the same*.

This clearly shows *her* understanding of the Legate's compromise. It would have answered the king's pretended scruple of conscience, for what more was necessary to that end than authorized separation from Catherine? But *that* was not at all the kind of compromise Henry wanted. And let us pray the reader's attention to the following, which is equally characteristic of Henry and of his admirer, our author. Mr. Froude states, "That she told the legates her answer appears certain from the following passage," (in the king's instructions to his ambassador at Rome) "sadly indicating the services of policy to which, in this *unhappy* business, *honourable men allowed themselves to be drawn*." Mark the mildness of the language—describing the vile and base 'device' which is then stated.) "For as much as it is likely that the queen shall make marvellous difficulty to enter into religion or take vows of chastity * * * unless the king do the same;—the king's ambassadors shall instruct themselves by their secret council if his grace should *promise so to enter religion on vows of chastity for his part—only thereby to induce the queen thereunto*, whether the Pope's holiness may dispense with the king's highness for the same *promise, oath,*

or vow." Here we have Mr. Froude's hero, Henry, who afterwards denied the dispensing power of the Pope, desiring to avail himself of it if possible, to get rid, not merely of a promise, but an oath or vow, to enter into a religious state, contracted for the fraudulent purpose of entrapping his wife into the same state; in order that he might be free to marry again! Mr. Froude, who is elaborate and unscrupulous in concocting charges of insincerity against the Pontiff, passes by the iniquitous conduct on the part of Henry without comment, except this unaccountable marginal note—"Wrong provokes wrong."

Whose "wrong" provoked the "wrong" thus meditated by Henry? We presume he means that of which he repeatedly complains—the obstinacy of Catherine in not making way for the king's marriage with her rival! As if she had the power of so doing! as if her entering a religious state could allow Henry's committing adultery or polygamy! Such is the Anglican idea of moral theology and matrimonial morality! It was Henry's idea, but not Catherine's; and not the Legate's. And so their compromise came to nothing. And the suit proceeded.

Mr. Froude next accuses the Pontiff of insincerity in recalling the cause to Rome; as if it could make any difference in principle or in result, whether the hearing were in England or in Rome, if the determination was with the Pontiff; or as if there could be any peculiar privilege for a prince who wanted to get rid of his wife to have his case heard in his own dominions. Even if that were decent, it could not be important; ultimately it must be *decided* at Rome. It would be unimportant unless the case were to be determined by *his own creatures*. And to that he came, at last. Mr. Froude lays great stress on the recal of the cause to Rome, as altering the whole position of the king. "So long as a legate's court sat in London, were men able to conceal from themselves the fact of a foreign jurisdiction." If they were, they could not conceal it from the English lawyers, who, under the statutes of *præmunire* denounced such exercise of papal jurisdiction just as much in London as at Rome: the question being not as to the *locality* but the *forum*. Mr. Froude's distinction has neither law nor logic in it; and when he adds, "If Henry could have stooped to plead at a foreign tribunal, the spirit of the nation would not have permitted him to inflict so great a dishonour on the free majesty of England," he

really writes nonsense ; not only because all the English monarchs had pleaded at the papal court, (even Henry II. at the height of his quarrel with St. Thomas), but because Henry himself had already done so—had invoked the jurisdiction of the court *at Rome*—had *acknowledged* it, and had *submitted* to it. He who has submitted to a court cannot prescribe to it its course ; and the court of any power is most naturally and properly held where that power resides. Let us remind Mr. Froude that Henry himself drew no such distinction as he relies on ; for he had Wolsey cast in the penalties of *præmunire* for exercising the papal jurisdiction in London. Really it will not do for Henry's admirers to defend him on a frivolous distinction which Houbers and his lawyers never allowed. Henry never disputed the papal jurisdiction until he saw that it was to be exercised *against* him. He had been living for some years with Anne Boleyn :—the Pope at the end of 1532 issued a Brief commanding him under pain of excommunication to separate from her. And next year the " Act of Appeals " was passed by Henry's servile parliament ; which, as Mr. Froude states, destroyed the validity of Queen Catherine's appeal to Rome ; and it placed a legal power in the hands of the English judges to proceed to pass sentence of divorce, as Cranmer speedily did. Even Mr. Froude cannot disguise his sense of the iniquity of this statute. " Our instincts tell us that no legislation should be retrospective. And when Catherine had married under a papal dispensation, it was a strange thing to turn upon her and say, not only that the dispensation in the particular instance had been granted unlawfully, but that the Pope had no jurisdiction in the matter, by the laws of the land which she had entered." " Strange," indeed ; and something more than strange ! But not so strange as that Mr. Froude—after writing those lines, so just and true,—should go on to say, " The king and his ministers had always consistently *denied* the validity of Catherine's appeal." How could it be consistently denied, when, as he himself had already stated, " That the Pope had authority, was substantially acknowledged in every application that was made to him ;" the original application having been by Henry himself ! In such a maze of sophistry and inconsistency does Mr. Froude involve himself in attempting to extenuate the arbitrary atrocities of a tyrant ! The most extraordinary inconsistency of all is that which

he betrays in denouncing, on the one hand the papal power of dispensing with the canonical disability in the case of the marriage with Catherine, and on the other hand, in denouncing the Pope for not summarily disposing of that marriage ; whether by dissolution, declaration of invalidity, or divorce, he does not seem quite clear ; but *somehow* he is certain, the thing ought to have been done. Does he not see that if the Pope had power to determine the marriage invalid, he had power to determine it to have been valid ? and that if one Pope could decide upon a dispensation, his predecessor must have had equal power to decide upon it ? And that if no fresh light could be thrown upon the facts, there could be no decency or consistency in reversing a former judgment ? No fresh light was thrown upon the facts, yet Mr. Froude actually treats it throughout as clear and undisputable, that the Pope's duty was to declare the marriage, which a former Pope had allowed, and had been for twenty years recognized by the Church, was invalid ! He speaks of it simply as a question between Henry and the Emperor. He accuses the Pope of leading Henry's agents to believe that he was using his best endeavours to subdue the *emperor's opposition*. Can Mr. Froude really believe that *this* was the only obstacle to the dissolution of the marriage ! If he does, his unacquaintance with the question is astonishing.

Even if it were so, his statement that the Pope did make this representation and imply that he considered Henry's cause just, rests on the accounts given by Henry's agents of their interviews with the Pontiff ; and even those accounts, artfully framed as they are, are far from bearing out the statements. For instance, on one of Bennet's letters he says, " Speaking of the justness of your cause His Holiness said," what ? merely that ~~the~~ lawyers were more favourable to Henry than the divines ; not a fact very strong in his favour. And it will be observed that the words " speaking of the justness of your cause " are the words not of the Pope, but of *Henry's agent*, who thus gives a kind of *colour* to the conversation. The Pontiff's words, as he states them, are merely to the effect that the *lawyers* agreed that the dispensation could not be valid unless upon good and sufficient cause as to which he declared that he had diligently enquired. " And his Holiness promised me " (continues Henry's agent) " that he would herein use all good policy and dexterity to im-

print the same on the emperor's head ;" " which done, he reckoneth many things to be invented that may be pleasant and profitable to your Highness." Such expressions as "policy and dexterity," seems to savour more of the spirit and style of Henry's artful emissaries. *What* it was which (as they represented) the Pope was to "imprint on the emperor's head," is not at all clear, but it is quite consistent with all that is stated that it may have been simply what the Pope had just before been stated to have said, viz., that the question was as to the sufficiency of the cause for the dispensation. And altogether from the tone of these communications of Henry's agents, we suspect that they often "invented things" "pleasant unto his Highness." Can anyone in his senses believe that what Cassalis states is true:—"His Holiness assured me he had *laboured to induce the emperor to permit him to satisfy your Majesty*," if, as Mr. Froude leaves his readers to suppose, the satisfaction referred to was a dissolution of the marriage? But *was* that what the Pope referred to, in the word "satisfied;" even supposing that he uttered the word at all? Here we know not whether more to admire the dexterity of Cassalis or of Mr. Froude; of Henry's agent or Henry's admirer. Both of them manage to leave this impression on the mind. But it is plain it is a false impression. For a few days later Bonner brought, from the Pope the propositions to which he must have referred, whether or not he used the words ascribed to him. What were those propositions? A general council, or the appointment of a legate elsewhere than at Rome to hear the cause. What is there in the conduct of the Pontiff characterized by inconsistency or insincerity? Contrast it with *Henry's*. What was *his* course? He had originally invoked the Papal authority. He had subsequently anticipating a decision against him affected to appeal to a council. That was now offered to him. And he evaded and declined it. What more conclusive evidence could be afforded of his own consciousness of the iniquity of his conduct and the dishonesty of his case?

But we entreat attention to one matter, which illustrates in a striking manner the arts of misrepresentation resorted to by Henry's agent; and suggests strongly the suspicion of absolute fabrication. Mr. Froude himself admits the practices of corruption resorted to by them in

order to influence the opinions of the Universities. And those who practised bribery would not stick at forgery.

There is a real or pretended letter of Cassalis, (and by Mr. Froude's own account Cassalis was a traitor,) written in 1530, in which he states that the Pope distinctly proposed to him that *Henry should be allowed to have two wives!* We should scarcely notice this seriously but for what follows. It will be observed that here is pretended to have been a distinct proposal by the Pope, which would effectually answer Henry's purpose; and was in fact the very proposal Henry himself had entertained two years before. It is not easy to explain how the Pope should have objected then to what he afterwards proposed; or why Henry should not have eagerly seized what he had two years before suggested. That, supposing the Pope ever made this monstrous proposition, Henry did not accept it is clear, for two years afterwards the negotiations are still continued; the cause is still proceeding. And in 1532 there is another letter (as Mr. Froude supposes, from Cassalis,) in which the Pope is represented to have said, "It would have created less scandal to have granted your Majesty a dispensation to have two wives than to concede what I was then demanding." Assuming that the Pope said this, it is pretty plain that he must have meant it in the reverse sense to that in which Cassalis represents; and that his meaning must have been this: "What you propose is so execrable that even polygamy would cause less scandal to the Church!" The agent, however, affects to fancy the Pontiff to have been making a *proposition* instead of suggesting a *reductio ad absurdum*, but he adds, "I cannot tell how far this suggestion of the Pope would be pleasing to your Majesty. Nor indeed can I feel sure in consequence of what he said about the Emperor, that he actually would grant the dispensation." Now as to what the Pope had "said about the Emperor" there is nothing in the letter of his having said anything about the Emperor. What the agent states is, that the Pope continued to "speak of the two wives, *admitting that there were difficulties in the way of such an arrangement!! principally it seemed,*" (i.e. it seemed to the agent; who just here took care not to state what the Pope *said*) "because the Emperor would refuse his consent;" his *consent* to Henry's living in polygamy! As if *that* could affect the matter one way or the other. And

indeed the agent himself immediately adds, that he does not see how it could! Now when we consider that the agents of Henry here affect to be ignorant how he will like the supposed proposition; although he had instructed them to sound the Court of Rome about it four years before; and when it is also observed that the agents profess in 1532 to be uncertain whether the Pope would really after all grant the dispensation of polygamy, although by their own account he had himself distinctly made the proposal two years before; is it not wonderful that any sensible person should consider, or affect to consider these accounts as credible?

Inconsistency was never more gross and glaring than that which is betrayed by Mr. Froude in his strictures on the character of Clement. In vol. 1 he is described as "a genuine man," "hot tempered," and altogether ill-fitted for tricks of dissimulation. In vol. 2 he is described as of "infinite insincerity," "as reckless of truth," "as false, deceitful, and treacherous." Such is the rancour with which this Anglican minister "reckless of truth" and without even a fair pretext, assails the character of a Pontiff whom Ranke, the German Lutheran, describes as one whose "conduct was remarkable for blameless rectitude." From the first, in this business of Henry's marriage the conduct of Clement was clear and consistent. His character is blackened on the doubtful testimony of Henry's corrupt instruments. But there is not an atom of credible evidence upon which he can be charged with insincerity. And it outrages the plainest dictates of natural justice to condemn anyone on the faith of statements made behind his back, by the partisans of the tools of his enemy! Clement never knew what was represented of his language by the emissaries of Henry. And but for the spirit of bigotry which Mr. Froude betrays, and which we know destroys all sense of justice, charity, or truth, we should be surprised to find even an Anglican clergyman heaping calumny upon a venerated name, on the credit of onesided representations, of which he never was cognizant, and in which we have exposed the grossest contradictions and the most suspicious indications of fabrication. It is pitiable to find a man of Mr. Froude's talent so destitute of generosity, charity, or candour, as to deal thus unjustly with the character of a Pontiff who certainly was ill-fated, cruelly beset with difficulties, and grievously afflicted with oppression,

but who, rather than sacrifice a principle or betray his conscience, endured them all with calm and heroic courage ; although they broke his heart and weighed him down to the grave. Such a character as his, however, it is not for men like Mr. Froude to appreciate. He cannot understand the heroism which suffered a martyrdom rather than sacrifice a woman. And he has neutralized his calumny by his own morality. The man who could admire a Henry is not one whose voice can condemn a Clement. The author who can see a hero in a lustful and sanguinary tyrant, will not see the martyr in the oppressed, the afflicted, and the conscientious Pontiff.

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- ART. III.—1. *The Power of the Pope, during the Middle Ages; or, an Historical Inquiry into the Origin of the Temporal Power of the Holy See, and the Constitutional Laws of the Middle Ages, Relating to the Deposition of Sovereigns.* By M. GOSSELIN, Director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. Translated by the Rev. Matthew Kelly, Saint Patrick's College, Maynooth. (Library of Translations.) 2 vols. London : C. Dolman, 1853.
2. *L'Eglise et L'Empire Romain au IV. Siecle.* Par M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE, Premiere Partie, Regne de Constantin, 2 vols. Paris : Didier et Ce. 1856.
3. *The Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes; its Origin; the Vicissitudes through which it has passed, from St. Peter to Pius IX; is it the Life of Rome, the Glory of Italy, the "Magna Charta" of Christendom?* Discussed Historically by the Very Rev. Canon Miley, D.D., Rector of the Irish College, Paris. Author of "Rome under Paganism and the Papacy," "History of the Papal States," &c. In three volumes. *Volume the first.* Dublin : J. Duffy; Paris : Perisse, freres, 1856.
4. *Histoire de Photius, Patriarche de Constantinople, Auteur du Schisme des Grecs.* Par M. L'ABBE JAGER, Chanoine Honoraire de Paris et de Nancy, Professor d'Histoire a la Sorbonne, 2e Edition. Paris : A Vaton, 1845.
5. *History of the Byzantine Empire, from DCCXVI. to MLVII.* By GEORGE FINLAY, Honorary Member of the Society of Literature. Edinburgh : W. Blackwood, 1853.

6. *The History of the Papacy to the Period of the Reformation.* By the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE, M.A., Minister of St. Philip and St. James, Leckhampton, 2 vols. London : R. Bentley, 1854.
7. *Cathedra Petri.* A Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books i. and ii. From the First to the Close of the Fifth Century. By THOMAS GREENWOOD, M.A., Camb. and Durh., F.R.S.L., Barrister-at-Law. London : C. J. Stewart, 1856.

“ALL the great heresies which have prevailed in modern times,” writes a recent learned and accomplished author, “began by disregarding the Papacy, or by attempting to deprive the Holy See of the affection due to it, or of some of its prerogatives ; and we ought, whenever we meet with a disposition to restrict the Papal power, whether in favour of the Episcopacy or the Presbytery, the secular authority or the brotherhood, to suspect it of an heretical tendency. Our Lord founded His Church on Peter, and Peter lives in his successor. *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia.*”*

This subject has been at all times variously treated by Catholic and non-Catholic authors. Catholics have endeavoured to show the divine mission of St. Peter, and of his lineal successors, the Popes of Rome, not for the purpose of subserving any temporal ambition, nor the maintenance of any peculiar political views ; whilst anti-Catholics have argued against the Supremacy of St. Peter, and the Sovereignty of the Pope, for the double purpose of justifying schism, and maintaining peculiar political views identified with a successful revolt, or a triumphant heresy. The question is mainly “religious” with Catholics—mainly “political” with anti-Catholics.

In accordance with their mode of regarding this topic, the enemies of the Papacy have contrived to make “the temporal sovereignty of the Pope” one of the prominent political questions of the day. It is as a “political” rather than a “theological” question they insist upon its consideration. In so treating it they pervert it to mischievous purposes. By descending at least for a time to the ground they have chosen to occupy, and grappling with them and their arguments, we believe we shall be able, (aided by the opinions and authority of friends and foes,)

* Brownson's Quarterly Review, (New Series) vol. iii. p. 79, art. “Luther and the Reformation.”

to unveil their hypocrisy, to lay bare their pretences, and to render abortive the evil they would wish to perpetrate.

We must bear in mind that the war now waged against the Papacy, and in which Anglicanism, its state-craft, and its statesmen are taking so prominent a part, is but a phase of the old dispute so long carried on between the Church and the World.

The principles that are at issue are the same now for centuries as the Church is the same—the names and the pretences of the assailants have varied, but the object aimed at has ever been one and identical.

The Church insists upon “the supremacy of God over man, of heaven over earth, and of the soul over the body;” whilst the enemies of the Church insist upon “the subserviency of religion to human institutions,” upon “the supremacy of the world over the Church.” It was to enforce these principles that Paganism made millions of martyrs, that Cæsarism has been untiring in its persecutions, and that demagogues, imitating the conduct of Pagans, and kings, and nobles, under the pretence of “nationality,” or of “liberty,” demand that the Church shall become as “a bonds slave to themselves.”*

That which the enemies of the Papacy are, beyond all other things, anxious to prove, in the present temper of the times, is that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is incompatible with “liberty,” with “nationality,” with “the happiness of mankind,” with “the good government of states.”

To make out these propositions they resort to various expedients.

They maintain, first, that the Pope is *not* the lineal descendant of St. Peter, and to show this they have had the hardihood to affirm that “St. Peter had never been in Rome.”†

* Brownson's Quarterly Review, (Second Series) vol. ii. pp. 236, 237.

† This was a favourite “no-Popery” fiction, and is still repeated by peripatetics proselytizing in dark corners, and remote localities; but at last, those who would, *if they could*, sustain it, are from very shame, for its reckless and barefaced untruthfulness, compelled to abandon it. For example, it is in these grudging and reluctant terms the indisputable fact is admitted by Anti-Catholic authors:—

“*But was St. Peter ever in Rome at all? Some writers are dis-*

Secondly, the enemies of the Papacy assert, that supposing the Popes to be the lineal descendants of St. Peter, as bishops of Rome, still they are not, of right, temporal sovereigns.

*posed to deny the fact ; but, as it appears to others, without sufficient reason. It is the opinion of the learned and candid Dr. Burton, that St. Peter arrived in Rome, in company with St. Mark the Evangelist, at about the time of St. Paul's release ; and he gives his reason for thinking that here, at this time, that Apostle came in collision with Simon Magus, and exposed his imposture in some effectual manner, which was afterwards recorded with the addition of a fabulous adventure. It was also, perhaps, on this occasion that St. Mark wrote his Gospel. After this St. Peter left Rome, and it is not improbable that, according to ancient tradition, he preached the Gospel in Egypt. * * * Not long after this second arrival of St. Paul at Rome, he appears to have been joined by St. Peter ; and there seems to be no reason to call in question the account which represents those apostles having suffered martyrdom at Rome on the same day, after a strict confinement of some duration in the Mamertime prison at the foot of the Capitol. This event probably took place in the year 67, or at the beginning of 68. It is probable that St. Paul, as a Roman citizen, was beheaded, and that St. Peter suffered crucifixion. Origen adds, concerning St. Peter, that he was crucified with his head downwards, in humble token of his sense of unworthiness to suffer in precisely the same manner as his Lord and Master : but it is impossible to say what degree of credit ought to be attached to this statement, and some think that this circumstance bears the appearance of a fictitious or ostentatious humility, little suited to the character of the apostle, or to the grave circumstances in which he was placed (!) In the second century, the tomb of St. Paul was pointed out on the road to Ostia, and that of St. Peter on the hill of the Vatican. The accounts of other circumstances said to have been connected with the death of these apostles, being derived from the spurious Roman Martyrology, or from other doubtful sources, must be here passed over as wholly without foundation."*—Riddle, *History of the Papacy*, vol. i., pp. 8, 11, 12.

“ But with regard to the personal presence of St. Peter at Rome, the ‘Constitutions’ contain a single notice, and *that of a very equivocal character*. In the forty-sixth chapter of the seventh book, the words following are put into the mouth of the Apostle Peter : ‘ Now concerning those bishops which have been ordained by us in our lifetime, we make known unto you that they are the following, viz., James of Jerusalem, the brother of the Lord ; and after his death, Simeon, the son of Cleophas, was bishop there ; after him, the third, was Judas, the son of James ; of Cæsarea in Palestine, Zaccheus, the publican, was the first bishop ; after him, Cornelius ; and the third, Theophilus ; but of Antioch, Evodius was (ordained)

Thirdly, those enemies of the Papacy maintain, that the independence of the Church, as typified by the sovereignty of the Pope, is incompatible with the independence of the Commonwealth, whatever be its form—an Empire, a Kingdom, an Oligarchy, or a Republic ; that no Nation can be great, no People happy, and no Ruler free, where the Church is not an instrument in the hands of the State—a College rather than a Church—and those who preside over

by me, Peter, but Ignatius by Paul. Again, at Alexandria, Arrianus was ordained by Mark the evangelist ; and next after him Avilius, by Luke, who was also an evangelist. Of the Roman Church, Linus, the son of Claudia, the first bishop, was ordained by Paul ; but the second, after the death of Linus, was ordained by me, Peter, &c. The list closes with the words, ‘These are the bishops who were intrusted by us in the Lord to preside over the churches.’

“ *This passage does not, however, import more than that, in the third and fourth centuries, it was believed, or intended by the writers to be believed, that St. Peter had, by the laying on of his hands, ordained Clement. bishop of Rome ; and it is improbable that the compilers, or authors, would have ventured upon such a statement if they had not thought the world in some sort prepared to receive it by antecedent tradition.*” *Thomas Greenwood, Cathedra Petri, p. 49.* This author, (Mr. Greenwood) according to his own account of himself, is but an indifferent collector of facts, for undertaking to write on history, he refers to certain “Chronological tables of Ecclesiastical History,” of which he gives this account—

“A work I have seen in MS., and lament I HAD NOT TIME to consult !” See note C. p. 53.

Mr. Greenwood appears to us to be an Anglicanised Bunsen—a writer with a preconceived theory to work out, i.e., with an obstinate prejudice to maintain, which no amount of evidence can shake, impair, nor disturb, like his great prototype, Bunsen, who on one occasion thus expressed himself—

“If,” says Chevalier Bunsen in his book “*The Constitution of the Church of the Fathers*,” “IF AN ANGEL FROM HEAVEN should manifest to me, that by introducing or asserting, or favouring only, the introduction of such an episcopacy into any part of Germany, I should not only make the German nation glorious and powerful over all the nations of the world, nay, combat successfully the unbelief, pantheism, and atheism of the day, *I should not do it, so HELP ME GOD!*” See review in *Daily News*, July 20, 1847.

As to the fact of St. Peter being in Rome, and his martyrdom there, see the authorities quoted in *Dr. Miley’s Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes*, pp. 11, 12.

its flocks, and serve at its altars appointed by, or under the direct control of the State.

According to them the claims of the Papacy are “unfounded,” and the exercise of its powers, at home and abroad, a downright mischief. The temporal sovereignty of the Pope rests, they say, on no solid basis; the spiritual supremacy of the Pope in all lands, outside the Papal States, is, they affirm, the cause of evils innumerable to those who govern, and those who are governed. Cæsar, according to them, is constituted by God, but the Popedom is a human invention; and hence they would place in the hands of Cæsar the Sceptre and the Keys, whilst as regards the Pope they will yield to him nought but abhorrence, and bestow upon him nothing but abuse, and slander, and vituperation. *Him* they will excommunicate in their conventicles, and if they have the power and the opportunity, they will expel him from his throne. The principles of those No-Popery politico-religionists, were fully developed in the reign of Charles II., when sated with the innocent blood of Catholics, shed in consequence of the Titus Oates, Russell, and Shaftesbury plot, they, through their celebrated University of Oxford, on the 21st of July, 1683, declared,

“That all and singular the readers, tutors, and Catechists should diligently instruct and ground their scholars in *that most necessary Doctrine*, which in a manner is *the badge and character of the Church of England*, of SUBMITTING TO EVERY ORDINANCE OF MAN for the Lord’s sake, teaching that this *submission* and obedience is to be *clear, absolute*, and WITHOUT EXCEPTION of *any state, or order of men.*”*

* In the *Times* newspaper of October 23rd, 1856, there is published a letter from a person holding, we believe, an official position in connection with the University of Oxford—the same University which sanctioned the slavish doctrine above quoted. The attention of the *Times* newspaper is requested by one of its correspondents to this person—a Professor of Italian in Oxford University—on the ground that “the Professor” is one of those “Italians, schooled for centuries in suffering, educated in a *national religion* by the *patriot teachers*, who are now prepared to *carry into practice the precepts of that religion.*”

Two extracts from the letter of the Oxford—Italian—Professor, will give to the reader an insight into what is the character of the Italian “*national religion*,” of which this pious Professor is a member.

We quote the Oxford—Italian—Professor’s own words :—

The enemies of the Papacy prefer arguing this as a political question, first, because it is the most popular mode of discussing it in these countries; and, secondly, because

“Let *English* politicians and *English* friends of Italy depend on this—the real, the true Italian question is not one of partial arrangements of homœopathic administration reforms, of forcing the King of Naples, or THE POPE to grant and swear to-day what they will FORSWEAR and withdraw to-morrow, as they EVER HAVE DONE, through the connivance and preponderance of Austrian politics in the peninsula.”

And, again, we have this fine passage :—

“—— the *subterranean working of the Papal Hierarchy*, foreboding in the emancipation of Italy, a last blow to its *wretched decrepitude*.”

These are specimens of the Italian “*national religion*,” for the advancement of which there has been formed in England, to *buy cannon, and purchase guns*, a committee, called “the Committee of the Emancipation of Italy Fund.”

The Oxford Italian professor is worthy of the University that has bestowed upon him an office, and of the Anglican gun-and-cannon-Committee which hail him as a *religious patriot*; for this Oxford Italian Professor is no less a personage than Aurelio Saffi, one of the confederates in that Roman triumvirate in 1849, of which the notorious Mazzini was the leader. We know what is the new-fangled “*national religion*” which finds high favour in Oxford University, and with “the Committee of Emancipation of Italy Fund,” not merely by Professor Saffi’s words, but by his *recorded acts as a Roman republican triumvir*.

On the 29th of March, 1849, Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi, became triumvirs at Rome, their accession to power being prepared by atrocious crimes of the republicans, the perpetration of which was admitted by Saffi, as a Minister of the Roman Republic, in a proclamation, published March 5, 1849.

We now give the dates and substance of some of the Decrees of the Roman triumvirate.

6th April, 1849, Decree of Roman triumvir (Saffi, &c.) for the emission of *paper-money* to the amount of 251,595 scudi.

9th April, 1849, Decree of Saffi, &c., *fining the Canons of the Chapters of the Vatican* 120 scudi each, for having *refused to obey the government order as to religious ceremonies*, commanded by it!

10th April, 1849, Decree of Saffi, &c., declaring all non-contributors to the forced loan “*traitors*,” and imposing a penalty of 25 per cent on all who did not pay within seven days.

11th April, 1849, Issue of *paper money* of 24 baiocchi each to the amount of 200,000 scudi, ordered by Saffi, &c.

16th April, 1849, a proclamation by Saffi, &c., organizing

for the purpose of upholding the changes effected at the Reformation, they have, through their statesmen, always maintained a *foreign* and a *domestic* No-Popery policy.

History teaches by example; and it is to be regretted that up to this time the lessons, which a true reading of the past events of English history, were calculated to impress upon the minds of Catholics, have been lost for them; because there has been no one who, in recording those events, had placed his hand upon the clue to English state-craft, from the days of Cecil to Palmerston. And yet, look at English history, and it will be at once seen that coincident with the concoction of "the thirty-nine articles" as the basis of "the *Church* as by *law* established," Anglicanism has constantly fostered, as a system of government, a *foreign* and a *domestic* Anti-Catholic policy. This double policy may be described in two words: the *foreign* policy has been "Anti-Papal," the *domestic*, "Anti-Social."

For the present we refrain from dilating upon the domestic Anti-Catholic policy, so untiringly pursued by our rulers on this and the other side of the Channel. Sufficient is it to remark that the domestic policy was either barefaced persecution, or pretended conciliation, and the

an army of 50,000 men—an army that never existed but on paper—the only military force in Rome defending the Republic and triumvirate being composed of vagabonds who had been driven out of all other parts of Italy.

27th April, 1849, Decree of Saffi, &c., *abolishing the observance of religious vows.*

29th April, 1849, Decree of Saffi, &c., *regulating the payment of clergy.*

30th April, 1849, Decree of Saffi, &c., *respecting the BLESSED SACRAMENT!*

2nd May, 1849, Requisition of Saffi, &c., for the silver plate of Citizens, as money was sadly wanted to defend the Republic.

10th May, 1849, Appeal of Saffi, &c., to the French troops to revolt, &c.

But we have quoted sufficient to show that Saffi, the Roman triumvir, is a fitting professor of that "*national religion*" which Anglicanism has been seeking to import into Italy—that in the Anti-Papal war he is a worthy envoy of Anglicanism, a suitable lecturer for Oxford University, and the Gun-and-Cannon, Sword-and-Dagger Committee of the Emancipation of Italy fund, in England.

latter so cunningly and malevolently contrived, that it never was yet propounded without effecting the object it had in view, that is, of exciting dissension, creating division, and promoting disunion amongst the Catholic subjects of the English government. At one time it made a quarrel between Seculars and Regulars, when both were enduring martyrdom for the faith in English jails, and on English scaffolds. At other times it created unseemly conflicts between priests and laymen, between English and Irish Catholics. An oath of allegiance—an arrangement respecting bishops, or an Archpriest, or Vicars Apostolic—"Securities"—"a veto"—"pensioning the clergy"—"domestic nomination." The proposal came from the government in the garb of friendship, but always tended to weaken the Catholic body: it was an apple of discord with the words "*detur pulchriori*," to be interpreted "a gift for the *most loyal*;" and never was the direct intention of the gift more candidly disclosed than in the letter of Lord Ormonde, when referring to his dealing with the Irish Catholics, who had been plundered of their estates for defending the cause of the king against his rebellious subjects in England:—

*"My aim was to work a division among the Romish clergy, and I believe I had accomplished it to the great security of the government and the Protestants, and against the opposition of the Pope, and his creatures and nuncios."**

With this key to the domestic policy of Anglicanism, a useful, instructive, and practical narrative could be given of the acts and words of sovereigns and statesmen who have influenced the destinies of this empire from the days of Elizabeth to the reign of Victoria.

That, however, with which we have here most to do, is the foreign anti-Catholic policy of Anglicanism. The very subject to the discussion of which we are now forced—an impeachment of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope—is part and parcel of the Anglican anti-Catholic foreign policy; and that policy has been at all times anti-Papal, and upon all occasions aggressively intermeddling with the independence of foreign nations. Frequently has it appeared in arms on the Continent,—constantly has

* Carte, ii. App. 101. See Lingard's History of England, vol. ix., p. 30, note 1. (London, 1855.)

it promoted mischief by pecuniary supplies, and never has it ceased for a day to carry on intrigues for the disturbance of Catholic states, and to shake the stability of Catholic thrones. In accordance with its dictates anti-Catholic rebels were aided in the Netherlands, in Scotland, and in France, in the reign of Elizabeth; in Germany during the reign of James I., in Rochelle under Charles I., and amid the Alps under the blood-stained sway of the Bible-reading idol of modern infidels—Oliver Cromwell.

Now-a-days we see revived under such Anglican "Secretaries for Foreign Affairs" as Palmerston, and Russell, Malmesbury, and Clarendon, all the wickednesses perpetrated under former sovereigns. There has been, for instance, as in the days of Elizabeth, an open interference with arms, for the purpose of accomplishing anti-Catholic revolutions in Spain and Portugal; and there has been the covert policy of James I., pursued in Italy, Germany, and Hungary, whilst the artful sympathies of a Cromwell have been revived in Sardinia and Sicily.

The similarity between the feats of the anti-Catholic Anglican policy in times past and present does not stop there. The same events, and almost the same actors to deliver the same no-Popery speeches come upon the public stage again; and 1851, and 1856, are nothing more but a dull repetition of what had been already said or done in 1678 and 1679. Place the sayings and the doings, the inventions and the contrivances of the undisguised infidel Shaftesbury, the well-known Dr. Titus Oates, and the notorious Lord William Russell, by the side of the sayings and the doings of Exeter-Hall Shaftesbury, the acataleptical-apocalyptic Dr. Cumming, and the Durham-letter-writing Lord John Russell, and it will be seen that the latter are all dry and drivelling, as plagiarists ever prove to be—flat, bald, and miserable imitations, close copyists, and only deserving of remark, because, in their hatred of the Papacy, they have used as their own the same evil words spoken long previously, and resorted to the same vile arts which had already brought shame and infamy upon the memory of their progenitors. It is the anti-Papal tragedy of "*Don Carlos*," borrowed from the original Schiller, and "done into English" by a poor poetaster of the abbey-plundering, convent-garden-possessing tribe of Russell.

The campaign that is now carried on against the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, commenced in November, 1850,—it commenced with a Titus Oates declaration from the Prime Minister against the Pontiff, and his Holiness's creation of Catholic bishops in England—it appealed to the passions of the mob by infamous processions through the streets of London; and it sought for sustainment in public opinion by the concoction of petitions, and the invention of fictitious signatures.

And what was all this but a plagiarism from the no-Popery doings in 1678 and 1679? For amongst other things which Titus Oates had been incited to swear was, that “the Pope, by a very recent Bull had already appointed certain individuals, whom he named, to all the bishoprics and dignities in the Church of England, under the persuasion that, by the murder of the king, the Catholic religion would rise to its former ascendancy.”

How were these, and other accusations against the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, sustained?

“Shaftesbury and his associates resolved to keep alive the fears and jealousies of the people, and to harass and intimidate the king. 1. On the 17th of November, the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, a most extraordinary pageant, calculated to make a deep impression on the minds of the populace, was exhibited at the expense and under the superintendence of the *Green Ribbon Club*. First, appeared the bell-man, walking with slow and solemn pace, and exclaiming at intervals, ‘Remember Mr. Justice Godfrey!’ next came a man dressed in the habit of a Jesuit, bearing on horse-back the figure of a dead body; then followed representations of *nuns, monks, priests, Catholic bishops in copes and mitres, Protestant bishops in lawn sleeves, six cardinals with their caps, and last of all the pope in a litter, accompanied by his arch-counsellor the devil*..... Fireworks were exhibited and at a given signal *the Pope and his attendance were precipitated into the flames* with a tremendous shout, the echo of which, it is observed in the official account published by the party, reached by continued reverberations, to Scotland, and *France, and Rome* itself, damping them all with dreadful astonishment.”

Another expedient suggested by the fertile brain of Shaftesbury was, to petition. With this view the kingdom was parcelled out into districts, to each of which particular agents were assigned.

“‘From North’s account,’ observes Dr. Lingard, ‘it appears

that the *art of getting up petitions arrived at perfection in its very infancy*. The agents traversed the districts allotted to them, procuring the signatures of those who could write, and the hieroglyphics of clowns; adding in many cases the names of the absent, or of persons not in existence. When the petition had been returned to the committee in London, the head rolls were cut off; and glued in succession to each other, and the whole collection attached to one form of petition similar to that which had been sent to the country."*

These things happened in England in 1678 and 1679, and they were re-enacted in England in 1850 and 1851.

And so, from age to age the same base arts are resorted to, and the same vile system pursued with regard to the Catholic religion, and its venerable head—the living representative of that great Apostle, for whom the sovereignty of Rome was destined when the Primacy was bestowed upon him by the Divine Founder of Christianity.

As a pagan mob, that would not be Christianized, was incited by emperors, and invoked by senators, and urged on by philosophers to seek out Pontiffs and drag them from their Papal throne, in cell or in catacomb, and crucify them outside the Ostian gate, or have them torn in pieces in the arena; so now, mobs that ought to be Christian, but that have been paganized by Anglicanism at home, or Philosophism abroad, are encouraged to make war against the Pontiff, and to rob him of his principality.

“*Christiani tollantur dictum est duodecies.*”†

† This war against the Papacy is carried on in a variety of forms and under manifold shapes. It is debated against

* Lingard's History of England, vol. ix. pp. 176, 224, 225. We do not design to carry further the parallel between the doings of the No-Popery faction at two different periods of history; but to those who take an interest in comparing the sentiments expressed by two unprincipled politicians, we recommend a perusal of the impeachment of the five Catholic lords, by Lord William Russell, and the denunciation of the Pope and Catholic sovereigns of Europe, by Lord John Russell. See Lingard, ix. p. 232, and Debate in House of Commons, May, 9th, 1851, Hansard's Parliamentary debates, (third series), vol. cxvi. pp. 826, 827.

† See Miley's *Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes*, vol. i, p. 82.

in parliament, "Decernitur in Senátu persecutio." There is a crusade against it in diplomacy. Mintos, Bulwers, Culling Eardleys, Rodens, Russells, take upon themselves the functions of missionaries, to stir up rebellions against it, whilst grave, erudite, and studious gentlemen lock themselves up in their closets, and there tax their wits, and rack their imaginations, and ransack encyclopædias to show that it is an evil that ought for the sake of "sound political economy," of "good government," of "liberty," and "nationality," and "all that sort of thing," be abated now, *at once* and for ever!

Amongst such grave, erudite, and studious gentlemen, may be classed Mr. George Finlay, a very laborious author, and one of whose works we strongly recommend to the attention of our readers; for in his "*History of the Byzantine Empire*," he has, unintentionally, contributed some useful materials for the due consideration of those who undertake to determine against the advantages to society, arising alike from the temporal sovereignty, and the spiritual supremacy of the Pope.

Mr. Finlay is a "philosophical" historian—he is an avowed "political economist"—he has a theory of perfection in all that relates to the government of human affairs, and his standard in that respect is "the British Constitution in Church and State," as altered and amended by "the glorious Revolution of 1688!" Hence questions of Church discipline, matters affecting forms of faith are with him either of secondary importance or downright puerilities—the happiness of a people is guaged by imports and exports, and the power of a state in its internal administration, is to be tested by the grand fact, has it or has it not, Church and Churchmen under complete control?

With such opinions, and such convictions he has traced out, as he supposes, the first germs of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope in the administration of Italian affairs by Gregory the Great; and he has given a narrative of the Greek schism, and pronounced judgment upon the conduct of the principal actors on both sides. His work, then has much to do with the subject in hand; and it is of interest, if not of paramount importance, to know what are the views and sentiments of so pure an Anglican, and so unmitigated an utilitarian. The more strictly Mr. Finlay's pains-taking labours are examined,

the more useful will they be found in helping one, of unprejudiced mind, to arrive at a just conclusion ; for Mr. Finlay is so learned, and so generous in dispensing his acquired knowledge to his readers, that he frequently says more than he intended, and supplies facts that are in direct opposition to his arguments. You have only to watch him well, and you will readily perceive that he fairly, fully, frankly, and completely refutes himself. His genius is "of the earth, earthy," but his heart is better than his head, so that whilst he is prepared to hail as a hero every Greek emperor, who has acted on the Anglicanized statesmen's principles in dealing with "the Papacy," and "spiritual supremacy," yet he shows that his "heroes" were "villains ;" and he does not disguise from the public the results of their anti-Papal, and anti-Church policy. Mr. Finlay approves, of course, of the schism of Photius, and the separation by schism of the Greek from the Latin Church ; Mr. Finlay approves, of course, of the Greek emperors, making the Byzantine patriarchs as much slaves of the state as if they were Protestant Archbishops of Canterbury ; Mr. Finlay approves, of course, of the head of the state in Constantinople being the master, depot, or head of the Greek Church, as he approves in England of the Established Church being the bondwoman of the state, and of the prelates being indebted for their mitres, not to any "gifts of the Holy Ghost," but to the favour they have found (no matter how acquired,) in the eyes of successful political partizans.

Having thus introduced Mr. Finlay to our readers, we shall by a few extracts make him still better known to them. Here is his account of the first period of the Byzantine Empire, of the Iconoclast heresy, and the motives in which it originated :—

"The first period (of the Byzantine Empire) commences with the reign of Leo III., in 716, and terminates with that of Michael III. 867. It comprises the whole history of the predominance of the Iconoclasts in the Established Church, and of the reaction which reinstated the orthodox in power. It opens with the efforts by which Leo and the people of the empire saved the Roman law and the Christian religion from the conquering Saracens. It embraces a long and violent struggle between the government and the people, *the emperors seeking to increase the central power by annihilating every local franchise, and even the right of private opinion among*

their subjects. The contest concerning image-worship, from the prevalence of ecclesiastical ideas, became the expression of this struggle. Its object was *as much to consolidate the supremacy of the imperial authority*, as to purify the practice of the Church. The *emperors wished to constitute themselves the fountains of ecclesiastical as completely as of civil legislation.*" *

It will be observed we are quoting from an anti-Papal, thoroughly Anglicanised author; and yet here is his description of a Pope and an Emperor—the one contending for the Church as founded by Christ, and the other against it. Mark what were the political principles identified with this struggle, in which the combatants were, on the one side Gregory the Second, and, on the other, Leo, the Isaurian.

"The Pope of Rome had long been regarded by orthodox Christians as the head of the Church; even the Greeks admitted his right of inspection over the whole body of the clergy, in virtue of the superior dignity of the Roman See. *From being the heads of the Church, the popes became the defenders of the liberties of the people.* In this character as leaders of a lawful opposition to the tyranny of the imperial administration, they grew up to the possession of immense influence in the state. *This power, having its basis in democratic feelings and energies, alarmed the emperors, and many attempts were made to circumscribe the papal authority.* But the popes themselves did more to diminish their own influence than their enemies, for, instead of remaining the protectors of the people, they aimed at making themselves their masters. Gregory II., who occupied the papal chair at the commencement of the contest with Leo, was a man of sound judgment, as well as an able and zealous priest."†

So far, then, we have the authority of an anti-Papal writer for declaring that the exercise of the spiritual power of the Pope was devoted to the defence of the liberties of the people. But we now come to the exercise of sovereign power by the Pope, as a protector of the municipal institutions of Italy against the aggressions of a foreign despot.

* *Finlay's History of the Byzantine Empire*, p. 10, Book I., c. i. Compare with this *Miley's History of the Papal States*, vol. i. pp. 227, 228, 234, 236, 442, (London, 1850.)

† *Ibid.* Book i. c. i. p. 46. For Mr. Finlay's account of the "Origin of Papal Authority in the Church," see Book i., c. 3, § 3, pp. 211-16.

Mr. Finlay regards this assumption of power as an act of *rebellion!* but still, it will be seen, he is not very severe in its condemnation:—

“Gregory died in 731. Though he excited the Italian cities to resist the imperial power, and approved of the measures they adopted for stopping the remittance of their taxes to Constantinople, he does not appear to have adopted any measures for declaring Rome independent. That he contemplated the possibility of events taking a turn that might ultimately lead him to throw off his allegiance to the Emperor Leo, is nevertheless evident, from one of his letters to that emperor, in which he boasts very significantly that the eyes of the west were fixed on his humility, and that if Leo attempted to injure the Pope, he would find the west ready to defend him, and even to attack Constantinople. The allusion to the protection of the king of the Lombards and Charles Martel, was certainly, in this case, a treasonable threat on the part of the Bishop of Rome to his sovereign. Besides this, Gregory II. excommunicated the exarch Paul, and all the enemies of image-worship who were acting under the orders of the emperor, pretending to avoid the guilt of treason by not expressly naming the Emperor Leo in his anathema. On the other hand, when we consider that Leo was striving to extend the bounds of the imperial authority in an arbitrary manner, and that *his object was to sweep away every barrier against the exercise of despotism in the Church and State*, we must acknowledge that the opposition of Gregory was founded in justice, and that *he was entitled to defend the municipal institutions and local usages of Italy, and the constitution of the Romish Church, even at the price of declaring himself a rebel.*”*

The Pope, Gregory II., was in the estimation of Mr. Finlay, “a rebel;” but still one, for whose treasons some palliation was to be found in the circumstances that forced him to revolt. We now come to one of Mr. Finlay’s “heroes,” whose prudence he admires, and whose policy he lauds, for he portrays principles and characteristics that distinguish the Statesmen of England from the period of “the reformation” to the present day. The Greek Emperor, so praised and so admired by Mr. Finlay was named Nicephorus:—

“He eagerly pursued *the centralising policy of his Iconoclast predecessors*, and strove to render the civil power supreme over the clergy and the Church. He forbade the patriarch to hold any communications

* Ibid, Book i. c. 1. p. 49.

with the Pope, whom he considered as the patriarch of Charlemagne; and THIS PRUDENT MEASURE has caused much of the virulence with which his memory has been attacked by ecclesiastical and orthodox historians.”*

As a proof, how consistent is Mr. Finlay in his views, as an Anglican, upon political and ecclesiastical matters, we cannot refrain from contrasting his account of Nicephorus with that of one of the Saints of the Catholic Church.

“Theodore Studita was one of those who attended the patriarch on this occasion (an interview with the Emperor Leo V., the Armenian) and his *steady assertion of ecclesiastical supremacy rendered him worthy, from his bold and uncompromising views, to have occupied the chair of St. Peter*. He declared plainly to the Emperor, that *he had no authority to interfere with the doctrines of the Church, since his rule only extended over the civil and military government of the empire. The Church had full authority to govern itself*. Leo was enraged at this boldness.”†

We now, however, come to that portion of Mr. Finlay’s work which renders it peculiarly interesting, viz., his reference to the Greek schism which began with the election of the notorious Photius. That schism was sustained by the Greek court; and in the extracts that follow are detailed its consequences to the state, and the people, to the Church and liberty, to the aristocracy, the clergy, and the commonalty.

“The election of Photius, which was evidently illegal, only increased the dissensions already existing in the Church; but they drew off the attention of the people in some degree from the political abuses, and *enabled Bardas to constitute the civil power judge in ecclesiastical matters*. Ignatius and the leading men of his party were imprisoned and illtreated; but even the clergy of the party of Photius could not escape being *insulted and carried before the ordinary tribunals*, if they refused to comply with the iniquitous demands of the courtiers, or ventured to oppose the injustice of the government officials.”‡

The temporal sovereignty of the Pope was derided—his spiritual supremacy was repudiated. Let us mark the

* Ibid, Book i., c. 2, § 1. p. 112.

† Ibid. Book i. c. 2, sec. 3, p. 141.

‡ Ibid. Book i. c. 3, § 3, p. 209.

consequences to State and Church in Constantinople, of their independence of Rome :—

“The legislative views of Basil I. were modelled in conformity to the policy impressed on the Byzantine empire by Leo III. They were directed to vest all legislative power in the hands of the emperor, and to *constitute the person of the sovereign the centre of law as much as of financial authority and military power*. The senate had continued to act as a legislative council from time to time during the Iconoclast period, and the emperor had often invited it to discuss important laws, in order to give extraordinary solemnity to their sanction. Such a practice suggested the question whether the senate and the people did not still possess a right to share in the legislation of the empire, which opportunity might constitute into a permanent control over the imperial authority in this branch of government. *The absolute centralization of the legislative authority in the person of the emperor, was the only point which prevented the government of the Byzantine empire from being theoretically an absolute despotism, when Basil I. ascended the throne, (867) and he completed that centralization.....*The privileges formerly possessed by the provincial proprietors, the remains of the Roman curiæ, or of the more recently formed municipalities that had grown up to replace them, were swept away as offensive to the despotic power.....*The bishops now lost their position of defenders of the people, for as they were chosen by the sovereign, the dignitaries of the Byzantine Church were remarkable for their servility to the civil power.*

“The promulgation of the Basilica may be considered as marking the complete union of all legislative, executive, judicial, financial, and administrative power in the person of the emperor. *The Church had already been reduced to complete submission to the imperial authority.* Basil, therefore, may claim to be the emperor who established arbitrary despotism as the constitution of the Roman empire. The divine right of the sovereign to rule as God might be pleased to enlighten his understanding and soften his heart, was henceforth the recognised organic law of the Byzantine empire.”†

A COURTLY CLERGY. “The attachment of the people had once rendered the patriarch almost equal to the emperor in dignity, but the clergy of the capital were now more closely connected with the court than the people. *The power of the emperor to depose as well as to appoint the patriarch was hardly questioned, and of course the head of the Eastern Church, occupied a very inferior position to the Pope of Rome.* The Church of Constantinople, filled with courtly priests, lost its political influence, and *both religion and*

† Ibid. Book ii., c. 1, § 1, pp. 281, 282, 283.

civilisation suffered by this additional centralization of power in the imperial cabinet. From this period we may date the decline of the Greek Church."*

NICEPHORUS II. "The Emperor *prohibited the foundation of any new monasteries and hospitals*, enacting that only those already in existence should be maintained; and he declared *all testamentary donations of landed property in favour of the Church, void*. He also excited the anger of the clergy, by forbidding any ecclesiastical election to be made *until the candidate had received the imperial approbation*. He was in the habit of leaving the wealthiest sees vacant, and either retained the revenues or compelled the new bishop to pay a large portion of his receipts annually into the imperial treasury."†

In page 386, the author (Mr. Finlay) gives the following character to the man whose acts he thus describes:—

"His conduct was moral, and *he was sincerely religious*; but he was *too enlightened* to confound the pretensions of the Church with the truth of Christianity, and, consequently, in spite of *his real piety*, he was *calumniated by the clergy as a hypocrite*."

In pages 388-389, these facts are stated by Mr. Finlay.

"The worst act of his reign, and one for which the Byzantine historians have justly branded him with merited odium, was his violation of the public faith, and the honour of the eastern empire, by adulterating the coin, and issuing a debased coin, called the tetartiron. This *debased money* he employed to *pay the debts of the state*, while the taxes continued to be *exacted in the old and pure coin of the empire*."

And yet Mr. Finlay says of the man who so acted, that he was "*sincerely religious*," and had "*real piety*," and was not "*a hypocrite!*"

And in page 397, "one of the *most virtuous men and conscientious sovereigns*, that ever occupied the throne of Constantinople!"

Mr. Finlay tells his readers in p. 397, that "the Court of Constantinople was so utterly corrupt, that *it was relieved from all sense of responsibility*," whilst its aristocracy "*knew no law but fear and private interest*," and the people, it is said in p. 427, were "*careless of honour and truth*."

* Ibid. Book ii., c. 1, § 4, pp. 355, 356.

† Ibid. Book ii., c. 2, § 1, p. 390.

And all these evils, it is admitted by a most intolerant and even furiously bigoted no-Popery historian,* are consequent upon the successful conflict waged against the Pope as a temporal Sovereign, and as the supreme head of the Christian Church.

“Videbat quippe hæc universa civitas, et patiebatur: videbant iudices et acquiescebant: populus videbat et applaudebat: ac sic diffuso per totam urbem dedecoris, scelerisque consortio!”†

By the quotations from Mr. Finlay's book we conceive that we have shewn, first, the low and mundane view he has taken of this great question; and, next, that we have made plain, by quotations from his own pages, how completely he exposes the mischief of the principles he maintains, and how their enforcement led to the degradation of the Greek Empire—of its Church, its clergy, its nobility and its people.

In a different—it may be said, in a far different spirit is such a subject approached by Catholic authors, like to the Abbé Jager in his “*Histoire de Photius*,” and the Prince de Broglie in his book “*L'Eglise et L'Empire Romain*,” even though, (like Mr. Finlay,) they do not touch but a small portion of the temporal sovereignty of

* A few references to Mr. Finlay's opinion of other authors, will demonstrate that we do no injustice in the terms we apply to him. Of Artaud's valuable work, “*Historie des Souverains Pontifes Romain*,” he says that it is “more remarkable for *popish bigotry* than for historical accuracy,” (p. 49, note 1). The Abbe Jager's truly admirable work, “*Histoire de Photius* is declared to be a *prejudiced* and not very accurate work,” (p. 209, note 7). And again it is described as being violent in its opinions and inaccurate in its facts,” (p. 278, book ii., c. 1, § 1.) Of the Lives of the Saints, collected in the greatest work that was ever published, the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, Mr. Finlay's opinion is that they are “the dull legends of saints,” (p. 178, note 1), and again, “fables that have been preserved ~~on~~ neglected from their unnatural stupidity,” (p. 147, see also note 1, same page, and p. 206, note 1.) And these are the terms which he applies to the illustrious saints.

“The *fanatic*,” (Athanasius) thought that he “(Nicephorus),” should have preferred *the idle life of a cell* to the active duties of a palace,” Book ii., c. 1, sec. 1, p. 387.

† Salvianus Gallus, *De vero Judicio et Providentia Dei*, Lib. vii. p. 200, (Venice, 1696.)

the Popes. In dealing with the portion that each has selected for himself, it can be said of them, what cannot be affirmed on behalf of Mr. Finlay, viz., that there is no inconsistency between their opinions and their statements, and that, maintaining as they do the supremacy of the Pontiff, they appeal with confidence to all the events of history, and all the evidence supplied by indisputable facts to sustain their judgment and corroborate their views.

With respect to these authors (Jager and De Broglie) it may be mentioned that the work of Abbé Jager has already deservedly reached the second edition; whilst that of the Prince de Broglie is not many weeks published. In regretting that we cannot afford the space, in this article, to give an analysis of either, we strongly recommend both to our English Catholic booksellers, as well worthy of being translated. It is but due to the first to state, that we have not found one word in *Photius* which we would desire to see cancelled; but as to the second, we are reluctantly compelled to say that its illustrious and well-intentioned author, in his desire to conciliate the carping French philosophers with the Church, has made concessions which the Church will not tolerate. To more than one passage the objection of the reverend and erudite Guéranger is well-founded:—

“Malgré les intentions pleinement orthodoxes de l'auteur, on regrette d'y rencontrer plus d'une trace de cet esprit philosophique.”*

We regard such, however, but as the defects of a young author educated in the midst of Parisian society where such writers as Guizot, Thierry, Cousin, and Thiers have shone as stars. Reflection, further reading, a more profound study of original ecclesiastical authorities, combined with a generous, docile, Catholic spirit, will serve to correct such failings.

It would not be candid either as regards the author or the public to conceal that there *are* defects in the book of M. de Broglie; but at the same time it is only an act of common justice to him to declare that his book is a most valuable contribution to the history of a period (greatly disfigured by the infidel Gibbon) in which the ways of Provi-

* See *Univers*, October 12th, 19th, November 4th. 16th 30th, 1856.

dence were made manifest by the marvellous triumph of the Christian religion, and developement of the spiritual supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. If fault, defect, or failure can be shewn in any part of such an undertaking, the Prince de Broglie has the assured consolation which cheered on his countryman, Raoul de Caen, when he commenced his "*Gesta Tancredi Principis*."

"—— *Me quidem in hac parte sentio infirmum : sed de ejus, id est Christi firmitate totus pendeo, cujus vexilliferum, et triumphos describere intendo.*"*

Catholic France may, with justice, boast of its nobility, when it can count amongst them so gifted an author as the Count de Montalembert, and amongst its young literateurs so earnest a student, and so ripe a scholar as the Prince de Broglie. Would that *we*—in these countries—could point to one titled author fitted to take rank with either. *There was one* preparing himself for such tasks, a diligent reader, a devout Catholic; but *he*, the last of his race, has fallen into a premature grave!—and, so far as this world is concerned, his aspirations for literary distinction must remain unknown, and a century hence his name will be forgotten! Such has been the will of Providence, which orders events, not in accordance with man's wishes; but for his ultimate and never-ending happiness.

We have referred to books, of recent date, which deal with this subject in a fragmentary form; but there are others, in which it is treated of in its entirety. There is first, the work of M. Gosselin, for an admirable translation of which we are indebted to the Rev. M. Kelly, one of the Professors of Maynooth,—the first of a series of volumes, ("*Library of Foreign Translations*") that has not yet received that amount of patronage from the Catholic community to which its spirited publisher, Mr. Dolman, is entitled.† Next, there is the interesting work of Dr. Miley, the first volume of which has just been issued from the press, and the value of which can be better appreciated

* *Gesta Tancredi Principis*, auct. Radulp. Cadomens. Præfat, in Muratori, *Rer. Ital. Script.* Vol. v. p. 286. (Milan, 1724.)

† The work of M. Gosselin has been already noticed by us, and at some length.

by extracts than by any praises in our power to bestow upon it.

The question of "The temporal sovereignty of the Popes" is pre-eminently the question of the day. It presses for attention in Parliament, and for discussion in all classes of society. The enemies of the Papacy in these countries are many, and of those who ought to be its supporters, some are inert, some are indifferent, some are ignorant, and numbers are mis-informed. Prejudice, ignorance, apathy, bigotry, malevolence, and "the Prince of this world" are the enemies against which the defenders of Rome must contend.

It is well that at such a time, and under such circumstances a prominent part in defence of "the temporal sovereignty," that which, in fact, includes "the spiritual supremacy" of the Pope, should be assumed by an Irish Catholic priest, the child of a country, which no persecution, however flagrant, and no artifices, however cunningly contrived, could ever shake in its allegiance to the Papal See,—the priest of a people who lost lands, money, life itself, every thing but their honour and their faith, rather than abjure the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, or permit the independence of their Church to be compromised, by the interposition of the smallest barrier between the Chair of St. Peter, and the island-diocese of St. Patrick.

The "nationality" of Irishmen is embodied in the "Catholicity" that came to them from Rome; and hence Rome, its Pontiffs and its shrines of Saints, are regarded as the home, and the heart's resting-place, not less of the Irish priest than of the Irish patriot. To Rome its relics, its present and its past sacerdotal sovereign lords, fealty and love, loyalty and veneration are due; and hence the sentiments of the apologist of the papacy in 1856 are identical with those of Saint Furseus in 650:—

"O Roma triumphis Apostolorum superexaltata, Martyrum rosis decorata, Confessorum liliis candidata, Virginum palmis dulcorata, meritis eorum roborata, quæ tot et tanta continet sancta Sanctorum corpora, esto Salutata, ut *nunquam succumbat auctoritas tua, sanctorum Patrum dignitate et sapientia hactenus roborata; qua corpus Christi videlicet beata mater Ecclesia viget solidata.*"*

* *Act. Sanct.* (Januar.) Vol. ii. pp. 50, 51.

Our readers need not be informed that the question of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes is not new to Dr. Miley. It is now thirteen years since we noticed in this Journal his first contribution to this important subject. The detailed History of the Papal States, which he published in the year 1850, attests the industry and zeal with which during this long interval he has devoted himself to the same engrossing study.

The immediate occasion of the present work we shall best explain in the author's own language.

“Although laboriously and deliberately prepared beforehand, as to its matter, this work may nevertheless, in a certain sense, be said to be what is termed, by the French, an *ouvrage d'actualité et de circonstance*; for, certainly, it never would have appeared in its actual shape, had not the want of popular works of the kind become but too painfully manifest on a recent occasion, when Press and Parliament were resounding with the outcry got up by the Anglo-Sardinian conspiracy against the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes.

“While on the side of the most unprovoked and unjust aggression, and of outrage the most revolting to every sense of right and propriety, not to speak of reverence, gratitude, or religion, a thousand voices—some purchased by gold plundered from sanctuary and cloister, others instigated by bigotry and unprincipled lust of office, were clamouring fiercely, but without even a pretence of argument, for the subversion of a throne the most ancient and august, the most popular as well as the most legitimate in the world; how feeble, hesitating, deprecatory; how utterly bereft of power to abash or repel the assault, were the voices—insignificant, even in number—that were raised in defence.

“Yet what would have been the effect, if some orator, like the great O'Connell, possessed with full knowledge of the cause and with faith in its sacredness, had risen in Parliament, not, indeed, to deprecate, or to plead extenuating circumstances, but with eloquent indignation to scathe the hypocritical traducers of a dynasty which is, and has been, for 1500 years, the life of Rome—the salvation, the hope, the glory of Italy; of a dynasty to which European civilization owes its existence, and on which, by divine ordination of the Redeemer, his Church depends for her liberty and efficiency in working out the ends for which he poured out his most adorable blood!

“The Popes not only saved the inhabitants of the Pagan city often, and founded Christian Rome, and frequently restored it when ruined; they rescued Italy over and over again, from age to age—from Vandals, Goths, Greeks, Lombards, Saracens, to speak only of ancient times. Theirs, also, was the miracle by which the atrocious

barbarian hordes, rushing in on the West, from the fourth to the tenth century, have been regenerated ; won to Christianity ; transformed into civilized Europe.

“Oh, what an inspiring theme to vindicate the transcendent merit, the dazzling glory of such a dynasty—merit and glory which could ring from foes like the ‘infidel Gibbon’ such testimonies as these; ‘Like Thebes, or Babylon, or Carthage, the name of Rome might have been erased from the earth, if the city had not been animated by a vital principle—the dynasty of the Popes—which again restored her to honour and dominion.’” And again in another place, ch. xlix. of the same History, he says of the Popes:—‘The public and private indigence (of the Romans) was relieved by their ample revenue ; and the weakness or neglect of the Greek emperors compelled them to consult, both in peace and war, the temporal safety of the city. The same character was adopted by the Italian, the Greek, or the Syrian who ascended the chair of St. Peter, and *after the loss of her legions and provinces, the genius and fortunes of the Popes again restored the supremacy of Rome.*’

“To St. Gregory the Great, he says, the title of Saviour of Italy and ‘Father of his Country’ must be assigned, and that in the gratitude of the nation rescued by him from destruction, ‘*he found the best right of a sovereign.*’

“And again, when the ‘Golden age’ of order, peace, happiness, thus secured by St. Gregory and the succeeding Pontiffs, was subverted by a second and more terrific series of invasions, and that chaotic barbarism and brutal feuds and tyranny replace the Carolingian Empire (that wonderful creation of the Papacy), to whom is the glory of once more rescuing Europe from ‘*hopeless slavery*’ assigned by a writer not less erudite or less hostile to the Papacy, and far more eloquent, than the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire? ‘To the Popes,’ says Sir James Stephen, ‘to the Popes of the middle ages was assigned a province, their abandonment of which would have plunged the Church and the world into the same hopeless slavery. To Pope Gregory VII. were first given the genius and the courage to raise himself and his successors to the level of the high vocation.’†

“The projectors and organizers of the Crusades—the high political wisdom of which, as well as the benefits incalculable they conferred, the world has been at length taught to appreciate as they deserved—the life and soul of the war in defence of European civilization waged for ages against the ‘Crescent,’ the pontiffs, whose legates were viceroys of Syria ; who fostered the military orders; who per-

* History of the Decline and Fall, &c.

† Edinburgh Review, April 1845. Art. “Hildebrand,” p. 327.

suaded feudal Europe to abandon rapine, violence, ravaging homesteads and harvests by fire and sword, to 'take the cross;' who organized the victories of Toledo de las Navas, of Lepanto: and of whom such heroes as Scanderbeg and Jean Sobieski were proud to be the marshals—they have established well their claim to rank in fame, as in the same succession, with the great tiara-crowned heads who rise before us surrounded by the Lombard, the Tuscan League, humbling Barbarossa, rooting out such monsters as Eccellino and the Hohenstauffens, defending, pacifying, preserving the republics of mediæval Italy. What was said of the Roman Senate applies with still greater force to the Papal dynasty: 'It was great, not once but always.'

"As for Rome during the absence of the Pontiffs, it declined—fell into such a state of decay, misery, and barbarism, that 'it no longer presented the appearance of a city—*Ut nulla civitatis facies in ea videretur*;' and its few inhabitants, abject, boorish, looked like the veriest dregs of the earth.—'Dixisses,' says a contemporary writer, '*omnes cives aut inquilinos esse, aut ex extremâ omnium hominum fece eo migrasse.*'"

"The Popes return.—A new and remarkable epoch is dated from the accession of Nicholas the Fifth. The modern City of Rome, as we now behold it, is founded amongst the ruins of the primitive and mediæval cities of the Popes; the 'States' acquire a unity of organization, in which they continue to progress, rising *pari passu* with the new and wonderful city, their capital, and privileged to a singular degree with the enjoyment of peace and prosperity, during a succession of three hundred and forty years, that is, until the captivity of Pius VI.

"In thinking of the abuse, the outrages of which this dynasty has been recently made the object by a Press and a Parliament, set on by prompters and Prime Ministers, worthy to rank with those who led the debates in the Sanhedrim of Caïphas, and gave the *mot d'ordre* before the 'Lithostrotos' of Pilate, who, with a soul to appreciate such memories as attach to the Papacy, but must be fired with an impetus like that which made the first Frank king cry out, on hearing St. Remi describe the outrages of Calvary: 'Oh, why was I not there with my warriors?'

"With that passage before him, who but must avow that to save the Papacy from being damaged by feeble, hesitating, discrediting attempts at defence, and challenge for it not immunity from outrage but unbounded admiration, it is only necessary its fasti should be made easily accessible."†

* Platina in Vit. Martini V.

† MILEY'S *Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes*, Preface, pp. v. to xiii.

The volume now published is divided into three epochs. The first being from the Pontificate of the Prince of the Apostles to the transfer of the seat of Empire to Byzantium under Constantine; the second, from the, as it might be deemed, Abdication of Constantine, in favour of the successor of St. Peter, to the annihilation of Pagan Rome by the Barbarians; third, from the foundation of Papal Rome to the establishment of "a New Italy," under the auspices of the Pontiffs.

Our extracts, with one exception, shall be confined to the first of these periods. The entire subject is thus strikingly introduced,

"The roots of this dominion," (the temporal sovereignty of the Popes,) "strike deep into the Catacombs, and the ruins to which the Pagan Empire of Rome was reduced by the barbarians; they attach themselves to the shattered throne of the Cæsars, as well as to the tombs of the Apostles, and derive the sap of power from both.

"In the law that governs its growth, and never fails to repair its reverses, this realm of the Pontiffs is like no other realm. Rising up out of utter insignificance and obscurity, so that the learned are at a loss to know how or when or where it begins; never ceasing, during the phases of its rise, to develop itself with uniformity that knows neither irregularity nor interruption; and, when once constituted, re-established by means of the most singular as often as it is damaged or overthrown—this Sovereignty of the Successors of a 'Fisherman' impresses us, at the first glance, as something involving a mystery; we are forced to ask ourselves, can such a dynasty be the work of purely human agencies?

"When the precise date of its origin, and the particular events from which it took rise, are to be determined, antiquarians of the greatest learning are at fault—perplexed hopelessly. The discrepancies between them are not as to days, or months, or years; it amounts to several centuries—in one instance to eight, in another to seven; for while, on the one hand, such writers as Nicholas Alamanni, Grævius, Thomassin, De Maistre, Orsi, Giannone, Cenni, with several others, will have it, that the origin of this sovereignty is to be discovered in the commotions excited by the Iconoclast heresy, commencing A.D. 726, it is, on the other hand, insinuated by Gibbon, that the Popes were not possessed of the kingly prerogative (strictly speaking) until the time of Martin V., A.D. 1417-1431; and by Ranke, when treating of the Papal States, it is asserted that Julius II., A.D. 1503-1513, 'must be regarded as their founder;' we have a host of the highest names, such as Bossuet, De Marca, Natalis Alexander, Lebeau, Bernardi, Velly, Magnin, in favour of the view that the sovereign power of the Popes is to be

traced to the liberality of Charlemagne and Pepin. This is denied by Muratori, who contends that their only valid title is to be found in the prescription of ages. Obviously by none of these theories is the difficulty removed.

“Not by the theory of the ‘Donations,’ because before ever the Frank kings set foot in Italy, previously to their acts called ‘donations,’ but more properly speaking only ‘restitutions,’ the ‘Patrimony of St. Peter,’—the Papal States—exist. The ‘Rights of St. Peter,’ the ‘Confines of St. Peter,’ the ‘Plenary Rights of St. Peter,’—‘*Justitias Plenarias Beati Petri*,’—‘his Patrimony,’—such are the titles under which their ‘restitution’ is demanded from the Lombard usurpers by Pope Stephen II., and then by Gregory III., so early as the times of Charles Martel, and long before the Franks are induced to cross the Alps.

“Far from pretending to any right over Rome, it is after formally asking and being granted permission by the reigning Pontiff, Hadrian I., that Charlemagne enters its gates for the first time; not as a dictator, but as a devout pilgrim, and guest of the Pope; and it is clear from the collection of letters in the *Codex Carolinus*, that what has been proved regarding Rome applies equally to the rest of the States.*

“The genuine meaning of the acts of the two hero kings, champions and adjutants of the Apostolic See, is well brought out in the following passage from a French writer who has made this subject his peculiar study.

“‘Before the expedition of Pepin into Italy,’ he says, ‘the Holy See possessed there a true sovereignty, founded on the legitimate will of the peoples, who, in the extremity to which they were reduced, had freely confided to the Popes their temporal interests; from whence we ought to conclude, that Pepin and Charlemagne were not, properly speaking, the founders, but only the protectors and supporters of the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, and that the result of their expeditions into Italy was not precisely to establish there this sovereignty, but to protect, to consolidate it; to render it definitively independent of the Byzantine Emperors.’

“Therefore, it is not in the ‘Donations’ this sovereignty takes its rise.

“If we ascend higher still, we everywhere find that St. Peter is the object of ‘restitutions’ by the Lombards, ‘gifts’ by the Franks, ‘submissions’ of the peoples.

“It is to St. Peter the inhabitants of the States, in the midst of

* “*Expleta vero eadem oratione [at the tomb of St. Peter] obnixè deprecatus est isdem Francorum rex antedictum almificum Pontificem, illi licentiam tribui ingrediendi ad sua orationum vota, per diversas Dei ecclesias persolvenda.*”—*Anast. Bibli. in vita Hadr.*

their abandonment and sufferings, have recourse for help, and vow eternal fealty. 'They sought refuge with St. Peter,' says a contemporary writer, 'and yielding themselves up to the Pope, made oath of allegiance and fealty to the Prince of the Apostles, and to the said Pope, his vicar.' Again, speaking of other populations who were anxious to follow the same course, it is said: 'They longed most anxiously to yield themselves subjects of St. Peter, and of the Holy Roman Church.'

"For love of St. Peter, the valiant Pepin draws his victorious sword; he affirms with the solemnity of an oath that for no other motive had he encountered the risks of battle on many a hard-fought field; and that for all the treasures on earth, he would not take back what he had once made oblation of to St. Peter.

"When Charlemagne visits Rome, it is on his knees he mounts the steps leading to the portals of St. Peter's, devoutly impressing a kiss on each step as he ascends—'omnes gradus, sigillatim ejusdem sacratissimæ Beati Petri ecclesiæ deosculatus est.'* When he renews the acts of his sire, King Pepin, it is still to the 'Blessed Peter' the same cities and territories are conceded.†

"Thus it is, that history, when thoughtfully searched, ever leads us to the right path; in this instance, as I set out with saying, it conducts us to the catacombs, and before the judgment seat of Nero, where St. Peter stands doomed to martyrdom, as the true fountain-head of this mysterious Sovereignty.

"Startling as it may appear at first, this assertion—that temporal independence, exemption from earthly control, the right to have no power above him but that of his Divine Lord and Master—this assertion, at first sight so anomalous, when the nature of St. Peter's charge is considered, becomes a self-evident verity. Nothing easier than to test this; one solitary argument will be enough to place the subject in the clearest light. The argument is this:

"That Christ conferred the supremacy of His Church on St. Peter—a supremacy not alone of honour but of jurisdiction; made him the viceroy of His kingdom on earth; invested him with his own authority to decide all controversies, judge all causes regarding truth and error, right and wrong, vice and virtue; to reward and punish, bind and loose, with an authority identical with His own. This can no more be doubted, than that the words of the Gospel, in which all these prerogatives are solemnly conferred on St. Peter, are truly the words of Christ.‡

* Anast. in Vita Hadr.

† "Christianissimus Carolus Francorum rex, ascribi jussit per Etherium religiosum ac prudentissimum capellanum et notarium suum, ubi concessit easdem civitates et territoria Beato Petro."—*Anast. ib.*

‡ Matt. xvi. 13-20; John, xxi. 16-19, &c.

“Therefore, it must have been the will and design of the Redeemer that a sphere wherein such a supremacy could be exercised should be prepared and sequestered from all human control, wherever the See of St. Peter was to be established finally. Otherwise, the prerogatives would be nugatory; and, as reason and piety forbid such a thought, it follows that the temporal sovereignty over a realm ‘ample enough for liberty, too limited for domination,’ essentially and *jure divino* attaches to the spiritual supremacy which from St. Peter has devolved on the Popes.

“What more derisive than the idea of a supremacy such as that of St. Peter ‘entrusted’ to a ‘domestic slave.’” Gibbon’s synonyme for a Patriarch of Constantinople; and in Rome, under the dictatorship, whether of an emperor or king, a republic, senate, parliament, or cabal—even if decorated with the title of ‘constitutional ministry’ or ‘responsible cabinet’—would not the Popes be as degraded, as trammelled in the exercise of their *supremacy* (not to speak of the abuses of their election), as where the tiara’d slaves and creatures, too often sycophants, of the Byzantine court?—*Ibid.* First Epoch, ch. i. pp. 1—6.

In addition to the authorities here quoted, to show the necessity of maintaining the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, as the head of the Catholic Church, we may refer to an opinion expressed by a writer, who is as little disposed to favour the Pope, or Catholicity, as the author of “the Byzantine Empire:—“How is the Pope to exist without Rome? The fact is, that the plans which have been proposed at different times for the separation of the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope have been conceived by those who are ignorant of the complicated nature of his authority, or by those who desire to undermine it as a step to its final overthrow. * * * * Could the Pope fix his throne in the mid-heavens the scheme might be feasible; but, as he must remain in a city made with hands, he must occupy in it the place either of a prince or a subject. It was a favourite project of Buonaparte to establish the Pope at Paris, and, through the Ecclesiastical puppet, to sway the conscience of Europe by Nuncios, as effectively as he domineered over its policy by Generals and Diplo-

* “While the Patriarch of Constantinople was a domestic slave under the eye of his master, a distant and dangerous station, amidst the barbarians of the West, excited the spirit and freedom of the Popes.”—*Gibbon, Decl. and Fall, &c.*, ch. xlix.

matists. His scheme would have failed—he would have only created a schism, and lost all by grasping at too much. A bishop with patriarchal powers would have arisen in every country of any consequence, ruling the national church under the dictation of the crown, or less invidiously by means of a synod.”*

Perhaps we should apologize for the length of the following extract, but we are unwilling to curtail it, because it is calculated to arouse the timid, and inspire faith into the hearts of the doubting. We commend it to the earnest perusal of every Catholic who hitherto has looked upon “the temporal sovereignty of the Pope” as a question involving considerations rather of human policy than of religious convictions.

“It is true, as we have seen, and as we heard St. Leo proclaim, that the Prince of the Apostles entered Rome as a conqueror. It is true that, by divine appointment, his mission was to attack, overthrow, and trample in the dust all that the ‘seven-hilled city’ most gloried in, cherished, was determined to defend with resistless fury; and on the ruins of all this, and on the high place of her pride, the sanctuary of her gods, the ‘hill of all her triumphs.’—Oh, horror for the haughty race—to plant the execrated symbol of the Crucified! Nevertheless, St. Peter taught those, whom his preaching and miracles made the first Christians of Rome, that there was to be no revolt, no disobedience or evasion of the laws; that all social duties were to be religiously fulfilled; that Nero was to be obeyed and even honoured! ‘Be ye subject, therefore, to every creature for God’s sake; whether it be to the king as excelling, or to governors as sent by him for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of the good; for so is the will of God, that by doing well you may put to silence the ignorance of foolish men; as free, and not as making liberty a cloak of malice—but as the servants of God. Honour all men; love the brethren; fear God; honour the king.’† And that this phrase *τον βασιλέα τιμάτε* refers to Nero can hardly be doubted; for *βασιλεύς* with the Greeks has the same force as ‘imperator’ with the Romans.

“And when St. Paul comes at length to join the prince of the apostles in labouring to perfect the Roman Church, of which the faith had already become ‘renowned through the whole world,’

* *Quarterly Review*, (December, 1851,) p. 231, art. “Farini’s History of the Roman States.”

† St. Peter, 1 Epist. ii. 13, 17.

what he teaches, on this head, only re-echoes the words of St. Peter.*

“ Unlike the high-flown, pretentious systems of the philosophers of Greece and Rome, what St. Peter taught was no sterile theory. The heart of the Christian, as formed by St. Peter, was a living source of charity, incessantly prompting to self-sacrifice for the love of the neighbour; his all-absorbing study was, practically and every day to live in imitation of him ‘ who went about doing good,’ *qui circuit benefaciendo*.

“ Hence, wherever he was found, in the senate, in the public baths, in the forum, or on the tented field (he kept aloof from the circus and theatres as from so many temples of heathenism), at the loom, the anvil, the quern, or in whatsoever station he had been fixed by Providence, the Christian became conspicuous for the integrity of his morals, and wrung, even from his persecutors, the confession that his life corresponded with the arduous code which he professed.

“ In the religion of St. Peter there was nothing antisocial or tending to encourage or authorize revolt; Christianity, such as he and his successors have ever taught it, warred with nothing that was not a curse to humanity. There was nothing bright, honourable, pure, or beneficent with which it would not have coalesced; or rather, it had affinities to attract and harmonize around itself whatever was capable of being sanctified, or turned to good. Music, architecture, painting, sculpture, poetry, all the arts, in short, that help to humanize, to soothe, or elevate the anguished or lethargic spirit, as was proved by the after history of the popes, it would have fostered. It would have shamed the Muses into self-respect, by leading them from whence they drew only the inebriety of the passions, to purer fountains of inspiration. As for man, it would have elevated him, from being a serf of Satan, to fill the throne from which that once bright spirit fell. Even as a citizen, it would have ameliorated his condition, by establishing an imperishable reciprocity of truth, equity, and good offices between man and man, and by hallowing all his socialties; by inculcating obedience for conscience sake upon those who are subject, warning those that are high that there is One still higher; and, in season and out of season, by commending charity to all. Woman it would have exalted to an eminence so august, as to render her influence the corrective of the brutality of which heretofore she had been the instigation and the slave. By hallowing the connubial state, and maintaining its indissolubility, Christianity would have made the domestic circle a miniature of the Church, a preparatory school for heaven; it would have taught mankind no longer to regard their own offspring as they did those of unclean animals, but to reverence, nay, to regard

* Romans, xiii. 1-7.

them with awe, as being clients of the angels. It had a solace for every affliction, an expiation for every trespass ; it took even from death its sting ; and had it met from the world the reception it merited, although it would not have led the banished race back again to Eden, for that was not its object, it would have done better still, by exalting mortals, even here, above the power of adversity ; and by preparing them for an immortality crowned with bliss and glory, such as ‘eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to picture.’

“But the hatred with which the world pursued its Redeemer, nailing Him to the cross, was to be the inheritance of His disciples, and pre-eminently of him whom He elected and constituted Prince of the Apostles, supreme head of His divine spouse, the Church.

“Why then did Rome reject St. Peter ? For the self-same reason that Jerusalem rejected His divine Lord, the ‘Immortal King of Ages.’ The same satanic hatred which had doomed the Redeemer to the gibbet, thirsted for the blood of His disciples, especially of St. Peter (as we see by the act of Herod), and pursued them even ‘unto foreign cities.’ The Sanhedrim concocted a scheme to render them odious over the whole world. ‘With this view,’ says St. Justin Martyr, ‘their emissaries were sent into all countries with rescripts, or letters, setting forth that the Nazarenes were an execrable sect, who adored as God one who had been put to death as a criminal, pretending that He had arisen on the third day, whereas His dead body had been stolen away by themselves while the Roman guards were asleep ; and that they were wont in their mysteries to immolate a new-born infant, sprinkled over with flour, and to feed upon its flesh and blood previous to their indulging in the most unnatural excesses.’

“Throughout the entire pagan world these atrocious slanders met with ready credence, and were nowhere received with greater avidity than at Rome ; hence in the mock trial, when the Christians and their prince were dragged before Nero, and accused of having set fire to the city, it was not for that crime (for it was too notorious that Nero himself was its author, but as being ‘enemies of the human race,’ they were condemned. Tacitus, in his Annals, relates the matter thus :—

“‘But when neither by state-craft, nor bribing the multitude, nor the display of sacrifices and lustrations, as if to appease the gods, he could remove the infamy of having ordered the city to be set on fire, Nero substituted criminals, and punished with tortures the most exquisite—*quæsitissimis*—certain wretches detested for their enormities, and whom the populace called Christians. Christus, the founder of the name, was put to death in the reign of Tiberius, by the procurator of Judæa, Pontius Pilate ; but, repressed (by this means) only for a moment, the pestilent superstition broke out again, not alone through Judæa, the cradle of the mischief, but in Rome itself, become the sink into which flow the abominations of

the whole world, to be there nurtured, enshrined and worshipped—*quæ cuncta undique atrocita aut pudenda confluunt celebranturque.*

“ ‘Accordingly,’ continues Tacitus, ‘some having been arrested who readily confessed they were Christians, next, from what they said, a vast multitude—*multitudo ingens*—were found guilty, not, indeed, of burning Rome, but of being the enemies of the human race. And in their deaths they were also made to contribute to the public amusement, some being covered with the hides of wild beasts, to be hunted and torn to pieces by dogs, some being nailed on crosses, and others being set on fire, having been smeared over with combustible matter, that their flaming bodies might, when night came on, shed light upon the festival of which the gardens of Nero, who had them thrown open for that purpose, were the scene.’

“Behold at length discovered the true source from which the temporal sovereignty of the Popes takes its rise. By the act of Nero, which doomed the prince of the apostles to the cross, and the Christian name to extermination, a new sovereignty arose, per force, in the very heart of Pagan Rome. While the Cæsars reigned on the ‘Seven Hills,’ St. Peter and his successors were compelled to reign in the Catacombs over ‘SUBTERRANEAN ROME,’ inhabited by a people outlawed as ‘enemies of the human race’—*odio humani generis convicti*—and thus obliged to form a separate state. From this hour forth, the ‘Seven Hilled City’ becomes the theatre of internecine war between two hostile dynasties—the one that of the Cæsars, haughtily erect on the highest eminence of human grandeur, and armed with all the forces of the world; the other, that of a Jewish fisherman, self-humiliated, meek, endeavouring, but in vain, to shelter itself in sandy-crypts and caverns, amongst the relics of the dead. What more manifest than that St. Peter and the popes of the martyr epoch, thus *forced* to reign over ‘Christian Rome,’ while struggling to conquer, that is, to convert, the ‘Harlot City,’ were as strictly speaking kings—were as clearly invested with sovereignty as in all that concerned the exercise of the supremacy as Hadrian the First, Innocent the Third, Sixtus the Fifth—in a word, as any of the Pontiffs who wielded the temporal sceptre of the papacy in any of its palmiest days? During close on three centuries, this dynasty, though crushed by the repeated strokes of persecution dealt down on its undefended head, is seen to graduate in power, serenely and uninterruptedly, until it is beheld enthroned in the palace of the Roman emperors—venerated, feared, implicitly obeyed, looked up to with child-like docility and love by those atrocious, brutalized, and indomitable barbarians who have utterly subverted the empire of the ‘Seven Hilled City,’ and overwhelmed the ‘Roman World’ in social chaos, apparently irremediable, until, under the auspices of this same dynasty, especially by that stroke of inspiration of the third St. Leo, it started into CHRISTENDOM,

with Charlemagne, the Crowned of God, the champion and defender of the See of St. Peter, at its head."*

To this theory of the providential ordination of the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, a natural objection presents itself.

"If Providence had occupied itself, so much as it pretended, about the establishment of the Papal States, would it have failed to occupy itself equally with their defence? Would it not have discomfited, from age to age, and by means the most unforeseen and extraordinary, all the efforts of earth and hell to divert that realm from its sacred to a secular destiny?

"Such is the objection. What is the answer to it? It is this:—if history be interrogated, it will tell us that what the objection insists on as congruous on the part of Providence, is precisely that which has happened. In fact, what else is it that imparts to the history of Christendom, during more than a thousand years, its unity and most absorbing interest, but the marvellous interventions by which have been defeated so many and such formidable efforts to 'secularize' the Papal States?

"From the day that Constantine, to make way for the throne of the Pontiffs, removed to the remote shores of the Euxine the throne of the CÆSARS, during now more than fifteen hundred years, what efforts, how multifarious, how apparently irresistible, to make Rome a 'secular capital!' How inevitably most of them seemed destined to succeed! How utterly, and by what startling, unthought-of ways, have they not been one and all defeated!

"After the transfer of the empire by Constantine, his sons, and the sons of Theodosius, return to reign in Italy; but a hand, the same that menaced Attila, seems to beckon them off from Rome; Rome is interdicted them, and Milan and Ravenna become the capitals of the West! Then appear the barbarians; they are driven on as if by preternatural fury to possess themselves of Rome. Alaric the Goth, Genseric the Vandal, take it in turn; but it is as if the same invisible power that terrified the Hun from approaching it, will not suffer either Goth or Vandal to tarry there. After a brief halt, and without any visible cause to disturb them in their conquest, they seem in haste to depart, like executioners after accomplishing their appointed task. Further on, Herulians and Ostrogoths endeavour to found a kingdom in Italy. Rome is taken and retaken; they can capture, pillage, reduce it to solitude, but *there* none of them can reign. The capital of Odoacer, of Theodoric, Vitiges, Totila, is at Ravenna—it is anywhere but at Rome. The

* Miley's *Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes*, First Epoch, ch. iii., pp. 16-22.

Byzantine Romans arrive under Belisarius and Narses, but it is only to prevent the Ostrogoths from taking root in, from ‘secularising’ the predestinated patrimony of St. Peter. They, too, are warned off from Rome. The Byzantine capital of Italy is not Rome ; it is still Ravenna.

“The Greeks, in their turn, are driven out by the Lombards. These, of all the invaders, have most set their hearts on making Rome their own. ‘No language can convey an adequate idea,’ says St. Gregory the Great, ‘of what we (Romans) have had to suffer, daily and without intermission, from the Lombard incursions, during the last five and thirty years!’ This was in A.D. 604, and their assaults on Rome are to be renewed during the hundred and seventy years which follow ; but as if by miracle all miscarry, are utterly baffled, though one can hardly tell how ; and at one time it is Milan, for a much longer period it is Pavia, but never Rome, even for a moment, that is the Lombard capital.

“The kings of this race of people seem to be instigated by some evil spirit, goading them to attack, and ravage, and usurp what is called, in the muniments of the times, the rights—‘justitias’—the patrimony of St. Peter, the *finis Sti. Petri*—‘confines of St. Peter’—and that in defiance of the most solemn oaths, in the face of treaties, and despite the supplications of the Pontiffs, who had uniformly treated them with the most paternal forbearance, and even loaded them with favours!

“And signal was the judgment by which, in righteous punishment of their rapacity and perfidy, they were overtaken! Their dynasty was ignominiously extinguished, while victory was attached for ever to the banners of the Franks by whom the chastisement was inflicted, and who as religiously respected the rights of St. Peter, as they had chivalrously defended them.

“The Saracens or Agareni, sons of Hagar, as they were called in those days, were the next to renew the effort to ‘secularise’ the Papal States. The wisdom and constancy of the Pontiffs defeated them, even forced them, as war captives, to help to build up new bulwarks and walls of defence round about the city of St. Peter.*

“Amidst the anarchy in which Christendom was plunged by the Norman, Saracen, and Hungarian invasions, overwhelming it on all sides at once, an effort—oh, what a hideous one!—was made by the feudal chiefs, the Counts of Tusculum, the Cenci, the Roman Barons, to make spoil of the patrimony of the Apostles. This brought the Teutonic kings from beyond the mountains. As many of the dynasties of the latter—Othos, Henries, Frederics, Saxons, Hohenstauffens, Swabians—as coveted the capital and states of the Popes, became anathema and withered! On the other hand, we behold how it fares with the line of Hapsburg—substituted by the

* Anast. Bib. in Vit. S. Leon IV.

Tenth Gregory in the pride of place from which the impious Swabian was hurled down—and which never wore the glorious title ‘Apostolic’ with greater lustre than in the person of Francis Joseph, at the present day.

“How account for a defence into which all nations and dynasties are pressed by turns, unless we recognize in it the work of Him who gave to CHRIST the ‘nations for his inheritance;’ Who holds in his hand the world of peoples and of princes; and Who, in the visions of His Prophets, foreshowed how this sovereignty, set up amidst the ruins of Pagan Empires, was never to pass to any other dynasty or nation? Ostrogoths, Greeks, Lombards, by turns defend the Patrimony which they had each endeavoured to usurp; by turns, they resist the rescinding of the decree establishing over Rome and Central Italy the divine right of the Popes. For the Franks, this championship is an heirloom of glory. To be false, or even indifferent, in this case would be to abjure the brightest pages in their history, and their right, by prescription, to rank first among Christian nations and form the vanguard of the army of the Cross. The feudal usurpers of the rights of St. Peter are punished by Teutonic kings. They, when they prevaricate and invade the same rights, are chased by the gallant Normans of Southern Italy. When a degenerate few conspire with the Swabian persecutors, as do the Mazzinis and Cavours with English statesmen of the Minto-Palmerston school at present, the true hearted Italians rallied with the Popes to resist the scheme to ‘secularise,’ and to the cry of ‘San Pietro!’ achieved such victories as throw into the shade those the Pagan Romans were proudest of.

“To come to our own times—the vicissitudes in which the Papacy has been tried, do they not not read like a chapter of the ancient Testament, wherein we are permitted to behold the action of Providence, unveiled and in all its divine magnificence?

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“As yet we are too much dazzled by its lustre, perhaps to be able to discern aright, the last, the grandest stroke which on a sudden, and after the double shipwreck of his fortunes, transports the heir of the Napoleon-dynasty, from a fortress-prison to the platform of the imperial throne!

“In the person of his successor, St. Peter is again ‘in chains;’ his patrimony is usurped, his city is become the stronghold of the wicked, his tomb and sanctuary are profaned! The hour for the great *amende*, for a reparation worthy to be ranked with that made by Constantine, has come! Penance has long since expiated the hero’s fault, and the great and good work which it had spoiled (that of the restoration of Religion in France) revives with all its merit, in the sight of that Being who ‘bestoweth and taketh away realms,’ rewarding an hundred fold, as in the case of the ancient Romans,

even the least perfect good work.* The rights of St. Peter are vindicated with a devoted heroism worthy the hosts of Charlemagne : the hand of Pius IX. is lifted to bless his 'deliverer ;' and then, *but not till then*, Napoleon III. ascends the throne !

"To deny the immediate agency of heaven in this series of wonders—connecting Napoleon III. with Charlemagne and Constantine—what else is it but to deny that there exists a Providence at all ?"†

It will be seen from the above extracts that, so far, Dr. Miley, in explaining the origin of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff, has taken ground entirely different from that ordinarily selected by its apologists and historians. Independently of the historical explanation assigned by Orsi, and admirably developed by M. Gosselin in his excellent treatise, Dr. Miley endeavours to discover its germ in the primitive constitution of the Church, or at least in the providentially arranged circumstances even of its very earliest history. As the basis of an argument of the fitness and congruity of such a power in the Head of Christ's Church, we fully sympathize with this endeavour, and recognize the zeal and industry with which evidence is brought from all sides to bear upon its illustration ; but it would be wrong to regard it as a conclusive proof, or even to rely upon any inference from it as certain or decisive. To suppose that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is in any way an essential part of the idea of his Headship of the Church, would, of course, be at variance with the facts of history ; and although the argument drawn from the history of the Church in the days of persecution, and from the relations which she bore to the State under Constantine and his successors, is so far valuable as exhibiting the order of events by which the world was prepared, for what was destined after the disruption of the empire, to be the great central and conservative power for the maintenance of civilization and even of society itself, it must not be extended beyond this, which is its just and legitimate application.

In the succeeding volumes the purely historical argument will come more directly under consideration—an argument from which even Napoleon himself could not

* Vide St. Augustin, *De Civ. Dei*.

† Ibid. Second Epoch, ch. x. pp. 227-230, 233.

honestly escape. Nor do we fear that with all the jubilation of English Statesmen and English scribes, the history of our times is destined to witness any departure from that long and unbroken series of events by which, in the midst of internal revolution and domestic anarchy, God's providence has ever maintained the paternal rule of the chief Pastor of His Church. Perchance it may come to pass that English Statesmen, even in our day, shall find enough to occupy them in their own domestic Church affairs. The throne and chair of St. Peter will remain; but the doom of Anglicanism is pronounced; it stands self-condemned in its "Gorham Controversy" on baptism, in its "Denison Decree" against the Eucharist, and in the scandalously demoralised condition of its population. Let its adherents—its clergy and its bishops, look to themselves. This age has been pregnant with great events, and even now, they know not the day nor the hour when another Boniface may, to the joy and consolation of prince and people, be sent from Rome, and bringing with him a commission from the representative of the chief of the Apostles, may be urged on to the great work of a real, searching, thorough and sweeping Reformation, in the words of the Pontiff Gregory III.—

*"Nec enim habebis licentiam frater pro incepti laboris utilitate in uno morari loco, sed confirmatis cordibus fratrum et omnium Fidelium, qui rarescunt in illis Hesperiae partibus, ut tibi Dominus aperuerit viam salutis, prædicare non desistas, et ubi locum inveneris, secundum canonicam traditionem eos tenere edoce: ex hoc enim magnum mercedis præmium tibi præparabis; quoniam omnipotenti Deo nostro facies plebem perfectam."**

* Baronius a. 739. sec. 4. Vol. ix. p. 139.

ART. IV.—*Dr. Lingard's History of England.* Sixth edition, vols. vii.-viii. London: Dolman.

WE have shown that the Reformation was the consummation of royal tyranny. We will now show that the Rebellion was its result and its retribution, and resulted in a tyranny not less odious even than that of royalty. It was not merely the result of a re-action from the tyranny of royalty, it was the substitution of another system of tyranny. Its earlier triumph was the tyranny of an aristocracy. Its later development was the more vulgar form of the tyranny of plebeian bigotry. It was in either case merely a change of tyranny. It is not less a fallacy to regard the Rebellion as the victory of liberty, than to regard the Reformation as its rise. On the contrary, the Reformation was rather the triumph of tyranny in one form, and the Rebellion its triumph in another, as the Revolution was its triumph in yet another. In each of the two later eras we had simply a shifting of the seat of power, a change in the kind of tyranny.

Mr. Carlyle, in his hero-worship, admits that Protestantism, which he calls a revolt against spiritual sovereignty (a strange instance of confusion of ideas, since it was rather the *submission* to spiritual sovereignty,—the spiritual authority of a royal tyrant,) was in the form of puritanism, a revolt against earthly sovereignty. This he terms the second act, while he terms the French revolution the third. We think this is the truth, but then, as usual with Protestant writers, it is only part of the truth. The rest of it in this instance is, that puritanism was the most hateful form of tyranny that had ever been endured in a Christian country. We propose to illustrate the one part of the view, and to demonstrate the other.

Nor is the interest of the question purely historical, nor relating merely to the past. It has a present and a painful interest. For what was the Rebellion but the triumph of an anti-Catholic faction? and what is the most lamentable feature of the present aspect of domestic affairs but the revival of this faction, and the resuscitation of all its long latent bigotry? We have within the last few years actually had a clamour for a retrograde policy as regards

religion,—nay, even a cry, or yell of frantic bigotry has occasionally been heard for a repeal of emancipation, and a recurrence to the hateful system of persecution and exclusion, which cursed this country at the era of the Rebellion. At such a crisis, what more interesting and instructive than to see how England and Ireland fared under the domination of that vile anti-Catholic faction, whose savage fanaticism found its triumph in the subversion of our liberties under the most odious thralldom? The subject has all the more interest on account of the endeavours always made to associate the ascendancy of this faction with *liberty*, and especially liberty of *conscience*! Let us see the results of an anti-Catholic policy, pursued to its full extent, as shown in the fearful tragedy of the Rebellion, and all its odious and oppressive tyranny. The *Quarterly* has pronounced for an anti-papal policy. Let us look at its ultimate results at a period when the no-popery fanaticism had fully satiated its savage spirit. Let us trace the origin of the revolutionary spirit, and the elements out of which it arose.

No doubt it was, as regards the body of the people, a reaction from the tyranny of royalty as established by the Royal Supremacy. This reached its climax of absurdity in the person of James I., as it had attained its highest pitch of sanguinary atrocity under Henry and Elizabeth. Under the Tudors this tyranny of the soul was horrible; under James it was, at least as regards the Protestant part of the community, rather ludicrous. It is true that even in the reign of James sectarians were burnt, but this system soon provoked murmurs, which prevented its continuance, and as regards Protestants the tyranny soon dwindled down from atrocity to absurdity. It is true that, with the inconsistency of bigotry, the sectarians could not see the atrocity of a system of persecution directed against the Catholics, which they revolted at when put in force against themselves. The Puritans had an objection to be burnt themselves, and had not faith enough for the fiery trial; but they very vehemently desired to burn the Papists, and all along were persevering in their clamours for burnings. But, as regards themselves, they saw in its full force the absurdity, the blasphemy of the claim to the Royal Supremacy, and there wanted nothing to enhance its absurdity. Coke, in his *Essay on the Ecclesiastical Power of the Crown*, raised

it to a pitch of extravagance, as monstrous as his own degrading servility. And the Hampton Court controversy with the Puritans brought out the farcical aspect of the Royal Supremacy, and the disgraceful servility which was alike its root and its result, in the most ludicrous manner. "The Bishops," said the king, "spake by the power of inspiration (!)" "I wist not what they mean," says a quaint writer, "and the spirit was rather foul-mouthed." Not that James wanted shrewdness; he could plainly see the connexion between royalty and episcopacy, and he certainly "spake with the spirit of prophecy," when he said that puritanism would lead to a revolution. "Then Jack and Tom, and Will and Dick, shall meet, and at their pleasure censure me and my council, and all our proceedings. Then Will shall stand up and say, It must be this. Then Dick shall reply, Nay, but we will have it thus." A prediction thoroughly verified when the puritans had gained the sway, and "Praise-God-Barebones," and his fellow tinkers and cobblers thrust the yoke of their vulgar tyranny upon the country. But it must have roused Englishmen to the keenest sense of contempt, when obsequious Anglican prelates declared that "his majesty spoke by the special assistance of God's Spirit," and "that their hearts melted within them, to hear a king, the like of whom had not been seen since the time of Christ." Those who desire to see a more striking specimen of the degrading servility and shocking blasphemy, of which the Anglican prelates were guilty, in their adulation of royalty, may see one in the preface to the "authorized version of the Scriptures."

That all this produced its natural result in the popular mind, and tended to render royalty ridiculous and odious, can scarcely be doubted. Look, for example, at the early history of the younger Vane: "He was always," says his friend, Sikes, "against the exercise of coercive magisterial power in religion and worship. How grossly absurd must it appear, even to the common reason of mankind, that such as take upon them to be rulers, should give the rule to others' consciences in point of religion, when they many times have no religion at all in themselves, nor any other conscience but a dead or seared one, hardened in the most brutish vileness that the basest of men can be guilty of. But if the ruler do plausibly pretend to something of religion, what a changeable thing will religion be

at this rate! as fickle as the magistrate's judgment, at least as his person; for the next ruler may be of another persuasion, as this nation hath experienced off and on betwixt popery and the Protestant profession, in Henry VIII., Edward VI., and the two queens, Mary and Elizabeth." Such were the sentiments no doubt of many more vulgar minds than Vane's, and it does not at all militate against the argument that this reaction from the ridiculous tyranny of the royal supremacy was one main cause of the popular tendency towards the rebellion, that there was a manifest inconsistency in the puritans resenting the absurdity of the royal supremacy on the grounds of its introducing uncertainty as to religion, when they themselves made religious uncertainty a principle, by making religious variety a necessity; and they showed a worse inconsistency when they were in power, by establishing a still more stringent religious tyranny themselves. Inconsistency is not always an evidence of insincerity, but in this instance it is no part of our case to deny, but rather to contend, that puritanism was characterized by glaring hypocrisy.

As regards the mass of the people, however, they were deceived before they became deceivers, and their fanaticism arose rather from ignorance than insincerity. It was not among *them* that the rebellion found its origin; it was not *they* who originally or ever *voluntarily* adopted the heresy of the reformers. On the contrary we have seen that not only under Henry but all through the earlier part of the long reign of Elizabeth they were disaffected to the change of religion, and required coercion into submission. Towards the end of her reign, indeed, the infection of that puritanism which she and her predecessors hardly tolerated, and alike detested and despised, had been diffused through the great body of the nation, favoured chiefly by the ineffable absurdity of the royal supremacy; and at the same time inspired towards Catholicism with a bitter hatred, the result of prejudice caused by calumny working on ignorance. But as the affection to the Catholic religion did not cease among the ranks of the people, so neither did the spirit of rebellion originate among them. The reformation and the rebellion were equally the evil work of the aristocracy. An appetite for Church lands was the chief cause of their achievement of the religious revolution, a fear of losing them the main motive of their adoption of the civil revolution which succeeded.

But the English aristocracy had learnt something far worse during a century of Protestantism, than an appetite for spoliation; they had become habituated to insidious devices and treacherous intrigues. For half a century, under the fell domination of Elizabeth, there had existed a hideous and revolting system of espionage and trickery by which men were involved in the meshes of pretended conspiracies and concocted plots; that they might be made more easily the victims of royal vengeance. We need not do more than mention the names of Northumberland and Norfolk; need we recall the name of Mary? The very mention of the name brings back upon the mind with painful force the dark and diabolical plots, by which Puritanism in England, and Presbyterianism in Scotland, sought to sacrifice the fair queen, who had drawn upon herself the deadly hatred of all who hated the Catholic Church. But for this anti-Catholic fanaticism Elizabeth never could have dared so to satiate her malice as she did; it was to this that she again and again appealed with fatal success. She kept the English people in a continual fever of alarm by rumours of Popish conspiracies for her assassination; and she was in close alliance with the miscreant Murray, and that band of bold bad men, who were playing, in league with her, the same foul part in Scotland. Who needs now to be reminded of the casket of forged letters, by which that vilest of all miscreants—he—the “good Lord Murray,” whom Calvinism honours as the patron of its apostle—furnished the pretext for taking the life of his sister and his sovereign, and then basely sold her to her murderess? Or who need be told again the tale, which Tytler told so powerfully, of the dark schemes of assassination in which the Presbyterian noblemen engaged, in union with Knox, and those other preaching wretches, who planted the new religion, and who, to ruin the reputation of their lovely Catholic queen, first made her young husband jealous of her, then incited him to join in a savage murder in her very presence,—next had him blown up into the air, with crafty and deadly machination, in order to cast the guilt of his death upon her; then surrendered her person to the embraces of a brutal ruffian,—and lastly, now that she was despoiled, dishonoured, and deserted, and deprived of the sympathy of her people, drove her into the power of the

malignant woman, who had all along been the secret mover of these dark designs ?

Her successor, James, had profited by his experience, and followed the example of his predecessor. He soon showed his taste for anti-Popery plots. He was poor, and he was rapacious ; and although arbitrary in disposition, was too cowardly to plunder his Protestant subjects, at least as much as he would fain have done. So he thought to make the *Catholics* a prey. And he did so by means of the Gunpowder Plot, which was obviously an imitation of the Presbyterian Gunpowder Plot, by which poor Mary had been ruined with such truly fiend-like artifice. To the day of his death the mean-spirited tyrant was wont to call it “ Cecil’s plot ;” and whether or not one or two desperate wretches had been got to join in a powder plot, this is plain enough, that the whole affair was the contrivance of the government. And we call attention to this, not only because it has never yet been put in its true aspect, but because it bears so strongly on the moral of our history, when compared with what had followed, and with what succeeded it. It is a remarkable thing, that tendency to dark and diabolical plotting, which resulted from the establishment of Protestantism. Begun by the sanguinary policy of royal tyranny, it became at last implanted in the nature of the aristocracy, who had at first suffered under it, and learnt at last the foul arts by which they had been enslaved, and practised them on others. And by degrees it became a kind of habit of mind in the nation at large, which has never been entirely uprooted. A passion for plots seemed at length to take possession of the English national mind. The reason is plain ; the history of Protestantism is a history of plots. The old religion was rooted up only by a century of infernal plotting and unscrupulous villainy. There was plotting under Elizabeth—plotting under James—plotting all through the Rebellion—plotting at the Restoration—plotting at the Revolution. There is a wonderful consistency in spirit and in purpose, all through the successive developements and results of Protestantism. Dark chimeras of crime are conjured up to throw a shade of horror on the vision of Catholicism, and distort it, and deform it to the popular mind, and thus keep up and preserve what Dr. Newman has called the Protestant traditions. Hence the policy of Protestantism from the outset has been a policy of calumny, and

its course that of the father of lies, "who was a murderer from the beginning." This was made manifest in the plots devised under Elizabeth by the wily Burleigh, and it is the true organ of the pretended powder plot which the crafty spirit of Cecil contrived for the sordid purposes of the Scottish tyrant; whose mind from his infancy was imbued with an evil inclination for intrigue, and whose mean nature ravened after spoil.

We do not believe in the Powder Plot in any other view than as a plot of the government; and we repeat, this has never to our satisfaction been put in its true light, at least in any Catholic work. Yet the elements for such a view of it are to be found in the candid and acute essay of Jardine. It is plain *he* did not believe in it. But it is a Protestant tradition, and must be kept up. Let us impress one great fact upon our readers. *We have no account of the Plot except that which James and his minions chose to furnish.* Mr. Jardine says: "The Relation printed and carefully circulated by authority soon after the trial occurred, *is imperfect and garbled.* Even the speeches are not reports of what was *actually said.* There are anachronisms observable, which obviously point to a date for their composition *later than that of the trial.* In fact, this Relation, like the other tracts printed with it," (the king's speech, and the discourse of the manner of discovering the plot,) "was published, not for the purpose of conveying accurate information, but of *suppressing and colouring the truth, and circulating such a version of the story as suited the objects of the government.*" What those objects were is plain from the use to which the conspiracy was actually turned by Cecil—the extortion of money from the Catholics.

"The most laborious examinations were principally directed," (says Jardine,) "to ascertain the extent to which the *Catholic nobility* and the Jesuit priests were concerned in the conspiracy. With respect to the former no positive evidence was obtained, and no threats, promises, or *torture*, could draw from the principal conspirators the slightest inculcation of the Jesuits. At last Catesby's servant yielded to the *means* which had been employed on the other conspirators without effect," (which included *torture*), "and revealed certain facts, which were *supposed* to be sufficient to involve Garnet and Greenway as accomplices." What Jardine thought of this is pretty clear from what he adds,

“Whether believed or not by the government, the statement appears to have answered the object they had in view.” That the government did *not* believe in the plot, so far as any persons of repute, and especially the priests, were concerned, is clear from this, that the first procedure adopted was by *bill of attainder*, the effect of which was, (says Jardine,) “to declare the lives of several persons to be forfeited, who had been arraigned or heard in their own defence: a proposition more unjust and illegal had never been made to parliament since the odious bills of attainder in the reign of Henry VIII.” Let our readers mark this, and remember that our object is to illustrate the results of the Reformation, and to show that it was the triumph of tyranny, and that the Rebellion was its retribution. The atrocious course first conceived was too scandalous, and seems to have been disapproved of in the Lords. The government then resorted to means more secret but more horrible. Men were tortured in prison (until their agonies drove them, in some cases, to suicide,) in order to force them to confess crimes of which they were not guilty, and afford proofs of the pretended “plot.” Had it really existed, there could have been no need of such horrid expedients to procure proofs, for there were full a hundred persons in custody, many of whom had been actually taken in arms. But the truth is, they had been driven to desperation by suspicions of treachery. They were rather the victims of a plot than its contrivers. The treachery of Tresham is palpable, and his death in the Tower only one of the dark deeds which that place witnessed under the tyranny of Protestantism. It was either a murder or a suicide, and if the latter, caused by torture or remorse. Jardine freely admits that Owen may be said to have died under torture, or to have sought refuge in self-murder, in order to escape its agonies. He also admits that Oldcorne’s “confession” was “probably given under torture.” Who can doubt it? Who can seriously doubt that *all* the prisoners were tortured? Who can believe that any pretended “confessions” were genuine? For ourselves, we do not believe in any one of them, not even that of Fawkes. Jardine remarks the suspicious circumstance that the first of his pretended examinations, giving a full account of the “plot,” *does not appear to have been signed by Fawkes*, though endorsed by Coke. Was it a forgery, or, if genuine, was it extorted by agonies of torture, so fearful as to deprive the wretched man of the

power of writing his name? There are inconsistencies in the government story which even Jardine has not observed. That examination is dated the 8th November, and gives a full account of the plot, yet on the 9th, Wood, the Governor, writes to Cecil, "I have prevailed so much at the length with my prisoner, plying him with the *best persuasions*," (persuasions! the horrible persuasions of the rack!) "I could use, as that he has promised me to discover to your lordship all the secrets of his heart, only not to be set down in writing." Why, if the examination of the 8th November is genuine, he had *already confessed everything*. But it was not genuine. It was a fabrication. Jardine points out gross instances of garbling of the papers by Coke. And it is really impossible to say that there is any valid proof that there was any powder plot at all, except as concocted by Cecil. For all we can be certain of is, that Fawkes was found in a cellar under the parliament house, with a great many barrels of gunpowder, and a bundle of faggots; for the rest,—who put them there—-who got him there—or what was the real origin of the affair—we know nothing except the tale the Government told: and what with the treachery of Tresham, the trickery of Cecil, the torturings, the forgings, and the garblings, of which the government were guilty, no one can discover credible evidence of anything except this, which is plain and palpable enough; that the King and Cecil wished to make out a plot against the Catholic gentry and the Catholic clergy, as a pretext for persecution and spoliation.

Such were the auspices under which the men were born and bred, who played their parts in the grim tragedy of the Rebellion. Brought up in a dark atmosphere of pretended plots and anti-Catholic conspiracies, their minds were inured to trickery and intrigue, and they were ready to practise for their selfish purposes the vile arts, of which they had acquired such long experience, and with which they had now become so fatally familiar. The aristocracy of England were fully imbued with the spirit of plotting, and the system of exciting popular fanaticism, by pretended plots of the Papists, which had been devised by royal tyranny, was now to be pursued by an artful oligarchy, who by this means prostrated the monarchy, and inflicted upon the son of James a dreadful retribution for all the innocent blood which had been shed during the reigns of the tyrants who established Protestantism. The nobles turned against

the monarchy its own evil weapons, and as they had been the eager agents of the Reformation, they were now become the instigators of the Rebellion. And they effected the one revolution as they had effected the other, mainly by means of working on an anti-Catholic fanaticism, by practising the lesson which royal tyranny had taught.

We have seen the crime, now let us look at the retribution. Nothing is more certain than that the Rebellion, in its origin, was the conspiracy of the aristocracy, and that the chief weapons were appeals to anti-Catholic bigotry.

Every one must remember how the gloomy puritans were perpetually pressing the king to put in force the penal laws: and how artfully they endeavoured to produce the impression that their sovereign was friendly to Catholicism. Here again we are reminded by a recent indecent ebullition of bigotry, that though writing of the past we are also writing of the present; for, not long since, the son of Mr. Perceval wrote in the public papers, that if our gracious sovereign were to embrace Popery, she would lose her throne. The spirit of bigotry is still the same. It was by pandering to this spirit in the people that "the proud stern puritanical aristocracy destroyed the monarchy. And under the auspices of the aristocracy the same fanatic spirit is being at this very time appealed to, by the "Protestant Alliance," as the basis of a new conservative party!

Nothing can be clearer than that the original promoters of the rebellion were among the ranks of the aristocracy. Who was Pym but a profligate aristocrat, whose treasonable intrigues were facilitated by means of his amours with noble ladies? Who was Elliot, the ancestor of the earls of St. German? (their very title derived from a confiscated abbey, suggesting at once the origin of the family, and a reason for their inclination to the rebellion,)—who was Elliot, we ask, but an aristocrat? Who was Rich, the ancestor of the house of Holland? Who were Essex and Waller, and Vane, but aristocrats? as were Bedford and Pembroke, the descendants of the Russells and Herberts, who had been the ready minions of the tyranny of Henry, and, having greedily shared the spoils of his rapacity, had hereditary reasons for hating "Papacy" and promoting that cry against it which proved the most potent instrument of the rebellion. The very families who had most profited by the spoils of the reformation were the earliest

agents in the rebellion. It was the retribution upon the monarchy inflicted by the aristocracy. When they had inflicted it, they had in their turn to endure it. They who had subverted the throne were supplanted themselves, and a viler and more vulgar herd set their heels upon the necks of the English nobles, who having first plundered the Church had then destroyed the Crown.

In the earlier stages of the movement towards rebellion, every one is aware how heartily the House of Lords co-operated. The judicial murder of Strafford (the first of a long series of such legislative assassinations which ended with the sacrifice of Lord Stafford to the same savage sport of puritanism, restored to temporary vigour by the horrid frenzy of the "Plot,") could not have been effected without their assent. And so of Laud. These were the first victims in the dread tragedy of the rebellion; the taste of whose blood stimulated the tiger-thirst for blood, which once aroused could scarcely be appeased. They were victims, be it observed, not of popular, but of aristocratic, vengeance. It was a conspiracy of aristocratic rivals, who had set their hearts upon having the head of Strafford. They roused the people to clamour for it, but they formed the conspiracy in aid of which they stimulated the cry. It was the vengeance of Pym, not of the people, which was slaked in Strafford's blood. And this was the first stage in the history of the rebellion. So of the second. They were no vulgar traitors who actually commenced it by the overt act of shutting the gates of Hull against their sovereign. The Hothams belonged to the aristocracy as much as the haughty Lords and Commoners, who stimulated them to this audacious act, and who afterwards punished their returning loyalty by their summary execution. Such were the sanguinary acts which inaugurated the rebellion, and they were the acts of the aristocracy.

There can be no doubt that they were the authors of the rebellion, and that they were its authors for their own ends and aims. That their motives were their own aggrandizement is abundantly plain. In the first place, the far-celebrated "Resolutions," passed by the commons in 1628, contained nothing that was not clearly intended for the benefit of the aristocracy, and to assist them in their impending struggle with the Crown, a struggle of which their earlier claims were but the pretext.

The first three relating to personal liberty, and the writ

of *habeas corpus*, which really concerned only the aristocracy and gentry, although nominally claimed for the whole community ; for at that period the parties disaffected towards the crown were only of the aristocratic class ; and that their apprehensions were rather for themselves than for others, is indicated by the language of the second article, which asserts that the writ of *habeas corpus* ought to be granted to every man imprisoned or restrained, “ *though it be at the command of the king or of the privy council.*” The plain truth is, that it was only the aristocratic instigators of rebellion who were at all likely to be imprisoned by the command of the king or privy council, as Lord Kimbolton, Pym, Elliot, and others, were at that very time apprehending they would be. And it is obvious that the protection of the writ of *habeas corpus* could only be required to be enforced in such cases, for in all others the writ, lying as it did at common law, had never been disputed, added to which, in common cases after all, the writ was, could be, and is at this moment of no practical use except in the rare case of magistrates exceeding their jurisdiction, for in cases in which they act within their jurisdiction in committing any common person, provided they simply show that they have so acted, the cause of committal cannot be controverted, however monstrous may have been the injustice, even although, as it was put in a modern case, the magistrate has determined anything so absurd as that a man-of-war is a bum-boat ! Such is the slender protection given by the law of England to the personal liberty of the *common* people, even under this boasted writ of *habeas corpus* ; and those who are acquainted with the operation of our magisterial jurisdiction, are aware that it involves constantly the most heinous and odious oppression, which, save in rare cases of excess of jurisdiction, is wholly without redress. It was not, then, for *themselves* that the aristocratic instigators of rebellion were anxious when they claimed that the writ of *habeas corpus* should be granted to every man imprisoned, even at the command of the king or council. For well they knew that by the law of England regarding magisterial jurisdiction, the writ could afford no practical redress in the great bulk of common cases, never, where the charge was within the cognizance of a magistrate, as it would be in any *common* case. It would *not* be so in uncommon cases of committal for acts of incipient rebellion, which

might not amount to treason, but might be of so dangerous a tendency that the sovereign's only remedy might be in a power of summary arrest. Nor is there anything more "unconstitutional" in such a power in cases of peril to the government, than of danger to the public peace, nor any greater violation of liberty in issuing a warrant for the apprehension of a person on suspicion of treason than of any vulgar felony. It was not for the common people that these aristocrats struggled, but for themselves, and to win security and gain weapons for the prosecution of their dark designs.

So of the last article, as to tonnage and poundage, which none but the wealthy would be called upon to pay, and which was not complained of by the people, but disputed by a country gentleman of good property. In the "patriotism" of Hampden there was as much hypocrisy as in that of Sydney at a later period. What cared either of them for the people? The people were little, if at all, affected by the measures of the crown, which only touched the rich, and whether they were arbitrary or not, rather spared the masses. Hampden, the conscientious patriot, so zealous for liberty when his pocket was touched, cared not a straw for the sacred rights of conscience, or the principle of liberty, when cruelly outraged in the persons of the Catholics, just as modern liberals, true descendants of these political purists, have proved themselves ready to impose fetters upon others while prating of freedom for themselves. The fact was, that Hampden was engaged with Elliot and Pym in a conspiracy, along with others, aristocrats like themselves, to destroy the throne, and erect a tyranny worse than that of royalty, the tyranny of an oligarchy. And they thought they found in the case of ship money a good occasion for popular excitement. They improved it to the utmost, and *created* an excitement which but for them would never have existed.

Whether the crown was right or not is immaterial to our argument, which is, that the instigators of the rebellion were playing a deep game for their own purposes, and cared not a jot for popular rights.

In the Petition of Right they did their best to engraft into it popular claims, or complaints, but could scarcely find any. The first article, about forced loans, obviously only related to the wealthier classes. So of the second, as to persons committed by command of the king. With

respect to the other two articles—billeting soldiers in private houses, and punishment of soldiers by martial law—it may suffice to show the insincerity of these pretended patriots, that in both these respects the law always has remained the same, and it is so at this moment!

A far truer idea of the real motives and objects of these men may be gained by attending to one or two simple facts, bearing upon their continual clamour against Popery. They were men the fortunes of whose families had been made in most instances by grants of Church lands. And the crown had shown a disposition to resume these grants. In Scotland this had been begun by James, and even by his predecessors, and continued by Charles; and there are some traces of similar measures in England, combined with certain steps for the recovery of divers royal demesnes, restoration of the bounds of forests, &c. All these were matters concerning only the wealthy, and amply account for the activity of the aristocracy in instigating rebellion, and the comparative quiescence of the mass of the people until its later stages, when they had been long practised upon by the arts of the leaders in the movement. Moreover, it may serve to elucidate the real motives of these traitors, to observe that they were eager to impoverish and ruin the Papists, by enforcing the fines for “recusancy,” because the result of their ruin was, that the wealthier neighbours easily seized their lands, or got possession of them at very low rates. Dr. Lingard mentions Rushworth himself as an instance of this. Not only, then, had the aristocracy hereditary reasons for dreading the restoration of the Catholic religion, but very powerful motives for pressing the prosecution of the Catholics. A third object was attained by this course, that it afforded a means of practising on the credulity and arousing the bigotry of the body of the people. And at the same time it presented a ready pretext for their own insidious advances upon the sovereign power. That this was their secret object from the first is plain from this, that the Earl of Bedford wished to barter the blood of Strafford for the power of appointment to all the chief offices of state. What a striking instance of retribution is it to find the descendant of the ruffian Russell, who was Henry’s ready agent in butchering abbots, that their lands might become the royal prey, now bargaining with his sovereign about the blood of his favourite minister!

Nor is it less instructive to remark that the power of exercising this insolent tyranny on the sovereign had been gained by practising upon the popular passions by prejudices against the Catholic religion, and that it was a set of No-Popery conspirators who were already sharpening the axe for the slaughter of their sovereign !

That it was a no-Popery conspiracy, and of the aristocracy, there are many proofs. Not the least striking is this fact stated by Whitelock. One Saltmarshe, a puritan minister, so lately as 1643, published a pamphlet in which he urged among other things, "that all means should be used to keep the king and his people from a union; that the war ought to be cherished under the notion of popery, as the surest means to engage the people; and that if the king would not grant their demands, then to root him out and the royal line, and to collate the crown upon somebody else." Precisely what was done at the *second* Revolution, the continuation or consummation of the Rebellion, and equally the result of the conspiracy of a no-Popery faction, and the "conspiracy of an oligarchy."

That the object of the conspiracy from the first was, the subversion of the monarchy, and the establishment of an oligarchical tyranny, is manifest from many facts and traits recorded of the conspirators. The principal of them were Pym, Vane, and Marten; and of the latter, Clarendon tells us, that he very early in the history of these events avowed himself adverse to kingly government, and declared that "*one* man was not wise enough to rule."

That these men were not for a republic, in any democratical sense, but for an oligarchy, is apparent from the simple fact that the Government they desired to, and at first *did*, establish, was substantially that which was afterwards in reality established at the Revolution by an oligarchy; the administration of affairs by a council of the leading men among themselves. They themselves were mostly of the aristocratic class. Their aversion to the house of Lords was not the result of any hostility to an *aristocracy*, but only to a chamber of the legislature which tended to clog their own action. Some of the most prominent of the leaders of the rebellion were themselves Peers, and it is impossible to consider as other than aristocrats, men such as Vane, who lived in the lordly hall of Raby.

Not less certain is it that the conspirators were profligate and unprincipled men, than that they were haters of Popery, and that they belonged to the aristocracy. Mr. D'Israeli has displayed the profligacy of Pym ; and as to Marten, he was quite of a congenial character so far as libertinism was concerned. Aubrey describes him as " a great lover of pretty girls ;" he was separated from his wife, as Milton was ; and later in his history, even after the commencement of the melancholy tragedy in which he played so mischievous a part, we find his embarrassments attributed to his profligacy. These men, too, were as rapacious as they were profligate ; and Marten came into collision with the Lords because they were not so forward in passing ordinances for seizing the estates of delinquents, as the commons, or rather the leaders of the rebellion, desired ; for what reason it is hardly necessary to say, the estates of recusants or delinquents were equally likely to be appropriated on very easy terms (as the instance already referred to of Rushworth illustrates), by the conspirators, or their satellites.

Never, surely, was there a conspiracy in the name of liberty, organized by a band of men for baser ends, or by viler means. The two leading conspirators, Pym and Vane, were equally execrable, for their malignancy, if not for personal profligacy ; and their enmity to Strafford led them both to descend to the lowest depth of perfidy and meanness, in order to satiate their vengeance on their victim.

In all history there is no more detestable deed recorded than that by which these conspirators plotted away the life of Strafford ; and it is only in the acts of the non-popery faction that we can find any parallel for conduct, the black baseness of which, looked at in any light, or any point of view, is not to be palliated.

The impeachment of Strafford had been concocted by the conspirators with the utmost care ; and it was about to fail. The case so carefully concocted and so ably conducted broke down. At the latest hour, Pym, (who had sworn to have Strafford's head), came forward with the story, vouched by Vane, that some months before the meeting of the parliament, Vane had told him that he had, on perusal of his father's papers (the elder Vane being Secretary of State) accidentally met with a paper containing the result of the cabinet council on the dissolution of the

last parliament; and showed him a little paper in his father's hand-writing, containing notes of what had been said; and among other things this: that Strafford had recommended the king to bring over an Irish army to coerce his English subjects. Nothing could have been conceived more calculated to inflame to the utmost the passions of the commons and of the people. Well had the crafty conspirators forged their bolt, and with deadly aim they directed it. The house was instantly in a flame. Vane rose and confirmed Pym's statement, and his account (according to Clarendon) was, that his father had sent him to his cabinet for a deed, and that he from curiosity had looked at other secret papers, and had thus discovered the memorandum in question, and had shown it to Pym, and given him a copy, replacing the original in the cabinet. We need scarcely state the sequel. That little piece of paper murdered Strafford. And looking at Vane's own account of the matter it is abundantly clear that, supposing it to have been *genuine*, he was guilty of the greatest baseness to his father and to his sovereign (to say nothing of Strafford), in purloining secret papers from the cabinet of one minister of state, and using it for the purpose of slaughtering another. That paper, assuming it to have been genuine, was the record of what had passed at a cabinet council, in the secrecy of which his father's honour and his own were surely equally concerned. What would be thought of Lord Stanley stealing from the desk of the Earl of Derby a secret paper, the minute of a cabinet council assembled when his father was in office, and sending it to a newspaper, or reading it in a speech, in order to blast the character of one of his father's colleagues! Yet that would be nothing compared to what Vane committed, even assuming the paper to have been genuine, for he used it for the purpose of an extra-judicial, arbitrary, and ruthless legislative *murder*.

But the paper was *not* genuine. It was *forged* by Pym and Vane. That it must have been so will appear in a moment. Their own account was that it had been discovered months before the meeting of parliament, long before the impeachment. The articles had been prepared with great care and the most cruel craft, but not a word had been said of the charge of bringing over the Irish. Pym pretended that the reason was a reluctance to compromise the character of Vane's father. But the elder

Vane sat by during the disclosure, and, according to Clarendon, "the scene was well acted between the father and son," the father affecting to be extremely wroth with the son for his breach of confidence. Of course on the supposition that the paper was forged, the father must have been privy to the forgery. And what reason can be assigned for his having in good faith made and kept such a mischievous minute, once more assuming it to have been genuine? Why should it have been preserved? What useful purpose could it have answered? The alleged recommendation had not been carried out. It must have been, if it had ever been made, a mere suggestion in the course of discussion. It cannot be supposed to have been made at the council board, in the presence of Strafford. Why should it have been made afterwards? When was it made afterwards? Even assuming it to have been made by the elder Vane before it was found by his son, it could have been made for no imaginable purpose unless a malignant and a mischievous one. The minute was *used* for a malignant and a mischievous purpose. It was placed in the cabinet by the younger Vane. Its production was under suspicious circumstances. There were evidences of collusion between father and son. There was no rational explanation for the honest and innocent existence of the paper at all; still less of its pretended discovery; less still of its long delayed production. One thing is clear, that it answered a deadly end; it enabled Pym and Vane to satiate their long-rankling enmity on Strafford. And our own belief is, that it was their fabrication in concert with the elder Vane. What an infamy, in *any* view of the matter, clings to this incident in the conspiracy of the oligarchy! Well might Clarendon speak of the "foul acts they" (the conspirators) "could give themselves leave to use to compass anything they proposed to do; as, in truth, their method was first to consider what was necessary to be done for some public end, and what might reasonably be wished for that public end, and then to make no scruple of doing anything which might probably bring the other to pass, let it be of what nature it would, and never so much concern the honour or interest of any person who they thought did not or would not favour their design." Well might Dr. Lingard add, "This assertion seems to be fully supported by the facts."

That the ends of the conspirators were simply power,

wealth, office, and influence for themselves, is plain from the eagerness with which they grasped at these attractions. We have already mentioned how the Earl of Bedford offered to barter the blood of Strafford for the control of all the great offices of state. Soon after the king was forced to confer the chief offices on the Earls of Hertford, Essex, and Leicester, and Lord Say and Sele. The Earl of Holland was already in command of the forces in the north. And ere long the leaders of the rebellion betrayed their real design, the virtual usurpation of sovereign power.

No sooner was the king deprived of the able assistance of Strafford, than they began to encroach on the royal prerogatives, and actually assumed, of their own authority, to make "ordinances." This was in itself a rebellion and a subversion of the constitution. The pretext under which it was done was that which the puritan preachers so strenuously upheld—a zeal against Popery. The Commons affected to believe that more than a hundred members were marked out for assassination! and then, amply verifying that fable of the wolf and the lamb, which has so often, alas! been illustrated by the persecuting character of Protestant puritanism; they denounced seventy Catholic noblemen and gentlemen as "dangerous," and deserving to be kept in close custody. The real reason for these being deemed "dangerous" was their known loyalty, which led the Catholic gentry everywhere to adhere to their sovereign, even although he had dealt with them hardly and treacherously. For of Catholic loyalty it may be truly said, that it is

"True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

And good reason had these vile conspirators to dread the loyalty of Catholic chivalry.

Having taken these precautionary measures to guard themselves against it, the conspirators now resolved to usurp the command of the army, and so render themselves absolute masters. They appointed a council of war, and passed an ordinance, authorizing the Earl of Leicester to raise men for the service in Ireland, i.e., for the persecution of the Catholics in that country. They had previously passed a resolution, in concert with the upper house,

“ never to consent to the toleration of the Catholic worship in Ireland, or in any part of the king’s dominions.” Thus they artfully appealed to the bigotry of the No-Popery faction, and sought to make intolerance the basis of rebellion. They at the same time entered into treasonable intrigues with Scottish presbyterians, and sought to seduce the English army from their allegiance; and altogether the facts fully confirm the accusation which their sovereign made against them, that they were seeking to stimulate a war of religion as a cover for their rebellion; that they had conspired to alienate from him the affections of his people, to excite disobedience in the army, and subvert the due authority of parliament, extorting assent to their decrees by mobs and terror; and that they had invited the Scottish army into England, and actually levied war against their sovereign. All this was before the memorable attempt to seize the five “members,” (who certainly were undoubted traitors,) and immediately afterwards the leaders of the conspiracy absolutely seized the Tower, and the two important garrison forces of Portsmouth and Hull. All this was before the lapse of a year after the murder of Strafford, and before any conduct on the part of the king at all excusing such overt acts of treason and rebellion. He was, in fact, forced from the metropolis by the combinations of the conspirators, and obliged to withdraw into the northern counties, and there the feeling of the people was so strongly in his favour that the gentry voluntarily formed him a body-guard. Most truly does Dr. Lingard say, that in the appeals now made by the king and parliament to the people, he had plainly the advantage, claiming nothing more than the admitted rights of a constitutional sovereign; while they, shrinking from the open avowal of their real objects, sought to justify themselves by maintaining that there existed a design to bring in Popery, that the sovereign was governed by a Popish council, and that the papists were about to rise in England as their brethren had done in Ireland—allegations calculated indeed to operate on the minds of the ignorant and unprejudiced, but which, from the frequency of repetition, without the semblance of truth, began to be looked upon by thinking men as false and chimerical. Secretary Nicholas writes thus to the king, (as Dr. Lingard cites,) “Ye alarme of popishe plots amuse and fright the people here more than anything, and therefore that is ye

drum that is so frequently beaten upon all occasions." We need not remind our readers of Butler's description of

"The pulpit, drum ecclesiastic !
Beat with fist, instead of a stick."

The puritan preachers, and the puritan pamphlets, were then as they were after the Restoration, in the days of Titus Oates, or again at the era of the Revolution, the main agencies employed by the no-papery faction to affright and inflame the people into a co-operation with rebellion. The design of a "massacre" by the "papists" was the bugbear held up before the popular mind to excite horror and alarm. And all history attests the fatal truth that no passion is so ferocious as *fear*. By the constant *dread* of massacre the English people were habituated to the idea of massacre, and degraded to the lowest depths of cruel bigotry.

The pretext most successfully used by the conspirators for the promotion of their ends, was the insurrection in Ireland. We happen to have at hand a decisive confirmation (if any were needed) of the authority of Lingard on this head. In Taylor's Protestant "History of the Civil wars in Ireland," it is stated most truly,—“While they affected the most ardent zeal for the cause of the Irish Protestants, and sent them promises of assistance, they kept the supplies which they had collected, and the army which they had assembled, *to overawe their sovereign in England.*”

And for what reason? On what grounds? Simply that the leaders of the conspiracy might usurp the sovereignty. Already they had seized two of the chief forts; they now claimed to have *all* the forts placed in their hands. They had already organized a militia under their own control; they now demanded the army and navy. They voted a levy of 16,000 men in opposition to the king; gave Warwick the fleet and Essex the army. They were, in fact, at war with their sovereign, and, we repeat, for no other purpose than to usurp sovereign authority, which in truth they had already assumed. When the king, who had not yet taken any hostile steps, pressed for their demands, he with difficulty obtained any answer; and the "articles" they at length put forward contain not a solitary claim which could be of the least practical benefit to the country, while, on

the contrary, containing much that could conduce only to its oppression. They demanded that the great officers of state should be chosen with the approbation of parliament, (i.e., be given to their own faction, they having quite the control of parliament,) that the militia should be under their command, that the Church should be changed, (that is, more puritanized,) and that the Catholics should be persecuted. It was actually demanded that the children of Catholics should be brought up as Protestants. Such was puritan tyranny. Such was the malignity of that no-popery faction which originated the rebellion.

When Dr. Lingard says that these men, so eager in the pursuit of civil, were the fiercest enemies of religious freedom, we readily assent to the latter but utterly deny the former part of the observation. They were not engaged in the pursuit of freedom at all. They were intent on establishing, not liberty, but slavery. They aimed at destroying the monarchy and enslaving the nation. And they succeeded. They had commenced the combat with the Crown by protesting against forced loans; and now they themselves inflicted a forced loan upon the country, and levied contributions under terror of confiscation. The war was now begun into which they had wickedly dragged the country, and its first fruit was the hateful excise which to this day we retain—the most obnoxious species of impost, and a characteristic legacy of those pretended patriots who brought about the rebellion and the revolution. Pretending to have been scandalized by the loans of ship-money which affected only the wealthy, they now, by their own arbitrary authority, imposed the odious excise duties, which have ever since pressed heavily on industry and inflicts annoyance on the great body of the people. The hypocrisy of puritanical patriotism is palpable and revolting. They plunged the nation into civil war under cover of religious bigotry, in order that they might usurp and abuse the power of sovereignty and enslave their country under the tyranny of an oligarchy.

The first stage in the history of the rebellion closes with the life of Pym. He left Vane and Marten, the master minds, to rule; Cromwell was still only the minister of the will of the now triumphant oligarchy. The administration of affairs was practically in the hands of half-a-dozen leading men, of whom these two were the most influential. The second stage in the history of the tragedy

comprises the period from the death of Pym to the retirement of Vane, shortly before the murder of the king. This period comprises the disastrous civil war, into the horror of which the conspirators had wickedly plunged England for the sake of their own selfish ambition. The "self-denying ordinance" was the first great movement upwards of those viler and more vulgar elements of the rebellion, which were destined soon to displace the more generous spirits who had been gradually and reluctantly drawn into it. With cunning art this "ordinance" required the surrender, by members of parliament, of all military commands conferred by the authority of parliament. This removed Essex, Manchester, and Waller, but retained Cromwell, who was now appointed second in command under Fairfax. The craftier schemer was rising. And this was his first great movement. His next was the expulsion (no doubt at his secret instigation) of the Presbyterian majority of the Commons, who still clung to monarchy. Then came the slaughter of the sovereign, and then Cromwell's assumption of power in concert with Vane and Marten, and one or two others of less consequence. Then swiftly followed the last stage in the eventful history—Cromwell swallowing up his associates in the conspiracy and seizing the sole rule of England.

This was the consummation. The substitution of one tyrant for another, (even at the best), the only difference being that he was usurper as well as tyrant. This is assuming the king to have been a tyrant, which as regards the Protestant portion of his subjects we can scarcely admit. Most certainly when the conspirators began the rebellion, it was they, not he, who laboured to subvert the constitution and establish tyranny. And the sequel showed it to be so.

Dr. Lingard truly states that during all this period the government established in England was an oligarchy. "A few individuals," he says, "under the cover of a nominal parliament, ruled the kingdom with the power of the sword." At last this power centred in one person, and England was ruled by parliament embodied in Cromwell. When the usurper entered London in triumph the servile recorder told him in an address of congratulation, that he was destined "to bind kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of iron." He certainly bound the *nation* in these chains and fetters. Truly does Dr. Lingard say that the oligarchy, whose tyranny he had

absorbed, had exercised a power far more arbitrary than had ever been claimed by the king; they punished summarily on mere suspicion, and by their committees they established in every county a knot of petty tyrants who disposed at will of the liberty and property of the inhabitants. Lilburn was condemned to a fine of £7,000 and banished for life, merely for accusing Haslerig and other "commissioners" of imposture and iniquity. Nay, persons—even civilians—were put to death by sentence of court martial without any legal trial; and after the civil war had closed, merely on a vague charge of conspiring the destruction of the form of government established by law; as if there was any law at all in the tyranny of the parliament oligarchy, who thus dared to take men's lives for disputing their usurpation.

Of course Cromwell did not prove less tyrannical; Lilburn, who had returned from banishment, was arraigned and tried for his life, and was only rescued by a jury. And while republicans (whom he dared not murder) were imprisoned, royalists were hung without mercy. Risings took place all over the country, showing how hateful was his rule; and they were everywhere repressed by the sword and cruelly avenged by the hangman. Scotland and Ireland likewise were subdued by the sword; and we need not do more than remind our readers of the horrors of Drogheda and Dundee.

It was in Ireland, however, that the fell tyranny of puritanism was most horribly displayed. It had been distinctly stipulated by treaty that the Irish should have liberty of religion, and that no Irish recusant should be compelled to assist at any form of service contrary to his conscience. When the treaty, however (wrote Lingard), was presented for ratification, this concession shocked and scandalized the piety of the saints. The first part was instantly negatived, and the second was only carried, with a proviso, that it should not give any encouragement, allowance, countenance, or toleration, to the exercise of the Catholic worship. Cromwell formed the design not only of suppressing the Catholic religion, but of extirpating the Catholic population. Under pretence of an enquiry into the alleged "massacres" of Protestants, an arbitrary tribunal was appointed to proceed, in a manner the most summary, against any Catholic who had killed a Protestant out of battle for ten years past, and two hundred Catholic

gentlemen were put to death under this commission—no enquiry being made as to the murders of Catholics by Protestants. That only two hundred Catholics should have been put to death by this tribunal in an enquiry extending back more than ten years, is sufficient disproof of the monstrous stories of “massacres” which had so long served the puritans as bugbears to affright and inflame the people of England. We may be sure that such a tribunal was not very scrupulous, and, as Lingard says, its procedure was far too summary to allow of any sufficient enquiry, or to amount to any thing like a trial.

The common people were dealt with in a manner barbarous and brutal beyond all parallel in any Christian nation. The men were slaughtered or driven to find safety in exile, their wives and families were seized and sent as slaves to the West Indies! Sir W. Petty estimates, that not less than six thousand boys and women were thus sent, and Lingard says, they were sold for slaves. Another author cited by Lingard estimates the number by myriads, and this must be far nearer the truth, for besides the men slaughtered, forty or fifty thousand were forced into exile, and the families thus left in destitution were mostly disposed of in the inhuman manner described!

After the conquest of Jamaica the Protector, to people it, sent two thousand young Irish boys and girls! And Dr. Lingard cites a document, which was in his possession, to show that whole ship loads of them were exported to Barbadoes and the dangerous plantations. Henry Cromwell, in proposing to send a cargo, wrote thus to Thurlow: “Who knows but it may be a means to make them English—I mean *rather Christian?*” These inhuman men while displaying all the barbarity of the bigotry which brutalized their minds, were so blinded by pride as to fancy themselves saints, and their victims as heathens! Such is the ordinary character of puritanism.

The constitution of England, as settled on the fashion of puritanism, prosecuted not only “papists” but “prelatists;” and in Evelyn we read of a Protestant episcopal assembly dispersed by the civil power. In Scotland, presbyterianism was as much suppressed as “popery” in Ireland, or prelacy in England. The religious intolerance of puritanism was exhibited in all its inconsistency, and iniquity; denying to others the liberty of conscience they

claimed for themselves, and showing that their zeal for conscience was only a pretext for tyranny.

The rule of Cromwell was one of such odious oppression that it goaded men, not only into insurrection, but repeated attempts at assassination, which kept him in such a state of apprehension, that at last, from the very cruelty of fear, he became an assassin himself. Not only were extrajudicial murders committed by the High Court of Justice, but suspected persons were secretly assassinated in prison. More than one instance of this is mentioned by Lingard, and he cites a contemporary statement expressly significant, "that several persons were taken out of their beds and carried none knew whither." It was of common occurrence that freemen were arrested and imprisoned without cause. The reign of puritanism was tyranny, whether under the form of an oligarchy or of despotism. It was a tyranny infinitely more arbitrary and sanguinary than England had ever suffered before.

Nor was it, as it is usually supposed, compensated by successful administration of affairs abroad. It is a strangely mistaken impression that it was so. On the contrary, England never sustained such humiliation as she endured when the Dutch fleet triumphed in the channel, and if her honour was ultimately and hardily upheld, it was never decisively avenged; nor is any thing due to the Commonwealth for the vigour and bravery of Blake. The treaty with the Dutch, as Dr. Lingard shows, was nothing for the Protector to be proud of; nor was any thing gained from France, except the gratification of his personal ambition by her abandonment of the Stuart cause. The attempt on Hispaniola was a disgraceful failure, and no advantage was attained from the war with Spain, which was carried on in so piratical a spirit. It has always seemed to us one of the strongest instances of the deluding influence of prejudice that the rule of Cromwell, merely because he was an unscrupulous impersonation of the spirit of no popery fanaticism, should be always represented as so "liberal" and enlightened at home, and so able, so vigorous, and successful abroad. It is difficult to say which portion of the representation is most false. He was but a vulgar tyrant after all, and a very poor ruler. Had he been a *royal* tyrant, he would have been represented as equally incompetent, and sanguinary. His bigotry has atoned for all. He was a "good hater" of Popery, and that has

served to elevate, if not to canonize, him. He had not a spark of the spirit of charity to throw even an apparent charm over the dull and leaden yoke of his tyranny. He was but a successful schemer, and an unscrupulous ruler. He was made hateful and cruel through fear; he had men slain in prison, and walked about with pistols in his pocket, trembling at the idea of the vengeance his cruelty had provoked; wan and haggard with the haunting horrors which pursued him. If he believed the degrading cants he poured forth, what must we think of his intellect? If he did not, what of his hypocrisy? Such was the man whom Carlyle ranks among his *heroes*! and whom England has delighted to honour. Heaven help the nation which has such an ideal of heroism! The truth is, the secret of the sympathy between the modern English mind and the character of Cromwell is simply in its bigotry. He was an embodiment of the blind hatred of Rome, which is at this moment as bitter in this country as ever. The spirit of the Puritans survives among us still; and all that unscrupulous policy has been practised in our own times, by which, in the days of the rebellion, they stimulated the bigotry of the ignorant.

We have seen within the last few years a "Papal Bull" *forged* in order to excite the pious horror of Exeter Hall fanatics; and more recently still the credulity of English bigotry has been roused to the highest pitch of excitement by a stupid story about a Papist massacre in Ireland! Our readers may almost have forgotten the wicked fabrication which for a few weeks served the purpose of the "father of lies," the narrative of a railway "massacre," which turned out to be but a railway blunder after all! How thoroughly identical was the spirit of this foul invention of the No-Popery faction with the spirit shown by them at the time of the Rebellion, by continually harping upon rumours of Irish massacre! It has ever been their characteristic to act upon the maxim they so falsely impute to the Church, that the end sanctifies the means. There is even now before us the Report of the "Irish Church Missions Society," of which the shameless mendacity is absolutely astounding. It reveals a marvellous insensibility to shame, or a wonderful confidence in the ignorance and credulity of their readers, that such monstrous falsifications should be put forward by a Society which numbers amongst its members all the leading "evan-

gelical" noblemen and gentlemen of the three countries ! That the Catholic prelates have just been induced to "make an apparent concession to the demands of the people, by authorizing the publication of the Scriptures in English," is one of the statements ! And we learn from the same Report that the Society sells the Douay Bible, on the fly leaf of which appears the sanction of the Catholic Hierarchy, and even a quarter of a century ago, to the *improved* translation, and recommending its perusal by the faithful with right dispositions ! The pious men who prepared the Report had this sanction before them (referring to the former translations, two or three hundred years old,) when they put forth the audacious falsehood we have quoted. What can be thought of *modern* puritan morality ? It has not improved much since the evil era of their triumph at the Rebellion. But, what must be thought of the intellectual degradation of the puritans, as a body, when we find them swallowing such statements as these—(which we assure our readers are taken from the last Report,) that a priest applied to a magistrate for permission to have a procession of "the Virgin," who was to have been mounted on an ass, that had actually been consecrated for the purpose ! Nay, this is nothing to what follows. "Strange as it may appear, we have it also on a host of evidence that we cannot doubt, that Mr. ——" (prudent blank !) "having announced his purpose of casting out the devil, in his chapel, there appeared, and passed rapidly across the chapel, a figure, *suitably got up, and breathing out fiery smoke.*" We find that the Society spends about £40,000 a year, derived from the "enlightened" Protestant people, who swallow these absurdities, and that most of their money is represented to be spent in sending out "readers," who furnish these statements, and circulating "tracts" which publish them. It is not surprising to hear that the emissaries of the Society have in various places been rudely treated, and "covered with filth." No physical filth could be foul enough fitly to distinguish the mercenary wretches who can fabricate and circulate such atrocious falsehoods,—creatures with only brains enough for blasphemy, and who, with ludicrous impiety, affect to pity the "benighted Irish Papists." What we are surprised at is, that noblemen and gentlemen of character, should, by their names, sanction such execrable inventions, and that

a people so sensible as the English and Scotch should credit them. But there is no blindness like that of bigotry, and no bigotry like that of the no-popery fanaticism. It seems to degrade the intellect—to deaden the feelings—to lower the whole moral nature. No parallel can be found to its modern manifestations, except in its exhibition at the era of the Rebellion. There is a perfect accordance between its spirit at the present time, and that which led the Puritan leaders at that period to speak of the Irish as not Christians. The no-popery faction is always and everywhere the same in its spirit and its temper, which are as alien to truth and charity, as to faith and morality. No atrocity is too shocking, no absurdity too glaring, when Catholics are to be affected or attacked. Any artifices are lawful which may lend an impulse to bigotry. All sense of shame is stifled under the cloak of a spurious piety. No stretch of mendacity is too gross to be covered by the cloak of hypocrisy. Such was the vile faction which brought about the Rebellion, and now would fain recur to Persecution.

ART. V.—*Poésies et Nouvelles* de MADAME D'ARBOUVILLE. (Se vend au profit de deux Œuvres de Charité.) Paris Libraire D'Amyot Editeur ; 8, Rue de la Paix. 1855.

“**I**N this world in which we live a few years, in which we are happy a few hours, if there are a few days in which we do not weep, it is when, after having uttered the first cry of a new sorrow in the midst of an indifferent crowd, we restrain our tears and groans, we hide our grief from every eye, we make of it a hidden idol in the sanctuary of our hearts.” Such is the promising commencement of the most cheerful of Madame D'Arbouville's Tales, and such is the lively and happy tone of feeling which she maintains throughout her works. They are one monotonous but not unmusical lament over the vanity and mournfulness of life.

Madame D'Arbouville is the most sentimental of

authors. Of all writers who have selected the maudlin style of literature, she appears about the best. She has a fatal facility for the pathetic, an inexhaustible inventive faculty in calamities and miseries. Her works are, we think, the most utterly lugubrious productions we have chanced to encounter. Sterne's most sentimental passages are cheerful, and the "Man of Feeling" is jocular in comparison. The sorrows of Werther are merely pleasant excitements, compared with sorrows of the happiest of Madame D'Arbouville's protégés. In most other tales, novels, or dramas, however pathetic, the sun breaks through at times, the reader is relieved by occasional gleams of wit or joyfulness, or is at least deluded into some faint hope of a happy denouement. But Madame D'Arbouville's works are covered with one unbroken gloom. All her art is employed to deepen and darken their sombre tint, the landscape is barren, the day is cloudy, the season is a perpetual winter. The unrelenting calamities thicken and accumulate page by page. The grief she depicts is wholly depressing; its only effect, as described by her, is to render the organization still more delicate and sensitive to every breath of misfortune. There is little in her works of that grief which strengthens while it purifies; which, while it confers experience and sympathy, develops a manliness and endurance formerly latent. Her persons are lifeless, hopeless, unresisting. They feel nothing of that excitement of the battle of life which grows more intense as difficulties increase.

Life, such is the moral Madame D'Arbouville appears to teach, is at best to be borne, not enjoyed. To a person of sensibility, every day brings its burden of wounded feeling and irretrievable loss. The present is full of discomfort. The past furnishes matter only for unavailing remorse and regret. The contemplation of the future inspires not hope but anxiety, and a foretaste of inevitable calamity. Life is not so much a scene of trial as of suffering. You cannot disregard its miseries, unless indeed you become void of sensibility (in which case you are out of the pale of Madame D'Arbouville's sympathy altogether). Its sorrows are innumerable and its anxieties inevitable. It is impossible by resignation, or by any system of quiescence to cease to feel them. The sorrows of life must be accepted and borne, a certain joyless calm and quietism will succeed at length, and Chris-

tianity will confer some consolation, by pointing to a speedy release, and revealing a future repose.

Such is a fair unexaggerated account of the tone of feeling and sort of incident, which, as the reader will find, pervades Madame D'Arbouville's works. Weak, effeminate and morbid, as we are accustomed to consider such lamentations, and as they often undoubtedly are; altogether unnatural, and in some views contemptible, as is her account of life and of man, yet her works are by no means to be dismissed with a light contempt. If they deserved to be so, we should not, of course, have thought fit to bring them under the special notice of our readers. On the contrary they possess very high merit. They take rank with the very best of the sentimental school, and have in a very high degree the excellencies which are often found in conjunction with the faults we have mentioned; they abound in passages of very great poetical feeling and beauty, in descriptions which prove no slight understanding and observation of nature, in touches of exquisite, womanly sensibility, sometimes true to our deepest feelings,—genuine touches of nature, “which make the whole world kin,” but oftener it is true somewhat morbid and diseased,—yet, like feeble flowers, possessing a bloom all the more delicate and brilliant, because unhealthy and forced. Her pathetic power is of the most effective kind, but its influence on the reader is more remarkable than agreeable. Whichever of her tales he may select for first perusal, he will find in the highest degree affecting, and he may enjoy in reading it the luxury of a pleasing imaginative melancholy in full perfection; but the next tale and the next are merely monotonous repetitions of the same depressing dose; the most gloomy reflections are accumulated and reiterated; the most painful descriptions are elaborated with a certain unswerving determination, and with unfailing skill and power, till the unhappy reader, thoroughly bewildered at the discovery that he has been living all along in a world of such unmitigated misery, closes the book in a state of general despondency and complete collapse.

It will be evident to our readers, from the foregoing remarks, that Madame D'Arbouville's writings are in direct and remarkable opposition to, and protest from, our present prevailing tastes, their defects are such as we abhor, their merits such as we cannot appreciate. Had

they been written in English now, her admirers would have been few and exceptional, perhaps select, and yet it appears to us equally clear that had they been published in England some forty years ago, they would have caused no little sensation, and would have been hailed with general applause. But our taste in such matters has undergone a striking revolution. The sentimental school, properly so called, is nearly defunct with us, at least, with one or two important exceptions, only the dregs of it remain, only gross and absurd caricatures—which pander to the weakest tastes—of a style of literature which, although never unobjectionable, was yet by no means devoid of genius and nobleness. Our popular taste requires now for its literary food something at once more palpable and coarser. A “spasmodic poem,” breathing only gross passion and blasphemy, is received with avidity; but refinement of sentiment and exquisite sensibility we regard as tokens of weakness, and despise them accordingly, after our fashion of despising everything not our own. Our better novelists, on the other hand, prefer to describe a lively and active life, or, if they paint misfortunes and difficulties and miseries, they are chiefly those of poverty, or disease, or disappointed ambition, or of some other of those palpable misfortunes which are within the apprehension of all, and, indeed, the experience of most; and such misfortunes they love to paint not as overcoming the sufferer, but as themselves overcome, or at all events borne with cheerfulness and manliness. Rightly or wrongly we are too self-satisfied to appreciate pictures of despair, or to sympathize with examples of meek and suffering resignation. We depend for our happiness chiefly on solid, tangible material comforts, and hardly at all on the exercise of the finer sensibilities and sympathies, or at least we seem to have given up in despair the attempt to obtain any satisfaction from them. With a good dinner, a sound digestion, and quiescent creditors, a British subject is happy and will “face the devil,” and any grief unconnected with appetite, stomach or purse is sentimental, romantic and dyspeptic, and the patient is in need of nothing but proper medical treatment. If a man have to go to the infirmary, the poor-house, or through the Gazette, he gets pity enough, (not much assistance, it is true), but if any man or woman should, like Madame D'Arbouville's personages, break his or her heart for

love, it is a case either of affectation or silliness, and in either view to be despised.

From this turn of thinking it has resulted that our imaginative literature partakes too little of the sentimental, and is altogether too gay and hard, too formally realistic, to represent human life either worthily or truly, and we venture the assertion that some infusion in our works of fiction of Madame D'Arbouville's exquisite and yet deep-toned sensibility, would be a manifest improvement both as regards the poetical conception and the truthful delineation of human life. Without this poetical intensity and subtlety of feeling, we miss alike the truth, and the nobility of man.

For in our anxiety to confine ourselves to painting rigorously after nature, we are liable to fall into a very considerable error, and are apt to take into account, and treat as the whole of life, only that part of it which is obvious, and open to every day observation and inspection, and to disregard as the dreams of poets, and as having no corresponding reality in nature, those finer emotions which are felt more than they are expressed; which are paraded the less, the more certainly they are experienced; and which, therefore, are not discoverable by the ordinary observer at all, however careful and faithful, but are learned rather by self-reflection, and by the experience of genius.

Many again think that the palpable and obvious calamities of life are so great, that more fanciful griefs are but child's play in comparison, that with so many wanting bread before our eyes, with criminality, fraud, and wretchedness on every side, it is both absurd and wrong to concern ourselves with sentimental and, as they think, imaginary sorrows. This feeling also, however just within certain limits, is not without its injurious effects, both in literature and in life. For in our regard for others, we are too apt to neglect the more difficult duty of looking after ourselves; in our care for the lower wants of the masses, the higher intuitions of our own being are forgotten: those vague and quenchless longings, which were wont to be regarded as the very crown of thorns of our humanity, cease to be felt; our feelings lose in force and intensity as they gain in diffusion, and the single-hearted and infinite love and friendship and devotion of former times, are apt in our own time to be dissipated in a loquacious and conceited general philanthropy.

Thinking, then, that this absence or barrenness of sentiment is one of the most notable defects in the literature and the life of the day, we think it may not be altogether useless to direct the notice of our readers to Madame D'Arbouville's works, which are certainly as sentimental as the most sensitive genius could require—and considerably more so.

This lady was not, as the tone of her works may seem to indicate, an unfortunate or unhappy woman; on the contrary, few can boast of lives half so pleasant, and few, it appears, could have enjoyed life with greater cheerfulness and satisfaction; so that her dolorous strains do not express any sad experience of life of her own, but are rather the offspring of a certain bent to reverie and imaginative melancholy. Neither was Madame D'Arbouville a "femme de lettres," strictly so called. She wrote principally to please herself, and a few of her tales were printed for private circulation. She possessed, however, an exquisite taste and a highly-cultivated mind, and her course of life was excellently adapted for the cultivation of literature and poetry. Her mother, Eliza de Houdetot, afterwards Madame de Bazancourt, and her more famous grandmother, Madame de Houdetot, a heroine of Rousseau, were both ladies of very remarkable attainments and of great refinement. She herself, Sophie de Bazancourt, married, in 1832, M. D'Arbouville, an officer in the French army. At first Madame D'Arbouville lived with her husband in various garrisons in France, during which time we may believe she acquired that susceptibility to natural scenery which ornaments her writings; and afterwards, when her husband was ordered to Algiers, and when her health did not permit her to accompany him, she returned to Paris, where she resided, generally admired and loved, for the rest of her life.

"She did not," writes M. de Barante, the author of a biographical notice prefixed to her works, "seek for fame by her Poetry or her Tales. On the contrary, she communicated them to few, and did not speak of them at all. She loved to please by the charm of her conversation, by the sweetness of her character, by sympathizing kindness. To assume the position of Authoress and 'femme de Lettres,' would have appeared to her a disturbance of family comfort, and an infidelity to the privacy of intimate social life. She obtained, to the height of her wish, the sort of success she desired. . . She had gained the position which she had dreamed of

and hoped for when young. She formed the centre of a distinguished society. She gathered around her men of wit and of lettres, or important from their position, and women amiable without frivolity."

So in a happy and not ungraceful manner passed Madame D'Arbouville's life. For some time previous to its close she suffered considerably from illness, but never lost her perpetual cheerfulness and amiability. She died in March, 1850. Certain of her tales, which had been printed for private circulation had been more extensively published without her sanction, and some of her other works, in a more or less imperfect form, had somehow crept into public life. It was on this account resolved to publish at length Madame D'Arbouville's *Poems and Tales*, which, we are bound to say, stood in no need whatever of any such apology for their publication.

Madame D'Arbouville's *Tales* here published are six in number—*Marie Madeleine*, *Une Histoire Hollondaise*, *Le Medecin du Village*, *Une vie heureuse*, *Luiggina* and *Resignation*. Of these *Une Histoire Hollondaise* is without doubt the best; we know of nothing at once more poetical and affecting. The descriptive skill displayed in it is admirable, and a halo of most poetical fancy surrounds all its scenes and characters. The motionless Dutch river, with its reeds and willows, the dull flat landscape, the sombre sky, the lonely house of M. Van Amberg, with the silent, repressed, and stern life of its inmates, powerfully impress the imagination and haunt the memory. They contrast admirably with the animated life and young love of the heroine, Christine, and convince the reader beforehand that in such a climate, material and spiritual, her youth was too bright to last. The effect of the convent life on Christine is painted with power. The liveliness, animation, and affection of the young girl are replaced by a serene and passionless quietism, expressed by Madame D'Arbouville with wonderful skill. But upon this tale, and upon *Le Medecin de Village*, we cannot afford now to dwell, because, as many of our readers may recollect, translations of them were published in *Blackwood's Magazine* some years ago, how obtained we are not aware. We were then greatly impressed with their very exquisite beauty and pathos, and we have no doubt they yet dwell in the recollection of many of our readers. Therefore

driven to make a selection, we omit further notice of Tales which we suppose to be already more widely known than the others.

Luiggina is the most ambitious of Madame D'Arbouville's Tales, but not the most successful. The reader will find the characters ably drawn, and he will remark numerous passages of surpassing interest, introduced and worked up with a degree of skill and ingenuity which we very seldom see equalled in English novels. But by attempting a more elaborate plot, and introducing more variety of character than usual, Madame D'Arbouville has, we think, gone somewhat out of the sphere in which she has no superior, out of that range of character and sympathy which her feelings enable her to comprehend so completely, and to express so well; and consequently we do not think Luiggina a favourable example of her writings. The works in which Madame D'Arbouville excels resemble cabinet pictures, in which one admires the finish of the painting, the purity of the colouring, and the admirable expression of that pathetic sentiment in the delineation of which she is unrivalled. But Luiggina is a larger and more crowded canvass, in which her excellencies do not so imperatively compel attention, while in various parts she attempts a style for which she is but slightly qualified. Luiggina, besides, is too long a story to admit of any satisfactory notice in our pages.

"Resignation" we do no more than notice; though by no means devoid of beauties, it is by far the most feeble production amongst Madame D'Arbouville's published works.

We therefore select for more detailed remark "*Marie Madeleine*," and "*Une vie heureuse*," tales, which although not equal to the "*Histoire Hollondaise*," yet afford unquestionable proof of Madame D'Arbouville's fine genius, and are completely characteristic of her style.

"*Marie Madeleine*" commences with the lugubrious passage with which we began our review, and proceeds for some pages in the same hopeful strain. The scene of the tale, so to speak, is so characteristic of Madame D'Arbouville, so obviously designed to intensify the gloom of the story, and so well calculated for that end, that we ought not to omit it. It is just the kind of "circumstance" with which she loves to clothe her works.

“It was a cold morning in February. The snow, whirled about by the gusts of wind, did not fall to the ground till for a long time it had wavered uncertainly in the air. The sky was grey, and appeared to stoop as though to wrap the earth in a humid shroud. The ground was covered with a thick layer of snow; no bird was on the wing, no insect was visible. All nature was dead. There is a sweet sadness in contemplating these seasons of the grief of things that are lifeless. We feel the better that we have not paid for intelligence by the faculty of suffering, and that thought is a privilege and not a compensation. Yes, on that day the trees, the grass, the ants, hid under the frozen earth, everything suffered as we, everything lamented and appeared to weep.

“I walked slowly towards Belleville—towards these few houses which are too near Paris to be a village, and too far from the city to be a faubourg. I went to seek, after ten years absence, a friend, for it is the fashion to accord that name to any one who has been at college with you, and addresses you familiarly by your christian name; a friend then, whom I could not refrain from informing of my return. I proposed to myself to take him by surprise at Belleville, whither, as I had chanced to learn, he had retired.

“I had left Paul D'Ercourt devoting himself to the study of medicine, and decided, notwithstanding the repugnance of his family, to become a doctor. I did not well understand how that could have induced him to live at Belleville, where there was every possible obstacle to the exercise of his profession;—but in sad hearts, nothing excites curiosity very vividly; it is of little use to attempt to explain the world we live in.

“After having wearily climbed the hill at the entrance of Belleville, I left on the right the inhabited streets, and followed the course of the walls, which, running very near one another, formed narrow lanes. My feet sank deep in the snow, the sky was charged with clouds, all around me was a desert. At some distance a few stones had fallen out of the wall, and I could see through the cleft a wide horizon gloomy and cloudy. A plain, devoid of every vestige of verdure, stretched as far as the eye could reach. At the end of the most solitary of these narrow streets was a small house, bare, sad, gloomy, like all around it. I pushed the first gate I saw. It opened back on a mass of snow, in which lay some dead branches. In the spring there may here have been a little garden, enclosed by walls, but then the space only added to the deserted air of this melancholy dwelling.

“I approached the house, it was open, but no one replied to my repeated knockings. I ascended the stair, and opening at chance a third door, I entered the study of Paul D'Ercourt.

“I stood immoveable before the spectacle which met my eyes. The room was small, lighted by a single window, which looked out on the immense plain of snow which I had already seen. Upon the side-table were arranged in order heads of all sorts of animals,

from the smallest bird to the skulls of wild beasts. All these skulls were shining, thoroughly cleaned and scoured, mounted with copper, and placed under glasses. On the table in the middle were heaped together heads of men, some of them entire, others cut in two. The gloomy light piercing the narrow window, fell faintly on that mass of bones ; these hideous heads, with their hollow eyes, turned to me, showing death in all its disenchanting horror. speaking only of the skeleton which the earth reclaims, without recalling the soul which heaven awaits. There was something so unexpected in the room that I shut the door, and turned away. I saw before me another chamber, towards which I went. This time I was better prepared for the sight which awaited me, yet I felt an equal horror and disgust. Round the room there were rows of shelves of black wood, one above the other. Upon these shelves were placed heads of the dead. On one side of the room one might read these words, 'Heads of Criminals.' The opposite side bore the inscription, 'Heads of Idiots,' and a little apart from it was written, 'Heads of great men.' "

Paul D'Ercourt, who in this cheerful manner pursues his studies in Phrenology, is the narrator of the story of Marie Madeleine. She appears on the stage suddenly and mysteriously enough. Paul D'Ercourt's old and silent housekeeper, the only person he could prevail on to live in his desolate chamber of horrors, one morning is more silent than usual, and is discovered in bed in articulo mortis. Marie Madeleine opportunely appears to supply her place.

"One cold morning in January," says Paul, "at a time when the last of the poor had retired to shelter, I heard some one knock timidly at the door of my study. I resignedly laid down my pen and bade him enter.

"There entered a young girl whose appearance struck me with surprise. I wish I could give any idea of the lovely form which stood before me. She was tall, feeble, slender. She wore a black woollen dress, and her two hands, white and delicate, slightly trembling, held across her breast a shawl black as her robe, which hung upon her shoulders. She was white and pale as I did not believe any living being could have been. Under her small mousseline bonnet her hair was bound up with a ribbon. Smooth, and without curl, it bent lightly over her forehead. Her deep blue eyes were barely visible through her long eyelashes.—They were drooping and full of tears. Her lips, without any colour, trembled like all her feeble body. I have never seen so much appearance of suffering in one so young. There was life, no more. There was not yet death. It was a dream, and my eyes seemed to have

deceived me. Astonished and agitated, I rose quickly. 'What do you wish,' said I, 'Madame?'

"She stretched her hand to a sofa which was beside her, as if to support herself. Her head fell back, and I thought she was about to faint. But she made a strong effort, and with eyes bent on the ground she murmured—'Pardon, Sir, I suffer. I have come from a distance, the cold has made me ill; it is nothing.'

"I had gone towards the sofa. She had sunk upon it, her head falling on her breast, her white hands clasped and resting on her knees. In a few seconds she slowly raised her head; for the first time her eyes were directed to me. This movement, without doubt, exhausted the strength still left her, and she fainted.

"I remained immovable by the lifeless body of this fair young girl. I looked at her in silence. If her whole appearance was delicate and refined, her dress was poor and coarse. That black robe bore witness to a long continued grief; the dress had been worn out long before the grief.

"Little by little animation returned; she opened her eyes, and I waited anxiously while she spoke.

"'Sir,' she said, with more calmness than she had hitherto shown, 'I trust this appearance of weakness will not terrify you, it will not return, and I am stronger than you would believe. Excuse, I entreat you, the unusual manner of my visit, and let it not make you refuse my request.'

"'How can I serve you, Mademoiselle?'

"'I know, Sir, that you seek one to replace your old housekeeper, who has been dead for a month. I have come to offer you my services.'"

In vain Paul D'Ercourt pleads her evident weakness; the roughness of the work he requires, the solitude of his life, and the impropriety of a young girl living with him alone,—Marie remains firm. Paul is compelled to yield, and Marie is installed as his housekeeper. Day after day Paul sits in his study, enthusiastically pursuing his grim investigations on the heads of criminals, idiots, and great men, and Marie Madeleine is seated at her spinning wheel, silent and motionless,—first in the room below, and then, when winter becomes more severe, in his study beside him. Sometimes Paul detects her looking at him with a strange, wistful expression, and when he speaks, she listens as if entranced; yet her answers are wholly apart from his questions, as if she did not hear, or could not understand them. She begins decidedly to interfere with his hitherto undivided affection for his skulls. He concludes for certain that she has fallen in love with him, and he, for his part, has become

enthralled by the continual presence of her sweet and lovely form, lighting up and adorning his stern and melancholy hermitage. We pass over, as not immediately connected with the main story, Paul's account of his love for Madeleine, whom he desires to marry. To his astonishment, she earnestly entreats him to forbear to speak on the subject, as on the one hand she cannot be his wife, and on the other, she passionately desires to remain in his house. Mystified completely, Paul sets down her refusal to diffidence and modesty, and presses his suit. "Madeleine," he says, "we must part for ever, or be united for life. Reflect, choose, decide my fate." "Let us separate for ever," she murmured, and she leaves the house, after having assured him that she knew of a shelter to which to betake herself. The next morning, on opening his door, he finds that Madeleine had fainted at the threshold, and had lain there throughout the whole winter night.

"One might see that she had knelt down to pray, for her hands remained clasped.

"I took her in my arms—I carried her to the parlour—I lighted the fire—I brushed away the snow, which covered her. On my knees beside her I watched for the first symptoms she should give of returning life. Little by little the warmth revisited her frozen limbs,—her lips moved—her eyelids opened.

"'Madeleine, my much loved Madeleine,' cried I with palpitating heart.

"She looked at me, then, throwing herself in my arms, and clasping hers round my neck;

"'O my God!' she murmured, 'am I then in heaven?'

"But soon Madeleine's arms were removed from me; she raised her head, looked around her, passed her hand across her forehead, as if to collect her confused ideas.

"'Alas! alas!' she said, bursting into tears.

"'Madeleine,' said I, warmly, 'you return not again to quit me; is it not so? You have suffered too much for us to be separated! You feel as I do, that it is impossible!'

"'Ah! Monsieur Paul,' said Madeleine, 'I knew well when quitting you, that I could not live without you! When I told you that I would find a friend who expected me,—that friend—it was the Good God! I went away to die, since I could remain no longer here! Only, last night I wished once more to see you. I knew not whether God would permit me to meet you again in heaven, and I wished to engrave your form well in my memory, that your image might be before me throughout eternity.'

“‘Dear Madeleine,’ I cried, pressing her to my heart, ‘I will find you again in heaven; but our two lives must be one on the earth.’

“She repelled me gently.

“‘Alas! Sir,’ she said, ‘you do not know what makes me speak thus, and I do not wish to tell you. Nothing of our future is changed. The cold seized me as I knelt on that stone, and I fainted; but I did not return again to take my place in this house; I will not remain longer than to-morrow! Leave me to my fate!’

“‘But, Madeleine, you are mad!’

“‘It is possible,’ she said, gently, ‘I have been so they tell me, or at least I have been very ill; and it is a great misfortune that I did not die of my illness.’”

The next morning Paul himself leaves the house, entrusting Marie to the care of an old occasional servant. He is shortly recalled by the news of her death. She has left an account of her life, which solves the mystery of her conduct, and which is itself the main story.

Near Brest, by the sea shore, Marie Madeleine had lived with her father, Pierre Dormer, an old sailor; a quiet and lonely life, spent in tending her flowers, in reading the few books she could find, and in passing long hours musing dreamily on the rocks beside the sea.

One day an officer came to their house,—he had been wounded,—has been ordered by his physician to the sea side, and in short is in search of a lodging. Weak and wearied, he is welcomed by Pierre Dormer and his daughter.

“‘Thus’” wrote Marie, after relating her meeting with the stranger, “passed my first interview with.....Charles D’Ercourt—with your brother. Thus arose the cloud which contained the thunderbolt destined to ruin my life.”

Meanwhile, the old and sweetly mellowed story need not be told, that the health of Charles D’Ercourt is re-established, and that he and Madeleine plunge into all the romance of a first love. Her father watches their affection with pleasure, and Charles and Madeleine are affianced. One day, however, Charles appears pale and sad; he has just been informed that he must take a long voyage, and his ship, the “Gustave Adolphe,” is about to sail.

Charles away—Marie falls into a state of half sad, half

pleasing reverie. Her steps instinctively wander to the sea. Perhaps fancifully, yet very beautifully, Madame D'Arbouville writes:

"It was with a feeling of pleasure that I allowed the waves to bathe my feet; some of them had borne Charles's ship. I said to myself, they have passed near to my beloved.

"As the lamb leaves some of its wool on each thorn-bush, our love had left some recollection on every shrub on the plain, on every rock by the sea. As I looked around, everything I saw appeared to have a voice, and to say to me, 'he was here.'"

A year passes, day after day, from morning to night, Marie watches for the return of her betrothed. At last, one evening, the "Gustave Adolphe" is recognized off Brest.

"I went to my chamber," writes Marie, "I sat beside the open window, and plunged in an extasy of happiness. I awaited the day.

"O who could tell the blessedness of that night of hope, of that night of waiting for a happiness so near and so sure, that it was happiness itself. How fair did nature seem during that festival of the heart! Heaven showed all its stars; the pure azure seemed filled with angels, who that night regretted the earth! The flowers exhaled their sweetest odours, the waves did not break on the shore, but came slowly there to play and to caress it,—the breeze stealing over the surface of the waves, seemed no more to moan, but to sing—the leaves were not shaken by it, but trembled with joy; the trees bent as though to salute the waking of the beautiful morning,—and I, my heart beat within me, as though it would burst its feeble covering.

"For some hours I had mused thus, as immovable with joy, as I have ever been with sorrow, when suddenly a flash lighted up the night. I looked out—my God! had I then been a long time there, having ceased to see what I looked at—to hear what was passing around me? I had turned my thoughts from the world without, to fix them within me, on the celestial joy which shone through my heart! What a change met my eyes! The stars had fled, my beautiful heaven had disappeared, and the storm announced itself everywhere.

"I hastened out of my room, and ran down to my father.

"'Father! father!' cried I, 'do you hear the tempest?'

"'Very well, my child,' said Pierre Dormer, trying to seem calm, 'it will pass.....and to-morrow the day will be calm for the entry into port of the Gustave Adolphe.'

"'My father,' cried I, in despair, 'the ship is near the banks, and the wind blows towards the land.'

"'Reassure yourself, Marie Madeleine. The Gustave Adolphe

will have foreseen the storm, and it will have had time to gain the open sea. I have been in worse storms than this, and come safely out of them, my child.'

" 'My father, were you ever anywhere so bristling with reefs?'

"The cottage seemed every moment about to yield to the force of the storm. The branches of trees groaned and broke. The brilliant lightning made the night brighter than day. O Monsieur Paul, have you ever heard the great voice of the tempest and the squalls of the hurricane, and said to yourself, that the life of one you loved was in their hands? How weak and little do we feel in the presence of the elements, and know that God has made mightier creatures than man."

Meantime the vessel labours in the storm. Guns of distress are heard at intervals. Marie and her father have run to the harbour of Brest, where the sailors are manning their boats to go to the aid of the wrecking vessel. The last signal of distress is heard. The ship has struck on the reefs.

"It sways once or twice, the prow and the stern alternately touching the sea, then a horrible cry pierces heaven, louder than the thunder, louder than the storm,—the Gustave Adolphe had disappeared, and the waves rolled smoothly over the engulfed ship. But immediately, The long boat! the long boat! cried every one. The long boat is launched into the sea. The crew are saved.

"In fact, long boat towed by the vessel of the pilot, made for port. But as it approached the shore, we saw with affright that it contained only five or six men. The whole crew had not had time to get into it.

"O my God, who are those who are saved?

"On my knees I hid my face in my hands: I could look no longer.

" 'I will remain thus,' said I, 'prostrate on the ground. If Charles descends from that boat he will see me, and in his arms I will return to life—if not—here I must die.

"I have no idea of the time which passed.

"A moment came, when I felt the hand of my father placed on my shoulder,—and I heard his voice, sad and grave, say to me—

" 'Rise, my child! God has received his soul.....and He will have pity on us.'

"I look around. The heaven was serene,—the sea hardly ruffled by a few waves, without foam; the stars re-appeared between the clouds,—the dawn brightened one of the sides of the horizon, and my father and I were alone on the beach."

We think no one will deny that this whole passage in

power, interest, and beauty, is hardly to be surpassed, and of itself justifies all the encomiums we have lavished on our authoress.

For a long time Marie is deprived at first of consciousness altogether, and then of reason : on awaking from her trance she finds herself waited on by her old nurse alone. Her father also is dead.

Partially recovered Marie desires to continue by the sea shore, and brood on the recollections of her love, but an additional cause of suffering troubles her : she finds she can no wise recall to mind the image of Charles. He appears distinctly enough in her dreams, but when she awakes, nothing but a vague and uncertain recollection remains. This we think many will recognise as finely conceived and true to nature. Suddenly she remembers that Charles had told her of his brother, born on the same day, and resembling him in every particular. The nurse, too, tells her that this brother had come from Paris to see after her comfort, and that in form, and voice, and heart, the brothers were the same. Here, then, Marie imagines that she may find some relief from her grief. Gazing on and listening to Charles's brother, she may yet again seem to see and to hear her betrothed. Hence her visit to Paris, where, learning the death of Paul D'Ercourt's housekeeper, she adopts the design of offering herself in her place ; hence too her desire not to quit his house, her hanging on the tones of his voice, without much regarding what he said ; hence, too, when she awoke from her trance, and found herself in his arms, she thought for the moment she had died, and was in heaven, locked in her lover's embrace ; hence, too, when Paul D'Ercourt left, the source of her life was gone, and she died.

Such is the story of Marie Madeleine. We have endeavoured to present the reader with a faithful outline, translating such passages as appeared fittest for quotation, that he might be able to judge for himself of Madame D'Arbouville's style. We have not of course been able as we could have wished, to convey the beauty of tone which marks it throughout, but which isolated quotations fail to preserve. The verdict of our readers will not, we dare say, be one wholly of approval. The power and beauty of some of the descriptions may be admitted, but the plot will be pronounced unnatural, extravagant, improbable, the subject morbid, and the treatment sentiment-

tal. The justice of these censures we know not well how to deny or palliate, except by suggesting what nobody (except Kingsley, by his example,) seems now-a-days inclined to admit, that, let a story be ever so improbable, nay, let its incidents be as impossible as you please, if it show fine and poetical feeling, and abound in true passion, emotion, and thought, any want of probability, or of possibility, in its structure and plot, may be passed over as of minor, and even of insignificant importance.

We must glance much more cursorily at "*Une vie heureuse*," as Madame D'Arbouville's Poems remain behind, and cannot be dismissed unnoticed. "*Une vie heureuse*" is, notwithstanding its title, the most gloomy and melancholy of Madame D'Arbouville's works, carrying in that very title an insinuation of the only conditions under which life can be happy, the full bitterness of which will be apparent immediately.

The narrator is an old lady, going in the Tale under the name of Jeanne; she is telling to her children a story of her youth.

On the death of the mother of Jeanne, her aunt, La Marquise D'Evigny, a gentle lady, but grave and sad, conveys her to her chateau. At the door, Helen, daughter of the Marquise, and the enjoyer of the *vie heureuse*, receives them.

"We had not opened the door, when a voice, young and tender, cried, 'my mother, my dear mother.' Then a young girl, leaping on the footboard of the carriage, which was just let down, knelt and kissed with ardour the hands of my aunt. In a moment she raised her head and looked at her mother.....O my children, how can I paint Helen, my friend, my sister! Helen, as I saw her for the first time! Her large black eyes glanced with delight. Her hair, brown and silken, was thrown back, and revealed a forehead white and pure, in which one could have counted every vein; her figure slender and light, was bent gracefully. She smiled and wept at once; her hands trembled in pressing those of my aunt; her bosom heaved with her agitated breathing,—in truth, the soul shook the body, till one would have thought it would have been crushed under the weight of the emotion."

Helen appears too happy a companion for the young girl, so newly an orphan. Everything enchants her; her happiness appears inexhaustible. They go together into the garden.

“ ‘What a lovely day,’ said Helen, ‘how the sun shines, and how beautiful are the flowers.’ ”

“ I looked around,—the weather appeared to me dull and cold—I thought the sun broke through nowhere, and I did not see a single flower.

“ ‘Dear Cousin,’ said I, smiling, ‘you are a poet indeed—you see the sun where there is nothing but a cloud, and the flowers where I see nothing but withered grass.’ ”

“ ‘ ’Tis I who see better, and farther than you,’ replied Helen.

“ ‘Dear Sister,’ said I, ‘while we are alone, let us converse a little—tell me—does your mother suffer? why is she so sad?’ ”

“ ‘Sad, I have never seen her sad.’ ”

“ ‘But, her eyes are continually filled with tears.’ ”

“ ‘I—I see her always smiling.’ ”

“ I looked at Helen almost with terror.”

Gerard, Helen's brother, a soldier, comes to the chateau, but must leave the following day. All the time he remains, Helen says he will not go, and when he has left, she says he will return immediately. Shortly, however, the Marquise is informed that her son Gerard has fallen in battle. Jeanne finds her in her bed-chamber, weeping silently over the fatal letter.

“ ‘And poor Helen!’ said I, ‘what will she do when she learns of this calamity?’ ”

“ My Aunt grasped my arm quickly :

“ ‘She must not know of it,’ cried she, ‘she must never know of it!’ ”

“ I stood confounded.

“ ‘How, not know of her brother's death?’ ”

“ ‘Yes! yes!’ said my aunt eagerly, ‘do you wish that I should lose my daughter too? Be silent Jeanne, for the love of heaven be silent.’ ”

“ ‘But my Aunt, it will be impossible.’ ”

“ ‘Impossible...It must be—I desire it.—Do you not see that Helen's life hangs by a thread? Do you not know that the Physician has told me that the first shock will kill her? Jeanne, since you have been here, and seen me suffer like a martyr, and weep night and day, have you discovered nothing? Do you not see that Helen is...’ ”

“ ‘Finish, Aunt, for mercy! finish.’ ”

“ ‘That Helen is mad!’ said the Marquise D'Erigny, sinking back on the couch.

“ I stood without motion, without tears, without words before that unhappy mother, as she wept.”

The history of Helen had been a tale of disappointed

love. The young man whom she loved, and to whom she was betrothed, had, as she suddenly learned, married another. A brain fever, a long period of unconsciousness followed, and when Helen awakes from her stupor it is with a smile. She had sunk into a sweet and happy madness, had forgotten the desertion of her lover, and expected every moment to see him return.

“One might say,” writes Madame D’Arbouville in her graceful fanciful way, “that in depriving her of reason, God had sent her the Angel of Hope, to remain seated by her side, and to hide from her by the covering of his wings the world through which she passed.”

The physician warns her mother that she must be allowed to remain under her delusion, and that the least shock would cause her death.

By the death of Gerard, the estate passes to the heir male, and the Marquise, Helen, and Jeanne must quit the Chateau. Helen smiling and saying, “Weep not my mother, we will soon return.”

We pass over the remainder of the story rapidly. In an inn they meet by chance with Raymond, Helen’s former lover. She receives him with enchantment, but the shock of delight is too great for her feeble frame.

“Helen was dying,” so the story closes, “but without a struggle, without suffering. White as one is never who is to remain on earth. She was stretched languidly on the bed, her pale face leaning on her mother’s hand, which she kissed from time to time, whilst her eyes, already dim but full of love, remained fixed on Raymond, she spoke, and amongst broken accents, we heard these words:—

“‘I am happy—yes very happy! I love, I am loved—My friend has been far away. He has remembered me—He has returned to call me his wife, to spend all his life with me. My mother has blessed him—Gerard will return—Jeanne will marry him—We will return to our beautiful Chateau, we will live, we will die together—O I am happy! thanks, my God!’

“And her soul fled, leaving her motionless and still smiling in the midst of us. Yes she died smiling. And Raymond had forgotten her, Raymond was married. Gerard was dead—the Chateau was sold, she died at twenty—but all this was concealed from her, and she expired saying, ‘I am happy.’.....

“O my God! my God! to be happy on the earth which Thou hast made, is it necessary to know nothing, to be ignorant of our own lot? Must we believe in the love of those who have forgotten us, of the return of those who will never return, of the existence

of that which is no more? Should the truth always crush our hearts, can we live only when deceived? Is the world only an immense abyss of desolation, of which our shallow faculties cannot sound the depth? All things in life a blank, and then death...is this the whole, my God?"

Such is Madame D'Arbouville's account of a happy life, and such apparently is the only condition under which she imagines a happy life is possible. It is some consolation to know that her own experience contradicted in the most decisive manner, her sentimental theory.

Madame D'Arbouville's Poems form the first of the three volumes which contain her works. There is not here enough to raise Madame D'Arbouville to the rank of a true Poetess, but there is a capacity for Poetry, and many of the gifts which go to making of the Poet. Much of what she has written is excellent, and all is good enough to inspire the wish that she had written more. Almost all her Poems are musical and abound in tenderness and graceful fancy. Some of them are of higher merit. She possesses feeling, taste, fancy, sometimes imagination, or what seems like it, and ability to give expression to each of her gifts, but her imaginative flights, although not unsuccessful, are laboured and difficult, and consequently, when she exerts her imagination, she ceases to feel, the imagination on the stretch, the other powers are kept in abeyance. She is destitute of passion, and of all earnestness of thought, when she is in earnest it is in the expression of a tender, womanly vein of sentiment, and that is sensibility rather than earnestness. She has nothing that can be called poetic enthusiasm or inspiration of any sort, either in love of the beautiful, or of the good, or of the true; nor yet that abounding rejoicing in action which is the life of some poets. She has no Muse. She is neither a realist nor an idealist but a sentimentalist. Taste and tenderness, a love of reverie and harmonious verse are the chief charms of her poetry. She has great merit as an idyllic and pathetic poetess, but is seldom successful in more ambitious flights. Her Poems consist chiefly of a series of Lyrics and sentimental pieces under the general title of "*Le Manuscrit de ma Grande Tante*," a romance called "*Stella*," and a short comedy—"Mefiance n'est pas la Sagesse."

Those classed under the title of *Le Manuscrit* do not

appear to have any connection or unity, or attempt at it, unless a prevailing tone of melancholy and reverie, suited to the character of the supposititious authoress 'ma grande tante,' can be said to constitute a sort of unity.

We pass over the narrative of the discovery of *Le Manuscrit*, excellent as it is, having already illustrated Madame D'Arbouville's prose style. We should have wished to present our readers with translations of some of the Poems, but found it impossible to render the plaintive melodiousness which is so charming in the original; we therefore quote in French.

We think "*La Fille de L'Hôtesse*" exceedingly graceful.

"Du vin ! Nous sommes trois ; du vin, allons, du vin !
Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusqu'au matin
As-tu toujours ta vigne et ta fille jolie ?
L'amour, le vin, voilà les seuls biens de la vie.

"Entrez, seigneurs, entrez, le vent est froid, la nuit,
Ma vigne donne un vin qui brûle et réjouit
Le soleil a mûri les raisins qu'elle porte
Mon vin est clair et bon-buvez !...Ma fille est morte !

"Morte ?—Depuis un jour—Morte, la belle enfant !
Laisse nous la revoir. Plus de vin, plus de chant !
Que ta lampe un instant éclaire son visage
Chapeau bas, nous dirons la prière d'usage.

"Et les passants criaient 'Du vin, allons du vin !
Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusqu'au matin
As-tu toujours ta vigne et ta fille jolie ?
L'Amour, le vin, voilà les seuls biens de la vie.

"Le premier voyageur s'inclina près du lit
Ecartant les rideaux, à demi-voix il dit
Belle enfant, maintenant glacée, inanimée
Pourquoi mourir sitôt-et moi, je t'aurais aimée.

"Et l'on disait en bas. 'Du vin, allons, du vin !
Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusqu'au matin
As-tu toujours ta vigne et ta fille jolie ?
L'Amour, le vin, voilà les seuls biens de la vie.'

"Le second voyageur s'inclina près du lit
Et fermant les rideaux, à demi voix il dit
'Moi je t'aimais enfant ; j'aurais été fidèle
Adieu donc pour toujours, à toi qui fus si belle.

“ Et l'on disait en bas: ‘ Du vin, allons, du vin !
Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusqu' au matin
As-tu toujours ta vigne et ta fille jolie ?
L'Amour, le vin, voilà les seuls biens de la vie.

“ Le dernier voyageur s'inclina près du lit
Baisant sa front de marbre, à demi voix il dit
‘ Je t'aimais et je t'aime, enfant si tôt enfuie
Je n'aimerais que toi jusqu' au soir de ma vie.’

“ Et l'on disait en bas, ‘ Du vin allons du vin !
Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusqu' au matin
As-tu toujours ta vigne et ta fille jolie ?
L'Amour, le vin, voilà les seuls biens de la vie.’

“ Et la mère à genoux disait, mais sans pleurer
‘ Un cœur pur en ces lieux ne pouvait demeurer
Un bon ange veillait sur ma fille innocente
Elle pleurait ici, dans les cieux elle chant !’

“ Et l'on disait en bas : ‘ Du vin, allons, du vin !
Hôtesse ! nous voulons chanter jusqu' au matin
As-tu toujours ta vigne, et ta fille jolie ?
L'Amour, le vin, voilà les seuls biens de la vie.

“ Entrez, Seigneurs, entrez ! le vent est froid, la nuit
Ma vigne donne un vin qui brûle et réjouit
Le soleil a mûri les raisins qu'elle porte
Mon vin est clair et bon ; buvez !... Ma fille est morte !”

“ Une course” is in a higher mood, and is a noble poem, but we have not space to quote it. The course is the race of life, the future, which is hoped for, expected, and aimed at—appears first to be life, at a later stage it is death, and finally it is heaven, “ the sacred glory with which the consoling hand of God shall crown our brows.” The following serenade is very beautiful :—

“ Mère quel doux chant me réveille ?
Miniut ! C'est l'heure ou l'on sommeille
Qui peut pour moi venir si tard
Veiller et chanter à l'écart ?

“ Dors, mon enfant, dors ! c'est un rêve
En silence la nuit s'achève
Mon front repose auprès de tien
Je t'embrasse et je n'entends rien
Nul ne donne de sérénade
A toi, ma pauvre enfant malade.

“O mère ! ils descendent des cieux
Ces sons, ces chants harmonieux
Nulle voix d’homme n’est si belle
Et c’est un ange qui m’appelle !
Le soleil brille, il m’éblouit
Adieu, ma mère, bonne nuit !

“Le lendemain, quand vint l’aurore
La blanche enfant dormait encore
Sa mère l’appelle en pleurant
Nul baiser l’éveille l’enfant
Son ame s’était envolée
Quand les chants l’avait appelée.”

We give the following “Pétition d’une fleur—a une dame chatelaine pour la construction d’une serre,” as an example of a fanciful and somewhat graceful style not unusual with our authoress.

“Pauvre fleur, qu’un rayon du soleil fit éclore
Pauvre fleur, dont les jours n’ont qu’une courte aurore
Il me faut, au printemps, le soleil de bon Dieu
Et quand l’hiver arrive, un asile et du feu
On me dit—j’en fremis—qu’au foyer de la serre
Je n’aurai plus ma place, et mourra sur la terre
Au jour où l’hirondelle, en fuyant les frimas
Vole vers les pays où l’hiver ne vient pas.
Et moi, qui de l’oiseau n’avais pas l’aile légère
Sur tout, contre le froid, j’avais compté, ma mère !
Pourquoi m’abandonner ? Pauvre petite fleur
Ne t’ai-je pas offert l’éclat de ma couleur
Mon suave parfume jusqu’au jours de l’automne ?
Ne t’ai-je pas donné ce que le ciel me donne.

“Si tu savais, ma mère, il est dans ce vallon,
Non loin de ton domaine, un jeune pappillon
Qui versera des pleurs, et mourra de sa peine,
En ne me voyant plus à la saison prochaine
Des sucres des autres fleurs ne voulant se nourrir
Fidèle à son ami il lui faudra mourir !.....
Puis une abeille aussi, sur mon destin, s’alarme,
Sur ses ailes j’ai vu briller plus d’une larme
Elle m’aime, et m’a dit que j’aurais, sous le ciel,
Jeune fleur, dans son sein n’avait eu plus deux miel.
Souvent une fourmi, contre le vent d’orage
Vient chercher vers le soir l’abri de mon feuillage
Te parlerai-je aussi de l’insecte filant,
Qui sur mes verts rameaux s’avançait d’un pas lent,

De son réseau léger appuyé sur ma tige,
 A tout ce qui dans l'air ou bourdonne ou voltige,
 Tend un piège adroit, laborieuse labour
 Que ta main détruise en détruisant ma fleur?
 Et puis, quand vient la nuit, un petit ver qui brille
 Me choisit, chaque soir, et son feu qui scintille
 Lorsque mes sœurs n'ont plus pour elle que l'odeur
 Me permet de montrer l'éclat de ma couleur.

“Tu vois je suis aimée ! et cette heureuse vie
 Me serait, à l'hiver, par tes ordres ravie ?
 C'est toi or qui ma fait quitter mon bon pays
 Où, des froids ouragans je n'avais nuls soucis;
 Aussi je pleurait bien au moment du voyage.
 L'exile c'est un malheur qu'on comprend à tout âge!—
 Mais une vieille fleur, estimée en tous lieux,
 M'a dit qu'auprès de toi mon sort serait heureux ;
 Qu'elle avait souvenir, jusques en sa vieillesse
 D'avoir fleuri pour toi de temps de sa jeunesse;
 Qu'aussitôt qu'on te voit, t'aimer c'est un devoir,
 Qu'aimer paraît bien doux quand on vient de te voir
 Que tu n'as pas un cœur qui trompe l'espérance
 Que tes amis te sont plus chers dans la souffrance,
 Et que petite fleur, flétrie et sans odeur
 Trouverait à l'hiver pitié pour son malheur
 Que tout ce qui gémit, s'incline, souffre et pleure
 Cherche, sans se tromper, secours dans ta demeure
 Que tes soins maternelle éloignant les autans
 Auprès de toi toujours on se croit au printemps !

“Allons, construis pour nous une heureuse retraite
 Et Dieu te bénira.....car c'est lui qui ma faite
 Et simple fleur des champs, quoique bien loin des cieux
 Comme le chêne altier trouve place a ses yeux.”

This—and many of Madame D'Arbouville's poems are like this—is graceful and pretty, but perhaps trifling enough ; but one cannot judge of Madame D'Arbouville's capacity for poetry, without having read “Stella,” a poem, which, written by any one, would call for special notice. It is a very beautiful fragment, finely conceived and successfully begun, but not only unfinished, but a decided failure at the close. It is not so much a poem which its authoress has left unfinished, as one which she has begun and been unable to finish ; at all events the latter half of it, to be worthy of the beginning, would require to be written anew ; but the conception and commencement are worthy of any one.

The prologue is very fine. A guardian angel is in heaven. The other angels inquire wherefore he is there, while the soul he was appointed to guard was still on the earth, and while "the angels of death had not yet loosed his chain."

"I have not come hither," replies the guardian angel, "in quest of my eternal repose ;"

"Car l'ange de la mort le plus beau de nos anges
Le plus heureux parmi nos cèlestes phalanges
Celui qui va chercher les pauvres exilés
Et qui leur dit tout bas : ' Dieu vous a rappelés,'
Ange d'amour qui vient prendre sur la terre
Et les porte en ses bras au séjour de lumière
La mort, laisse celui qui me fut confié,
Et mon sort à son sort, reste toujours lié."

The Guardian Angel proceeds to tell that the soul entrusted to him was exposed to the most severe temptations from the evil spirits, was sinking fast into a state of grievous and mortal sin, and was in imminent danger of irretrievable reprobation. The Guardian Spirit's care and efforts for his salvation are utterly in vain. The Tempter is too powerful; the passions of the unhappy soul too strong, and unless the prayers of the angels may avail, he seems doomed to perdition. The angels intercede. In answer to their prayer, a soul is created, and sent to earth, which, in human form, and by means of human sympathies, may baffle the Tempter more powerfully than the Guardian Spirit could, and win the erring and sinful soul to virtue and religion.

The first canto of the poem opens with the following beautiful description of a night in Norway.

"La nuit était venue, une nuit de Norwége
Les monts et les vallons étaient couverts de neige,
Comme une jeune fille au fond de son cercueil
Que couvre un voile blanc, chaste emblème de deuil,
Sous un linceul de neige ainsi dormait la terre,
Le ciel où languissait une faible lumière
Gardant le jour, la nuit une même pâleur
De sol glacée semblait refléter la couleur
Des sombres arbres verts l'immobile feuillage
Restait muet, ainsi que l'onde sur la plage
Tout se taisait.....Partout le silence ou la mort.
Comme ce qui n'est plus, ou comme ce qui dort."

Dans cette longue nuit, sans ombre, sans lumière,
Entre le ciel si pâle et cette froide terre,
On voyait se levait une humide brouillard
Spectre mystérieux échappant au regard
Léger fantôme errant sur l'écume de l'onde
Comme cherchant à fuir loin d'un si triste monde
De loin, Christiana, calme fille du Nord
Était sans bruit, sans voix, comme un enfant qui dort ;
Sur le bord de la mer paisiblement couchée,
Vers son onde tranquille avec grâce penchée,
La ville à l'Océan semblait ouvrir ses bras
En lui disant : ' Sois calme et ne m'éveille pas, '
O longue nuit du Nord, silencieuse et belle
Qu'à nos regards émus vous êtes solennelle ?
Votre austère repos et vos pâles clartés,
Sont un baume puissant pour nos cœurs agités
Tout s'apaise quand vient votre immense silence,
Nous en sentons soudain la magique influence
Devant votre grandeur, tout nous paraît petit
Tout ce qui doit finir pour nous s'anéantit,
Venant de votre ciel, des voix mystérieuses
Descender consoler les âmes malheureuses
Et leur céleste chant murmure autour de nous
En berçant nos douleurs : ' Amis endormez-vous ! '
O Nuit ! que vous devez adorer la Norwége
Ses grands lacs et ses monts, ses sapins et sa neige.
Là, nul festin bruyant, bravant votre courroux,
Par ses mille flambeaux ne lutte contre vous
Nulle clameur ne vient troubler votre domain !
Dans la froide Norwége, O Nuit, vous êtes reine
Votre deuil se répand grave et majestueux
Sur la terre soumise ainsi que sur les cieux."

From a lonely dwelling by the sides of the mountains, a
gentle soft voice breaks the silence of night.

"Que me veux-tu, Seigneur ! et quel sera mon sort ?
Pourquoi de mon printemps éloignes-tu la mort
Quand tous ceux que j'aimais sont couchés sous la pierre
Pourquoi me laisser seul à languir sur la terre ?
Il ne me reste rien, frêle et craintive enfant
Rien de ce qui bènît, rien de ce qui defend
Comme une pâle fleur sur sa tige chancelle
Quand un léger zephyr souffle en passant pres d'elle,
Ainsi je m'arrêtais sur le seuil de la vie
J'hésitais à marcher, par le jour éblouie.....
Et ma mère pleurait sur mon faible berceau,
Redoutant de le voir se changer en tombeau.

Mon frère, qu'a la guerre entraînait son courage,
Laisait, en m'embrassant, des pleures sur mon visage.
Mon père s'éloignait en détournant les yeux,
Quand ma mère, à genoux, demandait grâce aux cieux
Pour ce jeune rameau, dont le naissant feuillage
S'inclinait pour mourir sous un ciel sans nuage,
Eh bien ! de leur journée ils n'ont pas vie le soir,
Et je les pleurs tous dans notre vieux manoir !
Les Cèdres grands ets forts, quand souffla la tempête
Ont couché sur le sol leurs orgueilleuses têtes ;
Les vaisseaux qui voguaient majestueux et fiers,
En plein jour, sont sombre dans l'abime des mers ;
Et moi, tremblante enfant, objet de tant d'alarmes
Sur ceux qui me pleuraient, je viens verser des larmes.

“ O toi, Dieu Créateur, toi qui frappes le fort,
Et conduis par le main le faible vers le port ;
Toi qui fis le soleil pour donner la lumière,
Les fleurs pour exhaler leurs parfums sur la terre,
Les oiseaux pour chanter des chants harmonieux,
L'étoile pour briller dans l'espace des cieux
O toi qui protégeais mon enfance affaiblie
Dis moi, mon Dieu, dis moi, qu'attends-tu de ma vie.
Quel parfum vers les cieux puis-je donc exhaler ?
Quel chant, venu de moi, peut vers toi s'envoler ?
Quand l'éclat du soleil à l'horizon se voile,
De qu'elle obscure nuit, mon Dieu, suis-je l'étoile ?
Quand tout autour de moi sous la voûte de ciel
Porte, comme l'abeille, à la ruche son miel,
Moi, qui ne donne rien, pourquoi me laisser vivre ?
Pourquoi le long chemin que tu me fais poursuivre ?
Nul ne peut, ici-bas, s'appuyer sur ma main,
Et recevoir par elle ou secours ou soutien ! ”

It is the voice of Stella, an orphan left alone in the northern solitude, a soul predestined, and instinctively restless and unquiet, till her mission is fulfilled.

We pass over the arrival of Stella's sister from a distant convent, and the very beautiful account of her daily life of self-devotion and works of charity. But the company of her sister fails to cheer Stella. She grows paler and weaker day by day. “ She languishes like a plant deprived of its native sun. She wishes to quit her solitude, to go—she knows not where,” but some unknown goal attracts her with irresistible force. Her sister yields ; they traverse Germany, Belgium, England, France, and Switzerland, and still Stella says, “ Let us go on,”

impelled by her mysterious instinct. They reach Genoa, and, at length, at the threshold of the palace of Luigi Ornano, a young nobleman of notorious wickedness and profligacy, Stella sinks exhausted: her perpetual disquiet has disappeared, her countenance assumes an expression of serenity and peace. "Je suis bien ici," she says, "restons." The soul has reached the scene of the labours for which she was created; her mysterious longing is at an end. This portion of the poem is incomplete; the wanderings of Stella and her sister, are told in the way of heads of narrative merely, to be afterwards developed and elaborated into poetry. But the conception as yet is admirable, and the poem, in so far as written, is, thus far, of a very remarkable order. Stella herself is of that order of high poetical creations so seldom met with in fiction. She is clothed in a wondrous romance; half of earth, half of heaven; with the feelings of humanity, she acts under an overruling influence altogether divine. She is mysterious and romantic as Una herself of the milk-white lamb;—while there appears an undercurrent of moral significance, seeming to suggest that, in truth, all are Stellas, with this difference only, that their spiritual destiny, although not less certain than that of Stella, is secret and unknown.

From this point the poem greatly deteriorates. Madame D'Arbouville is much more in her element in describing the pure fairy Stella, than in painting the sinful career of the Italian noble, Ornano. There is in this part of the poem a total want of that demoniacal vigour, which one bargains for and expects, when seeing among the *dramatis personæ*, a man given over to Satan. This is a sort of character which required the pen of a Byron—and a Byron, either as regards his faults of style, or his power; Madame D'Arbouville, of course, is not. Hence Luigi Ornano is not the dark powerful sarcastic child of sin, we looked to meet, but, on the contrary, an altogether weak, twaddling, imbecile sort of sinner, with some genius for dissipation, and with a strong bias to, but paltry faculty for, atheism and blasphemy. He is at least as much fool as knave. We shall therefore think ourselves at liberty to notice the rest of the poem in the most cursory manner, and without any quotation.

We have first Ornano in a long and somewhat commonplace conversation with a monk, who denounces his iniquities in the round and uncourteous manner usual with

monks whose heads are only imaginary. This part of the poem, although somewhat wearisome, has fine and powerful passages, but its use in forwarding the piece is by no means apparent.

The third canto describes a feast at the palace of Ornano; we have, however, little of the revelry of the feast, if any there were, the greater part of the canto being devoted to a wholly sentimental discussion upon love, between the "wicked nobleman," Ornano, and a young man, Roller, a lover of Stella, very mawkish, very pure, and very green. As to this part of the poem, we confess ourselves at a loss to say whether the cause of vice or of virtue be worse supported, and whether the feeble wickedness of Ornano, or the imbecile virtue of Roller be the more tedious and disgusting.

The purport of these passages is to impress on the pure mind of the reader a horror of the vices of Ornano, and thus to increase the importance of the mission of Stella—Ornano being, as the reader will already have ingeniously discovered, the identical soul for whom the guardian angel ascended to heaven to intercede. Having finished all this undramatic moralizing, the authoress remembers Stella, whom she has left sitting at the threshold of Ornano's palace. Ornano has observed the beauty of the stranger, and the instinct of Stella recognises, half consciously, the soul for whose salvation she had been created. As a somewhat commonplace result of this celestial machinery, Stella and Ornano are married, and the process of salvation begins in the soul of the latter. Ornano could laugh at his guardian angel, but must needs obey his wife.

But the Tempter does not so easily lose his hold on Ornano, and the temptation to which he yields is a somewhat vulgar and foolish one. A damsel, for whom in the days of his sin he appeared to care but little, reappears, and Ornano deserts Stella on the first temptation; and with the woful lament of Stella on this untoward event, the poem so far as written, closes. It is as well that it went no farther, for we fear that if continued, it would not have much improved, at least we doubt so, judging from the argument or heads of the proposed conclusion. According to the argument, Ornano and his new mistress flee in a ship from Stella; Stella, impelled by her divine instinct, follows in a little skiff. She stands up, stretches

out her hands to the faithless Ornano—stumbles and falls into the sea—Ornano's love returns at the sight—he leaps into the sea to save her, and so in true sentimental fashion, they are drowned together, and are found, of course, locked in a mutual embrace. “Perhaps,” says the authoress, “his devotion purified at length from human passion, obtained from the Highest the salvation of the sinner.” “No one can know, but they say that when the ship returned to port bearing the bodies of Ornano and Stella, there was heard, as if it were a choir of seraphims, singing a psalm of triumph and deliverance.” Whether Stella continued to exist, or returned to her original nothingness after the purpose for which she had been created, was served, we are left uninformed.

“*Mefiance n'est pas la sagesse*,” is a very pleasant Comedy, with plenty of spirit and wit, but too defective in dramatic incident to be suited for the stage. We are compelled to omit further notice of it, recommending it to such as love the most fascinating of all forms of literature, a witty, spirituelle and interesting Comedy.

We have thus, with necessary brevity, given our readers a very imperfect account of the somewhat remarkable works of Madame D'Arbouville. We think that their merit justifies us in introducing them to the notice of English readers. Her poetry we find graceful and fanciful, sometimes truly poetical, but do not claim for it any extraordinary praise; had the poems been alone, we would hardly have thought them worthy of lengthened review. But Madame D'Arbouville's tales appear to us much more remarkable, and, apart from their great excellence, we think it not unuseful to direct attention to a style of narrative which seems to have disappeared from among ourselves—a narrative which depends for its interest on the delineation of refined and sensitive emotions, and for its pathos, not on details of calamity, but on the representation of wounded feelings. The sensitive heart, the soul devoted to musing and reverie, the old love with the whole heart are the feelings which Madame D'Arbouville delights to express, and we love to read her stories all the more because they so completely contrast with the hard and every-day style of the sentiment of English novels. We read the latter, and are often never raised a foot from the atmosphere of common and vulgar life. In Madame D'Arbouville's tales, with all their faults, we feel that yet

again, we are reading poetry and romance, a poetry, sometimes exquisite and original; a romance, not created by unusual or wonderful incidents, but by the romantic and poetical feelings attributed to the characters. We know of no tales of the sort, which, in narrative skill, pathos and exquisite fancy surpass the tales of Madame D'Arbouville; they are very different from any similar productions of our own day and country, and in the qualities we have mentioned, they are far superior.

ART. VI.—*The Rambler*, October and November, 1856.

DURING the twenty years' existence of this Review, through vicissitudes and struggles not easily paralleled in the history of such publications, we believe it entitled to one commendation, that of consistency of purpose. It was established for an end which it has steadily kept in view. Thoroughly able and willing to sympathise with the difficulties, the traditions, the deep-worn feelings of catholics, almost before the dawn of the brighter era of conversion, church-building, educational movement, and religious bibliopolism had appeared on the horizon, its conductors endeavoured gently and gradually to move forward the catholic mind, without shocking, or violently drawing away or aside, thoughts familiar to it, and growing side by side with its best inheritance. They avoided all the troubled waters and eddies of domestic contention; nor is it among the least of many praises due to the illustrious O'Connell, who was one of its founders, that wrapped up as his whole external life was in politics, he consented that the new quarterly should not involve itself in their vortex, even to advocate his own views, but should steer its own course along a calmer stream, and try to bear along with it peaceful and consenting minds.

Whatever seemed useful to forward the interests of catholics, just released from the thralldom of ages, to suggest greater boldness, opener confession of faith, better taste, and especially greater familiarity with the resources

of catholic ritual, catholic devotion, or catholic feeling, was diligently studied and carried on, for years, with a steady purpose, that did its work. We believe, as yet, that had the task been undertaken, without respect to the actual and necessary condition of catholics, with the idea that they were a humdrum set that wanted startling, and a slumbering body that required a good shaking, it would have totally failed.

At the same time, it need not be said, that with perfectly the same feeling, and for the same purpose, the Review kept its eye upon whatever could assist the progress of religion, externally to the Church. For the same principle of treating even those honestly in error with respect, and avoiding collisions, always useless ones, of temper, was observed, while attacking error, or striving to remove prejudice.

Why should we now recall such old matters to our readers' minds? We answer, because never more than at this moment, have we felt it necessary to keep these principles before them and ourselves. We claim once more the right to speak to them as we once used to do, believing that we are as well acquainted with the real character of catholics in England as others can be; for it has been our study of years under phases with which the experience of many cannot have made them acquainted: believing also that circumstances call again for the exercise of any influence, which a past good use of it justifies from any charge, of seeking it except for our public benefit. It is in fact, the fear of seeing disunion, or party-spirit creep in amongst us, a separation begin into contending sections, if not with failure of charity, with loss of power, which urges us to speak. Let us not be accused of wishing, or aiming at, the unity of stagnation; or desiring to see catholics think alike on matters of politics, science, literature, or art. Let them have their tastes and their humours, about basilical, Byzantine, Gothic or Grecian architectures, about Gregorian, Palestrinian, or German music. Let there be any variety of philosophical schools, from Descartes to Rosmini, or let us fight about nominalism or realism once more. Nay in theology itself, dogma being safe, let men range themselves under the banners of different schools, be Thomists or Scotists, if they do not despise such antiquated names, or select any of the methods freely allowed by the Church, of treating doctrines, intellectually or historically,

taking Klee or Möhler for a model. And in matters of action, let there be variety of opinions, and methods ; let each one prefer his own form of charity and his own fashion of giving—only *let* him give it—take his own way of satisfying his devotion among the varieties offered him for choice ; indulge his preferences for particular religious institutes ; like more or less of government interference, or of purely secular learning, in our education ; vote, or not, at elections as he likes : get rid of churchrates where he can, or pay them if he prefers. On these and a thousand other subjects—indeed on all except matters of faith or catholic practice—we do not wish to pull or drive people into uniformity of views. Like all persons of sincere and hearty convictions, we should indeed be glad to see all agreeing with us, and we claim the right of advocating our own ideas with all the earnestness of a good conscience. But we will not quarrel with those that will not adopt them, nor will we despise them for it.

But there surely is a point at which differences should cease, when even an Apostle, who permitted every latitude admissible in grave matters, could say that he had heard with pain that there were contentions springing up, and exhort the Faithful to be of one mind, beyond the narrow boundary of strict faith. The moment differences create parties, that is, distinct bodies disposed to look suspiciously or contemptuously on one another ; or so sundered that they will not have a joint action, or that the one paralyses the efforts of the other in a common cause ; or beginning to speak of one another by peculiar names, we have symptoms of “contention,” and weakening disunion, sure to produce evil effects.

Let us, merely at present by way of illustration, take note of our educational position. The great bases of its present system were laid down with considerable care, and after grave and long discussion. It was a new condition of things. Catholics, for the first time saw themselves become recipients of public assistance, and brought into a friendly connection with government. An extensive machinery was necessary, was created, and brought into action, to be intermediate between the two, the Catholic body and the State. Inspectors, training schools, certificated teachers, salaried pupils, building grants, capitation money, and many new, and hitherto unknown persons, things, and terms came suddenly into play amongst us, all

of course introducing, and gradually strengthening, the power of the latter. To counterbalance, regulate, or, if you please, to check, this, we had, and have, a Committee as admirably composed as we think possible, clerical and lay, not more sanctioned by authority, than they are by public approbation. Surely the whole security of the system rests on the accurate adjustment of this portion of its machinery, to the working of the other. Yet the Poor-school Committee depends, for its existence, upon public support. Without its funds, and their distribution, it could not even exist; yet these come from collections, and subscriptions, that is, from sources immensely swayed by popular motives, and popular feelings.

Let any reasonable man answer, whether it was not most natural in Catholics generally, to be diffident, not to say worse, and consequently cautious, in receiving this unexpected offer of government assistance? They were not used to kindness, or to disinterested advances. The first time that a child, taken from a prison or a workhouse, sees a hand raised to caress it, it shrinks from it, as prepared to give it a blow. Whenever aid had been awarded in Catholic Ireland, it had been always accompanied either with restrictions that greatly neutralized its value, or with expectations which considerably diminished it. Of the latter case the best example is Maynooth. Because its grant has not made the Irish priests smoothly indifferent, or trimly subservient, there is a cry to withdraw it, as a failure. Of the former let the Archbishop of Dublin's recent Pastoral, give evidence, by showing the trammels with which Catholic education is hampered in Ireland. What then, we repeat, more natural than that a "*Timeo Danaos*" feeling should have existed in the minds of many excellent and virtuous men, when gifts were offered for education? How many jealousies arose (for we are jealous of our little ones' souls) about the amount of right, or influence that a protestant, and possibly illiberal, government might acquire and exercise over our education, and the extent to which religious instruction might be tampered with. These fears were alleviated by the confidence placed in the Committee organised by the Bishops, as a safeguard against such a danger, as well as for other great purposes.

But if a party is formed, or gradually springs up, intent on augmenting, to the utmost, government influence and

government interference, ridiculing apprehensions which ought to be respected, desiring to force every school under the reach of State patronage, encreasing the preponderance of secular instruction, in fine destroying the balance between a danger in many people's eyes, and its corrective, by strengthening the governmental, beyond the religious, element, the natural consequence is strong reaction. Apprehensions disregarded will ripen into alarm; schools will be withdrawn from inspection; subscriptions to a system which will be deemed treacherous will diminish; the Poor School Committee will be crippled, if not paralysed, and its influence and weight be lessened. The safeguard which we now possess will be lost, and the many schools which must remain inspected will be only worse off. And the ulterior consequence may be, that one day or other, a compulsory system may be introduced, justified on the very ground of our withdrawal from state-assistance, without our having any responsible or organized body, to fight the battle of religious education. Ought we not, therefore, whatever may be our opinions on this subject, to avoid erecting them into a war-cry, and arousing angry feelings, which can only hurt ourselves? Why taunt and goad, those who are repugnant, to enter into a system which no competent authority has made compulsory? Why allow, or justify, encroachments, instead of watching them jealously, in all that regards education? And why on the other hand push that jealousy to extremes, or recommence a question supposed to have been settled, as to the principle of government aid, and secular inspection? Instead of going to war among ourselves, as there is danger of our doing, on this all-important subject, is there not a point at which, preserving our different opinions, we can all rally, so as not to inflict injury either on our temporal profit, or on our religious liberty? We feel that there is: and therefore think, that a warning voice may be raised without presumption, against a growing dissension among ourselves, likely to be fraught with evil consequences.

What we have written on education has been by way of illustrating, how an urgent occasion may arise for interposing any influence which this long established organ of the catholic mind may possess. To resume the thread of our observations—we can easily imagine that others, with the best motives, may consider another mode of dealing

with catholic interests, greatly preferable, to that which we have pursued. They may condemn the processes hitherto followed for advancing religion, as slow and unenergetic; they may believe that we have gone on a wrong track, and ought to tread more intellectual paths: or they may have come to the conclusion that old and effete ideas and methods still exist, which want total abolition, and replacing with others more suited to an age of progress. Such, at any rate, seem to be the sentiments and desires of those who speak to the whole world, in the following terms which we grievously deplore, as calculated to cause, or to encrease dissension in the catholic body.

“Whatever is the fault of our published views, their lack of ‘breadth and comprehension’ is rather a consequence of our want of ability to say what we mean in a masterly manner, and of the necessity that encompasses us to observe silence on many things, than of our want of perfect and intimate conviction of the truth which Dr. Brownson so well unfolds. England, and especially the little remnant of Catholic England, lives very much on tradition—lives by the past. We cannot criticise the past without breaking with that on which our editorial existence depends. We have to write for those who consider that a periodical appearing three times in the quarter, has no business to enter into serious questions, which must be reserved for the more measured roll of the Quarterly. Our part, it seems, is to provide milk and water, and sugar, insipid ‘amusement and instruction,’ from which all that might suggest and excite real thoughts has been carefully weeded. These are the conditions sometimes proposed to us, as those on which our publication will be encouraged. We may, indeed, be as severe as we like in showing that there is not a jot or scrap of truth in any of the enemies of Catholics; that all who oppose us, or contend with us, are both morally reprobate and intellectually impotent. We have perfect liberty to make out, by a selection of garbled quotations, how all the sciences of the nineteenth century are ministering to their divine queen; how geologists and physical philosophers are proving the order of creation as related by Moses; physiologists the descent of mankind from one couple; philologists the original unity and subsequent disrapture in human language; ethnographers in their progress are testifying more and more to that primeval division of mankind into three great races, as recorded by Moses; while any serious investigation of these sciences, made independently of the unauthoritative interpretations of Scripture, by which they have hitherto been controlled and confined in the Catholic schools, would be discouraged as tending to infuse doubts into the minds of innocent Catholics, and to suggest speculation where faith now reigns. People, forsooth, to whom

the pages of the *Times*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Weekly Dispatch*, with all their masterly infidelity, lie open, will be exposed to the danger of losing their faith if a Catholic speculates a little on questions of moral, intellectual, social, or physical philosophy,—if he directs his mind to anything above writing nice stories, in illustration of the pleasantness and peace of the Catholic religion, and the naughty and disagreeable ends to which all non-Catholics arrive in this world and the next,—to anything more honest than defending through thick and thin the governments of all tyrants that profess our religion, and proving by ‘geometric scale,’ that the interior of a Neapolitan prison is rather preferable to that of an English gaol. We only wish we saw our way clearly to be safe in speaking out in a manner still more after Dr. Brownson’s heart.”—*Rambler*, Oct., p. 316.

This manifesto, or programme contains two sides, concerning which we may feel very differently. For the writers of it may be quite justified on the one, and not on the other. They may be quite right in what they say of themselves, and very wrong in their censures on their brethren. It is certain that Divine Providence has made Its own distribution of personal gifts, and worldly advantages; and has bestowed them more liberally upon some than upon others. And where this is the case, it is not improbable that there will be a consciousness of possessing them, and of a call to employ them. Those who are represented in the passage quoted, no doubt, belong to this class, and have full right to know it. They separate themselves in intellectual condition from “the little remnant of catholic England,” and feel that they are able and ready to instruct it. They assure us that all which they have hitherto written is but the milk of babes, not the food of the strong, which that poor etiolated body would not bear. They give the list of matters which they could discuss and treat of, but dare not, “moral, intellectual, social, or physical philosophy.” That they are able to do all this and more, we have no reason to doubt. The pages of their journal give proof of great abilities carefully cultivated, by reading and thought: and they are no doubt conscious of more than we, from without them, can judge. We are ready, therefore, to take their own word for their estimate of their powers, and to be grateful that they have been bestowed upon them, and sincerely hope that they may long enjoy them, and usefully employ them. With unfeigned convictions we say to them, in the name of “the

little remnant" to which we belong, "Nos stulti propter Christum, vos autem prudentes in Christo; nos infirmi, vos autem fortes; vos nobiles, nos autem ignobiles." And we will go on further, speaking of the intellectual appetite: "Usque in hanc horam et esurimus, et sitimus, et nudi sumus, et colaphis cædimur." (1 Cor. iv. 10, 11.)

While, however, we accept cordially this frank claim to superior qualifications for the office of public instructors, we must be allowed to demur to the manner in which it is made; in other words, we must protest against the contrast, by which it is made prominent. The writers tell us what they could and would do, were they not prevented by the incapacity of the catholic public to appreciate their productions. Or rather so low is our level in the scale of intellect, that "milk, sugar and water," mingled in the proportions that give insipidity, are the only beverage they could presume to offer us with chance of success. We are a set of people who would be pleased by reading, "that there is not a jot or scrap of truth in any of the enemies of catholics," in other words, by any extent of calumny of our adversaries; who desire to have our convictions strengthened by garbled quotations on geology, physiology and ethnography; and believe that readers will be exposed to danger of losing their faith, if the writers of the *Rambler* should do anything "more honest than defending, through thick and thin, the governments of all tyrants who profess our religion."

To this statement we strongly object, as ungrounded and unprovoked. It sounds like an echo from our ranks of an old protestant clamour against catholics. In their name, we repudiate the charge, with sorrowful indignation. That Catholics, neither in Germany, nor in France, any more than in England, will bear with indifference consequences to be drawn from science, at variance with *authorized* interpretations of scripture, we know most certainly. They could not allow any doctrine of physiology to be taught them which led to a pre-Adamite theory, or one of plurality of races, inconsistent with the doctrine of the fall, original sin, and redemption; nor any system of ethnography which denied the salvation of "eight souls" by the ark. But, faith secured, we have never found any stint on the part of Catholics in England or elsewhere, in permitting latitude of theory and of hypothesis, where science and revelation had to be reconciled. We feel con-

fidant, that if the writer in the *Rambler* had favoured them with his account of scientific researches, drawing no consequences contrary to faith, he would have been allowed to speculate and theorize to the full, without rebuke. For it ever there has been fault found, it can only have been where the discussion was purely theological, and went even beyond what could have been characterised as bold.

To tell the truth, we are at a loss to discover the ground of this wholesale and degrading charge, by a few persons, against the great bulk of their brethren in religious belief. We find the *Rambler* on the table of every respectable catholic house, in the hands of the clergy, in the library of colleges, in the reading room of every catholic Institute or club, under direction of laymen or clerks. We have never heard it spoken of save with respect, and even admiration: except in the theological views alluded to, and the paragraph on which we are commenting. Surely it has received its full share of public applause, as well as its fair share of so limited a patronage as catholic literature can well expect. While number after number of the *Dublin Review* is not favoured even with a passing notice by any catholic newspaper, scarcely a week is allowed to elapse by any of them, after the monthly appearance of the *Rambler*, without a glowing eulogium, and copious extracts in each. Are all these symptoms of unpopularity, in the catholic reading world, or of a want of appreciation of the high qualities of the work? Certainly the call for "nice stories in illustration of the peace and pleasantness of being a catholic," or for more water and sugar in their milk, has never reached our ears. Another thing too strikes us forcibly. The writer sympathizes with Dr. Brownson "in the course which he has so boldly chosen, and so successfully pursued" (p. 317) and wishes only to be able to imitate him; but he does not "see his way clearly to be safe" in so doing. Is then the Catholic intellect so much lower in England than in America? Yet Brownson's *Quarterly* is reprinted in London, and must have a good circulation to make this worth while. If his writings then are not protested against by English Catholics but read with avidity that requires a special edition, why should the *Rambler* fear a different reception from what he obtains here, for following the same path? How will Dr. Brownson reconcile the fact about himself, with the assertion about the *Rambler*? We

believe that the *Rambler* has had as fair play as any other catholic journal; has obtained a circulation equal to more than an average one in such a straitened circle as catholic society; and has been amply rewarded in praise and general estimation.* It may not indeed have exercised any practical influence, nor led public opinion amongst us. But the reason of that is obvious, and may be found in the very paragraph under consideration. Its writers do not attempt to throw themselves into the true position of catholics. They stand aloof, and do not share the real burthen of catholic labour. They lecture admirably, criticise, find imperfections in what is done; give excellent theoretical instruction on our duties as catholics. But they address us rather as a speaker does from the hustings, from without and above the crowd addressed. Can it be otherwise, if they take us to be such a body as they have represented us to our protestant fellow-countrymen, in the passage which we have quoted? No influence will ever be obtained without identification of ourselves, with those whom we wish to lead. Let these writers, whose ability we are the first to avow, feel that interest in our work which can only be gained by sharing its pains and troubles, and they will know the effect of an occasional cheering word to those that toil, instead of a continual chaptering, and telling them that they have all to learn.

But this brings us to the second reason for our deploring the expression of such contemptuous sentiments respecting the "catholic remnant" of England; it is, that this intellectual separation of a knot of able persons from it, is at once the creation of party, upon the very worst ground, that of a distinction of old, and new, catholics. We all know, how again and again the English press has endeavoured to divide us, and this has been the very wedge by which they have vainly striven to cleave us. Their efforts have been vain. Our own sentiments on the subject we shall have occasion to express later. But it is too clear that the writer, whom we have quoted, draws a line between himself and colleagues on one side, and the general body of Catholics on the other; between writers and

* The "extensive circulation" of the *Rambler* it avowed in a notice attached to the most interesting account given in its last number, of the persecution under James I.

readers; between those who would instruct, and "those on which their editorial existence depends." And it would be mere affectation to ignore, that the line is meant to divide *some* belonging to what the same Journal elsewhere calls the "convert portion" from the "old Catholic." (Dec. p. 450) We say *some*: because we know there are hundreds of converts, who join us in deprecating the forming of such a distribution of members of one Church, and wish not to be distinguished by a party-term from the mass of its members.

Indeed, it was an illustrious convert, who would be sorry to be recognized as such, by any peculiarity of notions, who struck as much by the simple and dignified severity of his remarks, upon the desire to draw such a distinction. It was, he remarked, ungenerous. And we understood his meaning to be this. If a family had been unjustly plundered of its wealth by confiscation, could we otherwise characterise the conduct of a person who had been enriched by the spoliation, and now recognized its injustice, should he taunt or upbraid the sufferers with their poverty, and draw their attention to his own abundance? For 300 years, "*usque ad hanc horam*," Catholics have been debarred from the resources for high education, endowed by the Wykehams, the Wainfleets, the Wolseys, the Lady Margarets, their ancestors in the faith. Every national institution for classical, or scientific, training has been closed against them, first Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Shrewsbury, then Oxford and Cambridge. They have not been allowed, without surrender of faith, to walk their stately quadrangles, or meditate in their beautiful meadows. No scholarship, or fellowship, or lectureship or mastership has allured them to long study, or given them honourable leisure for its pursuit, or crowned it with rewards. The names of tripos, and wranglers, and first-class men, and double-first-class have formed no part in their vocabulary. All these immense advantages Catholics have fore-gone, only because the price for them was too high, the loss of their faith. They preferred sending their children abroad in disguise, and at risk of ruinous penalties, for education. Well, the great continental revolution swept away their noble establishments, with the wreck of everything holy. Yet the love of good learning was not extinct. Without endowments, almost without resources, they have been toiling from then till now in erecting

colleges, and like ants bearing large loads, almost beyond their strength, to replace their ruined retreats of learning. In the meantime what they lost, others have enjoyed. At the tremendous price of separation from the faith, and the dreadful risk of eternal perdition, they have possessed the blessing, (shall we call it so?) of a full and elevated secular education, in those ancient halls of Catholic foundation. A loving grace has granted to them in addition that which the "old Catholics" had only been allowed as compensation; they are Catholics (God be praised!) as well as these, only rich in all that which had been taken from them, and the gates of which had been as jealously guarded against them with a flaming sword, as the way to the tree of knowledge was to fallen man. To them has been given the double fruit of the tree of knowledge, and of the tree of life: to others the second only.

But under the circumstances is there not something unkind, to say the least, in twitting these, in worldly estimation less favoured brethren, with an intellectual inferiority, supposing it to exist? in reproaching them for not having possession of what had been taken from them, and asserting superiority because one *has* had the advantage of it? Ought not such honours to be borne meekly? Brought into the Church with a generous and spontaneous acknowledgment, that they are only a restitution of what had been robbed from her, a restoration of what she had been stripped of? Should the old family, so touchingly described by our most eloquent writer, as mysteriously dwelling in the quaint mansion among the trees, be reprehended if it has grown up somewhat "living on the past," while no present enjoyment was allowed it? If the present supply of intellectual food for its children was cut off, what more natural than that it should turn to its stores of past thrift and careful provision, and cling rather tenaciously to what afforded at once honour and consolation? It is not a little to have "a past" on which to live, to have branches on the family-tree tipped with ruddy blossoms, and an occasional lily brightly peeping through its gloomy foliage; to have in one's pedigree the name of a man who was drawn, hanged, and quartered for the faith, or of a woman who was pressed to death for conscience sake, of a learned writer or of a lady abbess, either a perpetual exile from home, and country. It is an honour worth dwelling on, to have had heavily to contribute to those exorbitant extortions which

the *Rambler* is so laudably making known in its "Glimpses of the working of the penal laws under James I.;" or to be able as yet to show the priest's hiding-hole, such as there was at "Preston-hall," and the place of the old chapel in the garret. Nor can we think, that the owners of such records and monuments will easily yet let them go into oblivion. For, although the present is no moment for dreamy listlessness, and we must go on plunging, and swallowing of the wave, which hurries us forward beyond the middle of this boastful and pregnant nineteenth century, we cannot but believe that an old plank torn and preserved from the ancestral mansion, will bear a youth more buoyantly and more safely through the whirlpool to which he is hastening, than scientific theories and philosophical refinements; and while too many of these will be found shivered on rocks, or turned bottom upwards by stronger and ruder craft that will follow, the solid old *robur* of simple faith enwrapped in family recollections will gallantly outride the storm.

If we deprecate the attempt to divide Catholics into two classes, it is because we do not admit their real existence. On the day of Pentecost, and for a long time after, the entire Church was composed of converts. There was only one class in it then. Did they alter into something else, as time went on? Did they, or their children call themselves "old Christians," and treat the new comers, as in any respect one whit inferior to themselves; or did these consider themselves as possessing a single advantage over others? Had such contentions as these arisen, they would have soon felt the heavy and indignant lash of the apostolic scourge. Inside the Church, or outside it, forms the only distinction; with Christ or against Him; gathering with Him or scattering away from Him. And so has it been ever since, and so God grant it may be for ever! Let us indeed learn to value the distinctive gifts which every class of men brings to the common stock. But once thrown in there, let them be like the treasure of the new Church at Jerusalem, the property of all, and let none presume to point, or single out, his personal contribution. There let them all ferment in one leaven of charity as common food, the rich mellow grain of last year's harvest, and the hard shrivelled seed of ages ago, well blended and kneaded together, the Apostle's symbol of perfect unity.

What conversion has brought to the Catholics of this country is beyond all measure and all estimation. Not churches, nor monasteries, nor schools, nor convents, nor hospitals, nor institutions of charity, however grand, beautiful, edifying or useful they may be, bear remote comparison in their value to our minds, with the grace of conversion. In the sixth number of this Review we avowed its principles and our feelings in these words:—"The course which we shall pursue shall be consistent and persevering. We seek not the wealth of our Anglican neighbours, nor their establishments, nor their political power, nor their usurped influence. All these things we esteem as dross. But we covet their brotherhood in the faith, and their participation in our security of belief, and their being bound to us in cords of love through religious unity. For these things we will contend unceasingly, and to the utmost of our power, and God defend the right!" (Vol. iii. p. 79.) This feeling can claim no praise; it is natural as an instinct can be.

After all what can a church be, even if built up, not of rag, or ashler, or dressed stone, but of marble from Carrara or granite from Egypt, to be compared to the living Church, which conversion has built with living stones, many as precious and as chosen, as those which Venetian merchants brought from the East, to adorn as well as support the walls of St. Mark's, or which early Emperors plucked from the crumbling walls of sumptuous, but decaying, temples, for the basilicas which they raised? What carving, or cresting, what pinnacle or fretted spire, what moulding or painting, or gilding can stand in comparison with the splendid and even dazzling adornment which our holy Church has received from the genius, the abilities, the learning, and the piety of many who have joined her; from the fertility of one versatile, yet most accurate mind, the rich outpouring of another's eloquent devotion, the grave yet pleasing fecundity of a third, the sterner logic of a fourth, the poetry, and song of several, and the varied literary powers of many. They have flooded the catholic commonweal with new light, enough to redound, and from it influence, with a characteristic peculiarity, the general literature of the country. Nor need we speak of architecture, painting, music, artistic learning, legal knowledge, forensic skill, medical science, linguistic attainments, and of many other branches of mental culture, in which some of those

whom we would lovingly invite not to keep reckoning of "the time of their ignorance," so excel as to be publicly honoured, and are sure to leave the traces of their passage marked on the annals of their respective pursuits.

But in fact, why speak under figure of what these admirable men have done for the Church? If they have been stones in the spiritual edifice, they have been among the best builders of the material house, with its many consequent blessings; if they have figuratively adorned the one by their transcendent qualities, they have really done so by their active liberality. Every Catholic knows how, perhaps in the Diocese which he inhabits, a mission or church has sprung up through the charity and zeal of some recent convert. But we doubt if many are aware of the extent to which the material extension of religion has gained through their exertions. To make known the greatness of our obligations is a pleasing duty. So far from grudging praise where it is due, we know of no occupation more congenial to ourselves, or more likely to edify and encourage our readers. We therefore insert a list, as complete as we have been able to make it, of the new missions in England and Scotland, which owe their origin entirely to converts; even at the risk of somewhat wounding the sensibility of their founders.

CHURCHES, MISSIONS, &c. ERECTED BY CONVERTS.

<i>Place.</i>	<i>Diocese.</i>	<i>Person.</i>	<i>Description.</i>
Abbotsford.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Mr. Hope Scott.	Chapel.
Abingdon.	Southwark.	Mr. Bowyer.	Church & Mission.
Belmont.	Newport and Menevia.	Mr. Wegg Prosser.	Do.
Botleigh Grange.	Southwark.	Mr. Beste.	Chapel.
Bridgend.	Newport and Menevia.	Mr. Nicholl.	Church & Mission.
Brompton.	Westminster.	V. Rev. Dr. Faber.	Do.
Campden.	Clifton.	Viscount Campden.	Do.
Carstairs.	W. Dis. Scotland.	Mr. Monteith.	Chapel.
Charnwood Forest.	Nottingham.	Mr. A. L. Phillipps.	St. Bernard's Abbey.
Chiselhurst.	Southwark.	Mr. Bowden.	Church & Mission.
Crooke.	Hexham.	Rev. S. Rooke.	Do.
Dalkeith.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Lady Lothian.	Do.
Edgbaston.	Birmingham.	Very Rev. Dr. Newman.	Do.
Erdington.	Do.	Rev. D. Haigh.	Church.
Errwood.	Shrewsbury.	Mr. Grimshaw.	Chapel & Mission.
Frome.	Clifton.	Rev. R. Ward.	Church & Mission.
Fulham.	Westminster.	Mrs. Bowden.	Do.
Galashiels.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Mr. Hope Scott.	Do.
Grantully.	Do.	Sir W.S. Drummond	Do.
Grace-Dieu.	Nottingham.	Mr. A. L. Phillipps.	Do.
Great Grimsby.	Do.	Mr. B —	Mission.

<i>Place.</i>	<i>Diocese.</i>	<i>Person.</i>	<i>Description.</i>
Great Marlow.	Northampton.	Mr. Scott Murray.	Church & Mission.
Hanwell.	Westminster.	Miss Rabbett.	Chapel & Mission.
Huntly Burn.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Lord H. Kerr.	Chapel.
Jedburgh.	Do.	Lady Lothian.	Church & Mission.
Kelso.	Do.	Mr. H. Scott.	Chapel & Mission.
Levenshulme.	Salford.	Mr. Grimshawe.	Church & Mission.
London.	Westminster.	Miss White.	Schools.
Longworth.	Newport and Menevia.	Mr. Phillipps.	Chapel & Mission.
Murthly.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Sir W.S. Drummond	Church & Mission.
Pantasaph.	Shrewsbury.	Lord Feilding.	Do.
Ramsgate.	Southwark.	Mr. Pugin.	Do.
Rugby.	Birmingham.	Capt. Washington Hibbert.	Do.
Ryde.	Southwark.	Lady Clare.	Do.
St. Wilfrid's.	Birmingham.	V. Rev. Dr. Faber.	Church, Monastery & Mission.
Shepshed.	Nottingham.	Mr. A. L. Phillipps.	Do.
Tullymet.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Mr. Dick.	Do.
Weston Hall.	Birmingham.	Mr. Debarry.	Chapel & Mission.
Whitwick.	Nottingham.	Mr. A. L. Phillipps.	Church & Mission.
Walsingham.	Hexham.	Rev. T. Wilkinson.	Do.
Woodchester.	Clifton.	Mr. Leigh.	Do. & Monastery.
Woodhill.	E. Dis. Scotland.	Mr. Trotter.	Church & Mission.
Yealmpton.	Plymouth.	Mr. Bastard.	Do.

Forty-three missions, which in all human probability would not have existed are due exclusively to converts, within a short period, to the unspeakable happiness, and spiritual profit of thousands of poor catholics in their neighbourhood, and the spread of religion, through multiplied conversions. To this list might be added many other places, where existing missions have been supported, and raised out of extreme poverty, and where churches or chapels have been enlarged or beautified by this class of catholics, or where they are the main contributors towards, though not founders of, a new mission.

On another topic we have not touched. But every catholic heart will glow with admiration, affection and gratitude, when he considers the high examples of generous sacrifice, and renunciation of every worldly advantage and blessing which late years have afforded, the accession which our religious orders have received, the many affecting devotions which have been made known and propagated, the new Institutions that have attained maturity or are still in a state of progress, the many evidences of great virtues and genuine piety which are daily displayed, in fine the daily development, in every sense and on every side, of sterling, solid catholic religion. All this has been co-ordinate with the tidal flow of conversion, which has set in, after dark time of ebb-flood, towards the catholic Church.

If there be still any who, instead of wishing all these good things to belong to all, would fain have them estimated as the possession or the glory of a few, let it be so; and we can only conclude this subject by again saying to them, “*Divites facti estis, sine nobis regnatis; et utinam regnetis, ut et nos vobiscum regnemus.*” (1 Cor. iv. 8.)

But we should be unjust to those whom we have endeavoured to assist in forming a true estimate of the immense blessings, beyond individual salvation, which God has shed upon His Church, through her many new children, “her joy and her crown,” if we did not also add a few words, in reference to them. An inclination to think slightly of them, and to depreciate their intellectual character has suggested this article, written with much pain and reluctance. And this is now increased by our being compelled to do that against which we are striving, to speak of Catholics as forming two classes, a division which we are writing simply, if possible, to abolish. It is only fair then to say, that higher merit can scarcely be conceived, than that of abiding fidelity through generations, to a persecuted, humbled, and plundered Church. The article already alluded to, as in this month’s number of the *Rambler* gives from authentic and official documents the amount of one year’s forfeit-money, paid by catholics in the tenth year of James I., as £371,060: a sum which, calculating the different values of money, and the population of the kingdom, seems almost incredible. When we look at the lists of recusants in different counties, and see how many families have fallen away, melted or crushed under the terrific pressure of penal exactions, or worried into final apostacy, and when, on the other hand, we find in those lists names yet remaining among our best families, we cannot but conclude that a most signal grace, and singular Providence, have been their dispensation, in the destinies of this Empire. Further, when we consider, that they did in ages of persecution what others are justly praised for having done in times of peace, that they kept up chapels at the risk of domestic treachery and neighbourly spite, maintained priests for themselves and poorer dependants, in hourly fear of pursuivant’s domiciliary visits, which brought often all the worst evils of a sacked city into their mansions, without even the restraint of discipline, that out of their properties, chronically attenuated by the sweating of monthly fines, and further depleted by the irregular drain

of compositions and exactions, they even endowed, as far as law permitted, missions and chaplaincies which still continue, or are perhaps the foundation or nucleus of most flourishing congregations, it is not presumptuous to ask, respect and gratitude for such men and their descendants. And even yet do we see new missions rise through the unaided liberality of catholics from birth.*

But there are great, though not very glorious, burthens which rest almost entirely on the shoulders of the poor old remnant. Our charities and poor schools in many instances yet are, where they were before any new influx of intelligence and zeal poured into the Church. These indeed play about the pinnacles and beautiful things of the Temple, but scarcely as yet reach the coarse, but necessary, foundations. We have thought it worth while analysing the published lists of several London charities, and we will give the results, to show, what is yet done in the old-fashioned way of our fathers, towards helping the poor. We will suppress names, and be content with facts. And these we will collect from the most opposite ends of the metropolis.

No. 1. Charitable Institution for all London. Annual subscribers 324, of whom 12 are converts, 3 are not catholics.†

No. 2. Similar charity. Subscribers 208, of whom 22 are converts, 4 not catholics.

No. 3. Schools in the City. Subscribers 78, of whom 9 are converts, 8 not catholics. Most of the converts belong to the middle class.

No. 4. Schools in the centre of London. Subscribers 77, of whom 2, perhaps 3, are converts.

No. 5. Schools at the West end of London. Subscribers 317, of whom 15 are converts.

* Such are Cheadle, Romford, Mortlake, Gainford, Otley, The Grange, Scarthingwell, Sickling Hall, Broadway, Avon Dasset, Sutton, &c. The last mentioned place is well worthy of particular mention. A handsome stone church with spire, schools and monastery, are all due to the liberality of one person, who not many years ago was a day-labourer on rail-roads.

† We may occasionally have mistaken a protestant name for a catholic one; but this must form a very slight deviation from accuracy.

No. 6. Orphanage. Subscribers (ladies) 102, of whom 11 are converts.

We could enlarge this list, but thus much will suffice for our purpose. These and other charities of vast practical importance, some of them remote from the wealthier quarters of London, but some of them in the very midst of that favoured region, have yet to look for their support to the class that represents catholics, as they stood before any great addition to their numbers, by recent happy events. As we enumerate subscribers, we exclude the poor, whose drops collected at sermons, or by meetings, do not entitle them in our usages to nominal returns. The subscribers therefore here given are persons ranging from the nobleman to his servant, from the merchant on 'Change, to the petty shopkeeper. Look at No. 5, a charity which supports three boys' schools, three girls', and three infants' schools, besides an evening school for girls and young women, and a Sunday-school for boys and young men. About 900 infants, children, and young women are educated. Yet though this occurs in the most central part of London, we see how little adventitious aid comes to the old supporters of the work. • We dwell upon this instance, not from any wish to draw invidious consequences, but because we so often hear, and even read, intimations, that old Catholics care or know very little about education of the poor, that they want much enlightenment on the subject, and in fact have had all to learn of late. A little study of the history of our charities, of the dates of their foundations, of their struggles, of their enlargements, of their ramifications, of their many vicissitudes, would perhaps show our censors that we have not been leading quite the life of dormice, even through "the winter of our discontent," long as it lasted.

We know that we still retain old-world ways, exploded in the more refined modern plans of charity, and if the latter could be made to answer, and answer better, we have no objection to substitute them. But unfortunately, whether through want of practical lessons, or from defect in the materials we have to work on, every attempt to depart from those ancient methods has signally failed. One great advocate for the education of the poor says: "I am opposed to all charity dinners on principle, so I regret I cannot support your charity, which depends on one." Another is averse to an excursion, another to a tea-party.

This gentleman will not subscribe where there is no inspection, that one will not where there is. Here one has a scruple about giving his money, unless the rooms are better ventilated, there another will do nothing till the starving priest has nuns. In fine, principles rise up, upon secondary details, always sufficiently strong to strangle the master principle, that children must be educated, and the poor maintained. Were this made the primary law, *suprema lex*, the contribution would come in and do its good, even though wrapped up in a protest against its being expected to subject the giver to the dyspepsia of a public dinner. But let it be remembered that the great body of our contributors, by an immense majority, is composed of those who genuinely represent the Anglo-Saxon race; whom every witness to their propensities, before the Normans enervated them, from St. Augustine to Froissart, attests to have been solid feeders, whom St. Gregory advises his disciple to humour in their natural taste, by letting them have a beef-feast on great festivals, and who alone identify in their vocabulary the two ideas of expansion of soul and plenitude of body, in the phrase "good cheer." To "be of good cheer," and to "have good cheer" naturally go together. Yet more seriously, let it be remembered, that the great bulk of these generous almsgivers are men whose day is given to work and toil, and who never sit round tables bright with light and silver, and offering more than homely variety of viands. A social evening, in an ample decorated hall, where they meet many friends, where all is copied, however imperfectly, from aristocratic usages, in look and in attendance, where they are in company with a few high-born but meek-minded persons, who yet condescend, in these days of supposed equality, to dine with the artisan and the citizen, where they are addressed by some one of superior station as friends and fellow-catholics, where, after all, they are in no danger of their hearing anything hurtful, but may occasionally have a tear brought to their eye, at the tale of sorrow and poverty that is told them, and certainly their hands guided to their purses by their own best feelings, an evening thus occasionally spent by honest men of this class, will not surely be one of those convivial scenes that will embody itself, at the last hour, in a dance of hobgoblins, painted by Turner. We acknowledge that there is something heroic in submitting to be tortured by

evil food, and poisoned by bad wines, at a tavern, and more so occasionally *entre nous*, in being doomed to listen to lame speeches that hobble on, supported by the crutches of occasional cheers. But after all the thing is bearable, and not worse than a *table d'hôte* abroad, or an old stage-coach dinner in England, or O! worse than all, a meal half way between Dover and Ostend. And really charity is worthy of an occasional act and display of heroism. But, if any of the gentlemen, who so dislike the system of a charity dinner, that they will rather see the poor starve, than eat one themselves, would for once stoop so low, we believe that the sight of many honest, earnest faces, expanding beneath the gentle influence of charity, and the sound of their applauding voices, whenever a sentiment is spoken on what is dear to a catholic heart, the Pope, the bishop, the clergy, the nobility, charity, virtue, education, the child, the old man, the sick, would thaw the prejudices of another school in which propriety held a higher place than humility, and orderly dispensation is more esteemed than somewhat tumultuous charity. We believe that many who went this year as guests would consent to go, next, as stewards.

However, we have transgressed our limits, in this Apician excursus from our main object. The system, good or bad, is that by which thousands of children are educated, and hundreds of orphans clothed and fed, and hundreds of aged men and women warmed and supported. Alms-houses have been built by it, orphanages have been erected, churches and schools in part raised. And this great, or rather necessary work falls upon the shoulders of the industrious middle class, aided indeed by those whose names have, for many years headed their subscription lists with solid donations, and whose fathers before them saw the same assistance afforded to the same unperishing cause. And thus we fear the work will have to continue for one generation at least to come, in spite of the liberal counsel which we constantly receive, in rather vague terms, of how much better everything might be, or ought to be, if the present system were wholly given up, and we only instead of it—ha! that is just what we want to know, but can never get told us.

Let us take for instance, an article in the November number of the *Rambler*, said to be written by a priest, evidently a zealous one, on our poor schools. There is

very much indeed, in the paper, worthy of great attention and commendation. But we cannot conceal from ourselves, that the writer has not had many opportunities of obtaining accurate acquaintance on some points. For instance, he writes as follows :—

“ There is yet one thing more indispensable to the success of our schools. We must utterly get rid of the idea that schools are to be the means of supporting needy, broken-down men and women, or persons whom, from any motive, we desire to provide for.”—p. 333.

A few pages before he thus speaks of the managers of Catholic schools :—

“ They think we live in those good old times, when the squire's butler, now past active service retired into private(?) life as village school-master ; or when a cook or lady's-maid worn out with years and service, was by an economical arrangement installed into the office of schoolmistress.”—p. 327.

These passages struck us, when we read the article, as particularly noticeable ; and we were not surprised to see our newspapers seize on them as a seasonable lesson to worthy squires, and a well-merited rebuke to dunces who found schools. As we do not remember the times when the routine of Catholic literary promotion was from the pantry and kitchen to the school-chair, we cannot speak of them, further than to say, that before there were training schools, a steady butler, who had read prayers for the servants and led the choir, and perhaps in early youth had tried his vocation in a religious house (such instances are not even now impossible) or a lady's maid who had been educated in a convent (not so rare case either) might have made as good a teacher as was to be got by taking one up at haphazard. But let that pass. Is it meant to be insinuated, that *now* among Catholics it is usual to make the school a provision for the senility or anility of broken-down dependants? Is this an “ idea ” which they are seriously invited to “ get rid of ? ” Let us ask, if it be not rather true, that neither the training-schools nor the Poor-school Committee can supply half the applications made for trained masters and mistresses ; if the heads or secretaries of these institutions have not to answer that the demand is far beyond the supply ; if persons supposed to have opportunities of knowing, are not constantly applied to, if they are acquainted with any good master or

mistress; in short, if the writer of the foregoing advice himself can lead us to any such, who want occupation, but are kept out of employment, because Catholics prefer broken-down old men and women? We certainly think that, in his zeal he has formed a very unjustifiable estimate of Catholic ideas on education.

Again, he attributes the poor condition of many of our schools to the ignorance of the clergy of the practical working of education. He suggests that the management of a poor-school should form part of seminary training. But he at once sees the objection, the want of poor-schools attached to these establishments. We see many other difficulties, and one of them is a want of even a text-book for this branch of education. We have grammars of every language, manuals, introductions, institutes for every present branch of our education. If the writer, after having told us much that we ought not to do, and something that we ought to do, would tell us *how*, we should be thankful. Let us have a really practical manuduction, instead of an essay. We have a *Directorium* for ascetic and mystic theology, let us have a scholastic one. As the priest who has written the paper before us "has had great experience and success" in his schools, and we have no reason to doubt it, let him give us the result of the one, and the secret of the other. Let us have "the priest in his school," beginning with all that relates to material arrangements, plans, elevations, benches, desks, maps, apparatus, books, and other appliances; then giving all that should be known about government grants, examinations, inspection, pupil-teachers, &c. After that may come all that is desirable to be known about real school matters: How is a good master or mistress to be procured; what should be exacted in their respective qualifications, salaries, duties, hours of attendance, other occupations? Next we might be usefully instructed in the best methods of managing the secular teaching, the distribution of day and week, and year, over the many and varied exactions of modern education. Then comes the moral part, the priest's own portion, catechism, instruction, prayers, more particular instruction for the three sacraments of youth, arrangements for confession, attendance at mass and other services, joining Church services, music, ceremonies, and communion. Some of the first things may be picked up in protestant books, or Inspectors'

Reports, or back numbers of the "Poor-School;" but a digest of even those, and the whole of what forms the priest's duty systematically arranged, for many who have not leisure to read up, or "beaver" genius for organization would be a truly valuable work. Into this book would enter, what the writer seems to have found so easy, the best means of collecting, securing and administering school monies, forms of accounts, school-books and forms for noting attendance, application, progress and character. And then we should expect to find accurate instructions and valuable suggestions on rewards and punishments, the moral treatment of children, and individual formation of character, the manner of infusing into a school a high religious tone, and true devotion. The book would contain prayers, suited to children and schools, plans of catechetical instructions, subjects for graduated examinations, rules of conduct and management for the master, attention to whom is as necessary as to the children. Here is indeed; a piece of work for somebody, and we should think for nobody better than the author whom we have indicated. It would be of immense service, and get us out of the region of visionary perfection into that of practical operativeness. To preach for a hundred years that to have a good school we must have a good master, that to understand the management of one we must study it, that to be good managers we must have thoughtfulness and foresight, vigilance and continual struggling (P. 329) will never bring any sensible improvement into the system. For the truth is, want not of will, but of practical guidance, is our great evil: and any one who will remove this will be the great solver of our educational problem.

As we are engaged on this paper, we cannot refrain from indulging on a topic which it opens, one of almost daily encounter. It is another, though a very little instance of the present tendency to range Catholics on different sides. The following is our theme.

"Amongst Catholics one finds two sorts of people. Some, when speaking about our present position in this country, can see in it nothing but what is cheering and delightful. Your *coulour-de rose* man lives in a poetical atmosphere of his own. Openings of new missions, churches, and schools, functions, devotions, sermons, conversions,—these are his talk and his life. Were there ever, thinks he, such glorious times as these; such palmy days for the Church? In his excited fervour he can see nothing but progress, nothing that

is not enchanting, hopeful, and glorious. On the other hand there is a select little circle of croakers who make it their business to undeceive those who are under any such delusion. Our position is most unreal, say they ; and nothing is to be expected from it but the most dire calamities. Every present success is with them but the precursor of debts, difficulties and disasters. There is a flaw in every undertaking, a black spot in every character, which seems as a target for their grumblings. The whole of our present position is unsound and rotten ; and if it does not end in a great smash, it is only because of God's providence over-ruling His Church.

“ For ourselves being of a philosophic turn of mind, we think that there is a great deal to be said on both sides. To the gentlemen of rose-coloured minds we urge, that there is an old-fashioned proverb about glittering gold which is still as applicable as ever ; that the croakers and grumblers are, many of them, no visionaries, but clear-headed and thoughtful men, who not only really see the faults and failings they speak of, but also feel them most keenly : and if we do not take their view, it is not because there is no truth in it, but because it is only one side of the picture, and one, too, that leads to no results. Yes, gentlemen croakers and grumblers, you are right ; there *are* plenty of flaws and black spots ; plenty that is unreal, unsound, rotten ; but this is not peculiar to our age or country, nor to the present state of religion amongst us.”—P. 321-2, November.

‘ We certainly must plead guilty to belonging to the first of these classes. This Review was founded upon a *couleur de rose* principle. It was started simply in hopefulness, in buoyant, bounding confidence, that there was “ a good time coming.” Nay, its complexion at birth was deeper than the paly rose-bud—it was sanguine. There were croakers then as much as now ; men who liked the cineraria better than roses, preferred cypress to myrtle, the raven to the nightingale. What was prospect then is retrospect now. Were the croakers right then, in prophesying that not a single conversion would emerge from the “ Oxford Tracts,” that the eloquent voice in St. Mary's would never resound in a catholic pulpit, and that there was no more vitality in the “ movement,” than there was in the time of Laud, or of the Non-conformists. All was to them a sham. It is plain then, that carrying back the two parties twenty years, the roseate people were safer than the sooty. What reason have we to believe the order to be reversed, and the future of to-day to be different from that of years ago ? There was indeed a moment, when the dark foreboders seemed to have it all their own way : when

the atrocious onslaught on the Hierarchy began. Then indeed there were more than ugly omens ; something worse than mares' tails in the clouds, and Mother Carey's chickens on the curling waves ; there were breakers ahead, there was a scowling lea-shore, there was a hissing trough of sea, there was a murky sky above head, and there was roaring blast around the frail looking bark of England's catholicity. Well, she drove straight on, neither ported her helm nor put it hard a lee, she unshipped not her top-gallants, nor closereefed her mainsail, but trusted to the heavenly steersman, who sometimes appears to slumber in the boat, but always awakes in time. This was a glorious time for the prophets of evil ; their predictions were coming most satisfactorily true : all the consolations of past years had been delusive ; we had been going much too fast, and the whole was going to end in what is denominated " universal smash."

Now, if it had pleased God to give us a much harder trial, and subject us to a harsh, and searching, and long persecution, had we been pushed back civilly (in one sense of the word) into the last century, we should have remained still *couleur de rose*. Never did sweeter rose of resignation blow, than Job upon his dunghill. We should have seen the Hand of God in our humiliation and depression, and should have made every effort to suppress the croak that rose into our throat. Was Job wrong in looking at his own future brightly from that vilest seat, with earthquakes, pillagers, pestilence all round him ; and what was worse, with three good hearty croakers seated before him for seven days and seven nights, then, with his gentle wife to back them, bidding him take as gloomy a prospect as possible of everything, past, present, and to come ? The worldly hero may boast that reverses have plundered him of all but his honour ; the Christian will admit that, bereft of all else, his enemy cannot pluck hope from his bosom. So thought Job ; and he was right.

But it pleased God that we should not endure so severe a tribulation. The storm subsided, we found ourselves again in smooth water, to be troubled again only if it pleases God. Is not this liberation an encouragement to our hope ? Did not the trial prove that the trustful had been right, and the despondent mistaken ?

If then among Catholics there must be two parties designated by colours, we will hold to the *Bianchi*, be

who choose of the *Neri*. And the paragraph before us proposes good motive for our preference. "Openings of new missions, churches, schools, functions, devotions, sermons, conversions," are things, or facts, solid and palpable on which hope may stand and rest; they are unmistakeable realities which may be entered into account. The sanguine man as he is called reckons them up, and finds they come to something at the end of the year, to carry forward into the next; for they are durable, and not evanescent, perennial not annual. But the dark-eyed man who sees a "black spot" everywhere (physically this would indicate a diseased organ) sees in reality nothing, but only absence of something, the "blot" is merely a screen interposed between the object and the vision. In plain language, the croaker sees the defects on everything, its imperfections, its short comings; he cannot deny the existence of the thing. "We have new churches," he says, "it is true; but thousands never go into them; schools, but with inferior education; devotions, but they are merely passing excitement; conversions, but they are more than counterbalanced by perversion." Now let all this be true. If thousands neglect going to the new churches, hundreds do go to them, who did not go at all; schools with imperfect education are better than no schools at all, and the education may be improved in them; devotions may excite, but a single good communion more, and some scores of acts of faith and love additional have their fruit; and as to conversions, suppose the fact to be true that for every Puseyite gained two poor Irish are lost, as one is not effect of the other, one may surely rejoice at that which is good, and rather have it than not, while we deplore the loss. It is plain that every one of those things, which are enumerated as forming the hopeful man's joy, is a diminution of every reason which the desponding one has for his dark views. Every new church, mission or school, must remove a blot or dark spot from the system.

But this is a deeper and graver subject than it looks at first sight. That men who overlook all defects are wrong, and that in their calculations they will be as mistaken, as an astronomer would be, who should overlook the mutual perturbations of the planets, there can be no doubt. But that they who can never see anything but faults, repine and grumble ever, and will not look about them with a

cheerful eye, are at least equally wrong, is no less certain. A middle course is therefore to be chosen, and what is this? To say "I will be neither one nor the other," is almost equivalent to proclaiming indifference. This will not do. The true medium seems to us very clear, and we hope has its rule highly sanctioned. Does the croaker and grumbler look at the work before him, as that of God or of man? Surely not as the first; or it would be blasphemy to murmur. He looks then at the whole as man's work, as the fruit of his industry, skill, and ability. "Openings of missions, churches, schools, &c.," are all in his eyes only results and evidences of activity, good management, human powers. He picks holes in them, and criticizes them as he would the opening of new worldly institutions. He has no confidence in their solidity or duration, because they come from a perishable workman.

The sanguine man may be easily understood to reason contrariwise. The progress of religion is God's care, and can be granted by Him alone. Every step gained, every advantage secured, is a new blessing from Him, and surely any manifestation of His blessing, any evidence of His love is "enchancing, hopeful, and glorious." And what is every new "opening of mission, church or school," every solemn "function" performed with the requirements of the liturgy, every "devotion" such as that of the Forty Hours, every "conversion," but an outward sign of that superintending watchfulness, which makes the rising up of a new church or school in a desolate district as true a mark of itself, as is the springing up of the snowdrop or the crocus an evidence of care over the earth. Each may be humble, but each is God's work.

But while in this, which is of God, we rejoice and exult, and feel sanguine of success, we will go all the way with the murmurers and discoverers of black spots and flaws, the moment we turn from the beautiful work to its clumsy instruments. That he is a useless servant, that he is only in others' way who would do better, that he is blundering, feeble, obstructive, and doing all as badly as possible, is a conviction quite as consistent with the full belief in a man, that, not by or through him, but in spite of him, God's work will go on prosperously, blessedly and gloriously.

This we hold, and have always held, to be the middle

way between these two conditions of mind, and principles of action ; and they seem to us, as we have said, highly and potently sanctioned. To sow in tears, but with the confidence that God will give increase, and that there will be sheaves for somebody to carry at harvest-home is surely a consoling thing. While the Apostles were taught to think despicably of themselves, and to expect nothing from themselves, they were equally taught to be most sanguine as to the final results of their labours.

We know that your sanguine man is supposed to live in a sort of mesmeric exhilaration, in an atmosphere of laughing gas, which quite incapacitates him for practical life, and hourly duties. He is always dreaming, and provokingly happy when everybody else sees nothing but disaster and approaching ruin. We believe on the contrary, that no one suffers more acutely than he. Giving the eternal grumbler credit for rejoicing, in his own saturnine way, when evident good does appear, he has in addition to this pleasure the lugubrious joy of being glad, whenever hopes are disappointed, and his own Cassandran prophecies come true. But the sanguine man draws his hope to its highest tension, and if it break, it strikes him fearfully. He has been planning and studying something "enchanted and glorious ;" it has been a vision in his dream, a beautiful thought in his waking hour, a fervent aspiration in his prayers. He has brought it to the very verge of execution ; an insuperable obstacle intervenes ; and all is dashed to the ground. He is laughed at as a visionary, despised as a mere enthusiast. No one can tell what he may suffer. Happy, if he steal away in silence to say, "Yes, in spite of all, it will be done ; it is too good to fail. But not by me, for I am not worthy of so great a work." He remains sanguine to the end. To "hope against hope" is not certainly anywhere bid in Scripture.

Would to heaven, that we could blend these two "sorts of Catholics" into one, acting harmoniously on this simple principle, of croaking about our own work, and being sanguine about God's. All other party-feeling would soon disappear.

While the whole drift of this article has been to deprecate the division of ourselves into different sects, we have not been able to treat of the most important. We greatly fear the differences, and angry discussions that are rising

amongst us on the subject of Education, chiefly in what regards Government assistance, and Inspection. What we said at the beginning of this article was only by way of illustration; the breadth and depth of the subject remain to be scanned. It would require as much as we have written to treat the subject even inadequately. Besides it has acquired a greater importance than becomes the pages of a Review.

We will therefore conclude by the expression of an earnest hope, that all will combine to strengthen the bonds of unity amongst ourselves, especially with a Parliament approaching, in which feelings hostile to the Church will not be coerced by the anxieties of war. What may be done or said no one can foresee, nor will we close our writing by a croaking speech. Only let us keep united, and trust not to man, and we have nothing to fear. Our real dangers can only spring within ourselves.

ART. VII.—*The Great World of London.* By HENRY MATHEW.
Parts 1—9. London: David Bogue.

AMONG the different races of which the vast population of England is composed, there is one which presents to any ordinary observer the most evident and indubitable marks of a complete isolation from the rest. Although legally united under the same form of government, entitled to the same privileges, and subjected to the same political burdens, the Irish are still as truly “aliens” in race, in religion, and in feeling, from the great mass of the British nation, as they were three hundred years ago. A settlement of Irish existed from time immemorial in London and elsewhere; but the influx from Ireland has immensely increased during the last fifty or sixty years. Long before the famine of 1846, they had dispersed themselves in large bodies over the country, searching for employment and the means of subsistence. The misery, the poverty, and the want which they had to endure at home; the hope of bettering their condition on the more

favoured soil of Britain; the demand for labour in the large mercantile and manufacturing cities, the attraction of the harvest and the hop gathering, the migratory spirit itself of the people, all these have been the causes of their surprising immigration into England. At present they form a large and an increasing portion of the lower population of the country. They are to be found almost everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land. We can form some idea of the vast multitudes of Irish in England, by bearing in mind that of the Catholic population of the country, which is every day swelling its numbers, the overwhelming majority are natives of Ireland. It was the complaint of the Roman satirist, that go where he would he was sure to meet with a hungry Greek.

“Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.”

And we can well imagine a sturdy and phlegmatic Saxon giving wrathful utterance to a similar lamentation with respect to the Irish. You meet them on the highways “tramping” the country, with a patience and a diligence worthy of a more profitable occupation. In the streets of London you encounter light-hearted and happy looking Irish boys, and you cannot but wonder at the strange destiny which has transplanted them from the rural scenes, and the holy wells, and the green fields, and the purple mountains of their native land into the midst of the busy Babylon of the world. The poor girls, who eke out a scanty subsistence by the sale of flowers, are, many of them, natives of Ireland. The stout hodder or bricklayer’s labourer has probably come from the county of Cork. The Irish have invaded the ancient trade of the English costermonger, usurped his rights, and carried off a portion of his profits. They are in the arsenal at Woolwich, in the factories of Norwich and Kent, in the farm houses of Essex and Sussex, in the market gardens near London, in the police and the army, and among those valiant sailors who guard our coasts from smugglers and the French. It is some destitute and friendless Irish girl, aged from sixteen to twenty years, who is maid of all work to the humblest class of London shopkeepers, as well as to that low grade of Jewish householders who inhabit the unaristocratic neighbourhood of Spitalfields. In a word, the lower class of Irish are to the rest of the population of

England what the Hebrews were to the Egyptians; with this material difference, that whereas the latter inhabited the most favoured part of Egypt, and ate the fatness of the land, the Irish are congregated together in the poorest, the most squalid, the most neglected, and the most destitute corners of our cities, while their food is very often the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table.* Or more properly, they are to the English what the Gabaonites were to the Israelites in Canaan; that is to say, they have become, by cruel misfortune, and by hard necessity, "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the proud Anglo-Saxon race.

It is this people, thus scattered throughout the land, and increasing every day in numbers and in importance, although occupying at present the lowest position in the scale of national estimation, which constitute the immediate and pressing charge of the Church. They are her children, and whatever be their faults or their shortcomings in other respects, at all events they cannot be accused of unfaithfulness to the profession of the Catholic faith. To the Church they have been steadfast, through good report and through evil report; and she has now to take them by the hand, to draw out, and to cultivate the good seed which her sacraments have planted in their souls; to educate them as well socially as religiously, and by means of them, and through them, to impress herself gradually, and favourably, upon the nation at large. It is, therefore, of the first moment, that all who are interested in the extension of the Catholic Church in England, should devote their very best efforts towards bringing into shape, and order, and discipline, that vast body of Catholics which is comprised within the Irish poor. But, in order to do this with profit, and with effect, we must understand those whom we would wish to influence and to train. The

* The Irish street-sellers, I am informed, buy two-thirds of all the refuse, the other third being purchased by the lower class of English costermongers,—“the illegitimates”—as they are called. We must not consider the sale of the damaged fruit so great an evil as it would, at the first blush, appear, for it constitutes perhaps the sole luxury of poor children, as well as of the poor themselves, who, were it not for the half-penny and farthing lots of the refuse-sellers, would doubtless never know the taste of such things.—*London Labour*, vol. i. p. 118.

Irish poor form a study by themselves. They have their own modes of thought, their own national character, their own ways of giving expression to their religious feelings, their own habits and their own prejudices. To deal with them to any purpose, we must be able both to understand their national character and their national peculiarities, and to some extent at least, be pre-disposed to sympathize with their feelings. We confess that whenever we discover in those who have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with them, an inaptitude to understand the Irish poor, and an incapability of appreciating them, we are always tempted to attribute it to one or other of these causes. It may proceed from the absence of that Catholic instinct which no mere education can bestow. Or it may be the result of a certain stiffness and severity of tone, which is to some extent common to the Catholics, no less than to the Protestants, of England; or it may be the effect of a refinement which almost amounts to a disease, which is fastidiously intolerant of all that does not correspond with its own peculiar type of religious propriety, and which is as little at its ease in the churches of Rome or Naples, as in dealing with the poor of Ireland. In addition to their other difficulties, the Irish in this country, as in America, have to contend with a prejudice universal against them. It is useless to deny the existence of such a prejudice, and it would be unfair and untrue to assert that it is founded upon the difference of religion alone. The Catholicity of the Irish, no doubt, magnifies and increases this national prejudice against them; but the prejudice itself existed when the two people were Catholic. It is a prejudice of race, not of religion, and it has its foundation in a natural difference of temperament, character, and disposition. But its effect with those who come in contact with the Irish is too frequently to render them incapable of producing any useful impression upon that people, because, incapable of putting themselves into the position of so different a race, unravelling their modes of thought, and seeing things from their own point of view. Thus they become to each other like men who are speaking in unknown tongues. Each party fails in his attempts to make the other comprehend his meaning, and each departs more and more strengthened and confirmed in his hereditary prejudices—the Irish longing for those who will be able to understand him, and the English more strongly

convinced than ever that all Irishmen are impracticable—are in fact nothing better than rogues, vagabonds, and liars.

We shall not, we trust, be considered presumptuous, if we confess that it is our desire in the present article to set the character of the Irish poor in its true light before our readers. We have no object to serve except the cause of truth, and justice, and charity. We acknowledge to entertain a genuine appreciation and admiration of the real Irish poor, especially as they are to be seen in their own country; but we are not going to be carried away by any mere sentiment of a natural liking. We shall state, with fairness and with candour, all that we honestly believe is to be said for, and all that is to be said against, the Irish in England. We shall not hide the good, nor shall we disown the bad. We shall endeavour to describe them to the best of our power, as they really are. And whatever conclusions we shall draw with respect to their claims upon our sympathy, and to their capabilities of improvement, shall be founded upon the actual character and condition of the people, such as we conscientiously believe, and shall show it to be.

I. Although the large masses of Irish which are to be met with in the great towns of England, are considered even by the lower classes of the English population to occupy a still lower grade in the social system than themselves, yet it can be shown by the most indisputable testimony that there is a remarkable difference between the two classes, so far as religion and as morals are concerned. The faith of the Irish is proverbial, and it is really marvellous. In Ireland, one of the most ancient Catholic countries in Europe, it appears at the present day, in all the freshness and joyousness of a first fervour, blended with the deep and tranquil convictions of a long hereditary Catholicism; and when the Irish poor migrate into this more prosperous country, they carry with them this one treasure, "more precious than rubies," which, as a body, they never part with. It is the bond of union which keeps them together, and which supports them under a thousand trials and temptations. It is neither a barren nor a dead faith, but the key which unlocks the doors of their hearts, and the spring which, in a certain sense, controls their thoughts and their actions. Of the Irish in England, as at home, it may be asserted with perfect truth, that they "live by

faith." They are in a peculiar and a striking way a supernatural people. They never lose sight of the unseen world. God and His Mother, and the Saints, are ever present with them. The Invisible is inseparably mixed up with their modes of speech as well as with their habits of thought. Were an angel from heaven in human form to enter one of the lordly palaces of London, when the town is crowded with the great and noble of the land, what reception would he encounter from those who know no superiors in the refinement of manners, and in material civilization? There can be no doubt that he would find himself very much out of place in the costly mansions of Belgrave and Grosvenor squares. Here and there, indeed, he might fall in with a stray convert lately reconciled to the Church, or he might meet with the scions of some ancient family, which had never abandoned the Catholic faith; but these encounters would be too few and far between to remove the uncomfortable strangeness of his position. For he would find himself in the midst of a class, rich in everything that this life can bestow, but miserably poor in all that relates to the life to come. He would find himself among a people wholly given up to the idolatry of the world; and he would discourse to them in an unknown tongue, and offend their taste, were he to begin and speak concerning the objective glory of God, to tell them of the rays of ineffable brightness which encircle the brows of the Madonna, of the happiness of the saints, of the holy souls continually passing from their temporary state of purgation into the eternal Presence of God, and of others yet detained in this sacred prison house, and "out of the depths" crying to their brethren upon the earth, to aid them by their alms and their prayers. But let him leave behind him all that grandeur and that magnificence, on which the world sets so high a value, and from the aristocratic halls of Belgravia let him pass to the crowded dens of the "mere Irish," and here—strange as it may appear—the angel and companion of the Most High will find himself at home. It is true that he will have to put up with the offensiveness of the Cork or the Connaught brogue, with no small amount of dirt, and with a total absence of "respectability;" but angels being unlike men, can better tolerate these little vulgarities. The angel of God will feel at home, not with the highest, but with the lowest of our vast population. In the Irish courts

he will be understood and appreciated, if he collect the poor people around him, and tell them of God, of Mary, and the Saints. Their Catholic instinct will detect in a moment the true messenger from heaven. Every ear will be eager to hear the tidings of the world unseen, and as his narrative increases in interest, many an eye will be moistened with a half-repressed tear of joy, and many a breast will throb with real emotion, and fervent will be the prayers for his blessing, and loud the acclamations of "Glory be to God," "Praised be His holy Name," and "the heavens be your bed."

Any one who is practically acquainted with the Irish poor knows how intimately religion and the faith forms the great idea of their lives. They are essentially a religious people, and their religion is the faith of the Holy Catholic Church. It would be impossible for them as a body, unless they become radically changed and corrupted, ever to become Protestants. They possess that quality of mind, which is a characteristic of all Catholic countries, but which perhaps in its highest development distinguishes the Spaniard and the Italian—namely, a theological cast of mind, which penetrates to the root of Catholic dogma, and sees clearly the impossibility of the truth of any other religion than the Catholic. The poor in this country, even more than at home, live in the midst of controversy. Wherever English and Irish work together, whether in the fields, the gardens, the dockyards or the factories, the Catholic religion is sure to be the subject of conversation, and the priest and the blessed Virgin the favourite objects of attack. Yet who ever heard of an Irishman giving an inappropriate answer? Who ever heard of his defending the worship of the Holy Virgin upon insufficient grounds? Too often he is illiterate, and too often he is ignorant of many things which he ought to know; but the fathers of Ephesus had not a more clear perception of the relation between the Mother and the Son, than the very humblest and least instructed of the Irish poor. What good, says the Protestant, can your Virgin Mary do for you, that you are continually praying to her? you know that she is not our Redeemer. True, is the short and the accurate reply of the poor Catholic, but then she is His Mother: and the profoundest theologian could not give a better, nor more conclusive answer. A loose sort of Presbyterian, disputing with an old Irish woman about our Blessed Lady,

observed in an irreverent manner, that he was surprised at the honor which Catholics pay to the Virgin Mary, because after all he did not see that she was any better than his mother or her own; to which the Irish woman replied, "Well at all events, if there be no difference between the mothers, there's a wonderful difference between the children." Another zealous Irish Catholic, being very anxious to secure the baptism of a little puny infant just born, its Protestant mother made no other objection to her wish, except that it was not worth while to take any trouble about such a poor little premature creature; to which the quick and ready answer, exhibiting at once the natural wit and instinctive theology of the Irish people—was, "that little creature as you call it, has a sowl as big as yours or mine." It is the same, if the matter in controversy be the unity of the Church, the Blessed Eucharist, or the Invocation of Saints. The Irish Catholic sees the doctrine with the clearness of a marvellous faith, and however he may reply to the objections of his opponent, his answers are sure to be theologically sound, and to the point. We have no doubt that the priests, both in England and Ireland, who are in constant communication with the people, could give innumerable illustrations in proof of what we have here asserted.

One of the most favourite objects of attack, in the daily controversies between Protestant and Catholic is the priest. He bears in his person the reproach of Christ. Every eye is directed towards him with an unfriendly or an inquisitive glance, as he passes along the streets, and every tongue is filled with his reproach. In England, more than in any other part of the civilized world, the Catholic priest has reason to feel the force and the consolation of our Saviour's words, "If the world hate you, ye know that it hateth ME before you." Now there is nothing which more readily excites the fiery zeal and anger of the Catholic poor, (and at the best of times they are very "near their passion,") than this incessant, never ending abuse of the priest. The Irish retain the most profound veneration for the Sacerdotal office and character. This veneration is in no way the effect of superstition, nor is it a mere personal feeling of attachment. It is strictly theological. They see in the priest a man clothed with the greatest, the most awful, and withal the most benign power which God ever committed to man. They see in him one on whose soul is

stamped the seal and character of that eternal Priesthood which is according to the order of Melchisedech, and they regard him as such. To them the priest is the "man of God," as the prophets were to the devout Israelites of old. As the "man of God" he is received with all the welcome of an Irish heart. As "the man of God" his blessing is eagerly and devoutly coveted; and in case of accident and sickness his benediction is more eagerly sought than the remedies of the doctor, and is often more effectual in working a cure. One might almost fancy that those early Christians, who laid the beds of their sick in the streets, in order that the shadow of Peter passing by, might overshadow them, or who brought aprons and handkerchiefs from touching St. Paul's body to lay upon the sick that they might recover, were natives of the Emerald Isle:—so identical is their Catholic instinct, their mutual neglect of all the laws of respectability, and their complete carelessness of what was due to themselves and to society—displayed, as it was, by such acts of bad taste, as dragging afflicted people in their beds into the public streets, and stripping themselves in their very churches and "upper rooms" of neckcloths and aprons!

It is natural, indeed, that some personal feeling should be mingled with this theological perception of the Sacerdotal character. The priest is the father and the friend to whom they naturally turn in all their cares and sorrows. He is a friend long tried and never found wanting. He has been for centuries almost the only person above their own condition in life upon whose disinterestedness they could place the most perfect reliance. For their sakes he has not hesitated to brave sickness or death, and what is often much harder to be borne—the scorn, contempt, and hatred of the world. He has protected them from assaults upon their religion, and he has dared to vindicate their social and their civil rights. He has stood between them and their oppressors, and he has brought down the malice of the powerful upon his own head, in order to screen from injustice his hapless flock. No wonder, therefore, that the hearts of the poor should beat with joy as the priest's footstep is heard to approach their lowly abodes; no wonder that they should shower down a thousand blessings upon his head in return for his Sacerdotal benediction; and no wonder that their countenances should light up with joy as he gives them a kind and a friendly recognition.

As in other countries, the little children run up to kiss the priest's hand as he passes by their dwelling, so even in the midst of Protestant London, the priest is instantly recognised by the Catholic children of Ireland, who vie with each other who shall be the first to give a glad and hearty salutation to "his rivirince." But whatever thoughts of home, or sudden emotions of joy at encountering a real and genuine friend in the midst of the cold atmosphere of a great Protestant city, may indeed be mixed up with the habitual veneration of Irish Catholics for their priest, these mere human feelings are not sufficient to account for the respect universally shown to them. Its root lies deeper. They see in the priest the anointed of the Lord ; and it is not for any personal reason, but on account of his spiritual consecration and character that he occupies so elevated a place in their religious minds. And it is perfectly consistent with this view of the reverence which an Irishman feels for his priest, that he should often exhibit a preference for the priests of his own country over those of any other. They naturally understand his habits of thought, and modes of expression in a way in which no foreigner can understand them ; and they thus command an amount of personal confidence on his part, which is a legitimate addition to the reverence felt for him in his Sacerdotal character.

We may here observe that those who have been brought up in the Protestant religion, and have afterwards received the singular and wonderful grace of reconciliation to the Church, will be the very first to admit that in certain points an hereditary has the advantage over an acquired Catholicity. The latter is in many instances distinguished for its great fervour, its spirit of sacrifice, its courageous severance of worldly ties for the love and the truth of God, its abilities, its practical energy, and its accurate knowledge of the temper and character of the people of this country ; but there are finer and deeper traits of Catholicity, the growth of years, and the result of the earliest training, in which it must ever feel its own deficiency. Such traits, for example, are simplicity and an absence of self-consciousness, a certain habitual quietness and gentleness of tone, a greater caution in permitting itself to speak about its neighbour, a good kind of scrupulousness, and this instinct of reverence for the priest, not because he is clever, or attractive, or gentlemanly, but because he is a priest of the Church. In an acquired Catholicity there is very often a

remarkable kindness and a remarkable courtesy towards the priests, and there is no want whatever of outward respect. Sometimes, indeed, there is much more of genuflection, and of such external forms, than you find even among the Irish. But along with all this, personal qualities and adventitious circumstances have unconsciously a greater influence on the minds of the latter class than of the former. There are no doubt many exceptions to this rule on either side, but still we think that we have stated what is true. The reverence for the priestly office, founded not on personal qualities, but on the theological dogma, will be found more indigenous in the old Catholic than in the convert; except, indeed, in those cases where the former is corrupted by a cowardly and unworthy assimilation to Protestantism. But no such assimilation can be found among the Irish poor. Although they are on all sides hemmed in by various sects of Protestants; although both here and in their own country, almost every conceivable effort has been made, and is still making, to change their Catholic fervour into Protestant stiffness, they are, notwithstanding, totally devoid of the least taint of Protestantism. It has not been able to make the smallest impression upon them. It is completely and altogether alien to their thoughts, feelings, and habits. In spite of all the Protestant schools which have been opened for their children, and of all the Protestant missionaries who have been sent to enlighten their darkness, and of all the Protestant tracts which have been distributed at their houses, they are as utterly unconscious of a single Protestant idea as those happy peasants of Italy, to whose simple minds the Protestant is some rare and ungainly species of infidel. In the Irish poor, therefore, you will find this quality of an ancient and hereditary Catholicism. You will find them, indeed, with their likings and dislikings, like all the rest of the world; but deeper than these transitory feelings, you will find a genuine reverence for the priest of God, *as such*, in full vigour and energy, as a living portion of their wonderful faith.

It is another effect of the influence which religion holds upon their minds, that they will often make incredible exertions to hear Mass and attend to their duties. Many are the hardships to which poor servant girls expose themselves through their endeavours to go out on a Sunday morning to hear Mass. And unknown or unnoticed by

any human eye, many a silent tear is shed by the Irish domestics of the lowest class of Jewish tradesmen, because their mistress treats them with more than usual harshness upon the Christian Sunday, and rarely can they steal even half an hour in the early morning to make a brief and hurried visit to the nearest chapel. In the country men and women think nothing of walking many miles to hear Mass. They will walk nine, ten, and even twelve miles, that they may be present at Mass in the nearest Catholic chapel, and be regular in doing this on every fine Sunday throughout the year. In this respect they resemble the Presbyterian peasantry of Scotland, who will also walk a great distance through the desire to hear a sermon. But we have never heard of any Presbyterian walking many miles without food, whereas it is a matter of every week's occurrence with the Irish, even those who are advanced in years, to walk long distances fasting, in order that they may go to Communion. And as they are thus assiduous in their exertions to assist at the holy sacrifice, so are they especially careful to secure baptism for their children, and the last sacraments for themselves and their relatives. Very few Catholic natives of Ireland pass from this world without the last sacraments. They send for the priest even upon the most trivial occasions. If they have a pain in their finger, or an unusual attack of lowness of spirits, whatever be the hour of the day or night, the priest is summoned to the bed-side, and frequently discovers—almost to his disappointment—that there is nothing whatever the matter with them. This eagerness in sending for the priest is doubtless the excess of a right principle, and is attended sometimes with serious inconvenience to those to whom every moment of time is precious; but it is an excess on the right side; and it is far better that a priest should now and then be put to a vexatious annoyance, than that the people should become careless in a matter of great consequence to the salvation of their souls. As to baptism, it is very seldom that an Irish Catholic neglects to secure the baptism of his children. This is a point about which even the most negligent Catholics are careful. Those who are married to Protestant husbands, and whose children are often baptised by the Protestant minister, will bring their children privately, and without the knowledge of their husbands, to the Catholic priest, that they may be conditionally and rightfully baptised. And many a little

saint now in heaven owes his salvation to the faith and the piety of some poor Irish servant, who procured for him a blessing which his own parents despised or neglected.

It has been often remarked that the poor make far greater sacrifices to assist one another, and are more liberal and charitable than the rich. This, as a general rule, applies to the poor of all religions, and is, in its measure, as true of the Protestant as of the Catholic. Examples frequently occur, even among the English poor, of great kindness to their neighbour in the hour of sickness and distress. We have known instances in which the greatest tenderness and attention was shown to sick neighbours, by the English poor, attended even with imminent risk to their own lives; and where acts of affection and charity were performed which were worthy of a Catholic people. But the Catholic poor from Ireland are without question pre-eminent for their charity and benevolence one to another. They will never send away a poor man from their doors without giving him something for the love of God. They lend each other money in their necessities, and that too, when the lender can ill afford to part with it. They lend each other not only money, but clothes—bonnets and gowns, and shawls, and even shoes, in order that the borrower may be able to go decently to mass. They make great sacrifices, by living sparingly and denying themselves many a little comfort which they might otherwise enjoy in order to lay up money for the purpose of sending assistance to parents, brothers, sisters, and cousins. Incredible sums of money are annually sent by the Irish from England and America to their poor relatives at home. They hold “raffles,” not for the sake of amusement nor of gain, but in order to make up a collection when one of their neighbours is about to get married, or has hired a new house and wants money to fit it up, or wishes to try his fortunes in America, or to return back to Ireland. In these, and in many other ways besides, they are continually aiding and supporting each other, giving of their penury, redeeming their sins, and laying up for themselves treasure in heaven. And it is in this way that their alms and charities are often not only far more abundant, but likewise far more meritorious, than those of the rich. There are many rich Protestants, and many rich Catholics, who give liberally and abundantly to what they consider to be calls of charity. But it is very hard for those

who are "clothed in purple and fine linen, and who fare sumptuously every day," to realize in any practical way the wants and the distresses of the poor. They set aside a certain portion of their yearly income—and it may be a liberal portion—and they distribute this in works of charity. But they can have little actual acquaintance with the daily condition of the poor, and they can hardly be called on to make the constant and self-denying sacrifices which the poor make every day for the sake of one another. They do not know what it is to come home after a long day's hard work, and to be suddenly called upon to share an already too scanty meal with a hungry stranger. They do not know what it is to deprive themselves of absolute necessities of food and raiment, that they may help a sick parent, or assist a more needy neighbour. Nor can they know what it is to part with the very clothes from off their own backs, that they may clothe those still more naked and destitute. O there will be a wonderful change of position when rich and poor meet together in heaven. *Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.* The high and the noble, and the rich and the "respectable," will have to give way, and to take a place lower than those who are here the offscouring of the earth. It will be a great revolution.

But the charity of the Irish Catholic poor is not restricted to aiding the necessities of their poorer relatives and neighbours. From their scanty and precarious earnings they give largely and liberally to the service of religion. They support our priests and build our churches. Speaking relatively, they give far more than the rich in retributions for masses, and in other acts of almsgiving. Mr. Kelly, writing to the editor of the Weekly Register, with reference to his new church in the Commercial Road, says, "With a few trifling exceptions in remote years, added to the amount received from benefactors the last two or three years, it may be truly said that the purchase of the ground, walling in, and law expenses, and the building of the church, up to the present time, have been paid for by the pence of the poor." And the Catholic priest of Alderney, writing in the same paper, informs us that altogether there are 500 French Catholics in his mission, yet they contribute nothing to the Church. He is supported entirely by the Irish poor. The same testimony, we are confident, will be given by all those priests who have knowledge or expe-

rience of the Irish poor. Many will remember instances in which the poor have hoarded up money, amounting sometimes to large sums, that they might have it laid out in the adornment of the Altar of God, or bestowed in some other way in promoting His glory; and no greater affront could be offered to them than a refusal to accept these gifts. In fact, the greatest blow and heaviest discouragement which could befall the Church in this country, would be the withdrawal from it of the Irish poor. It is very well to have rich people; they are of great utility, if they are really good and generous, and their reward hereafter will be abundant; but after all, it is the poor who constitute the real bulwark of the Church. They support it by their prayers, by their faith, by their patience, by their sacrifices, by their sufferings, and by their generous offerings from scanty and hard-earned wages.

In noticing another effect which the Catholic faith has impressed upon the Irish poor, we desire to advance nothing that is in any way exaggerated or beyond the strict limit of experience and of fact. Human nature is the same, whether it be found in Catholics or in Protestants, its desires, its passions, its evil inclinations, are the same, and the temptations to commit the common sins of uncleanness act as powerfully upon the one as upon the other. No greater theological mistake can be committed than that of representing the Catholic Church in some such light as the Donatists imagined the ideal community to which they applied its name. The Church is as a net cast into the sea, which gathers of every kind. It will be without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, when it has put off its present mortality, and entered upon its state of glory in heaven; but so long as its members are composed of flesh and blood, a corrupt nature, and a weak will, it will be grieved and troubled by the presence of sin within its fold; it will have to lament the crimes and the scandals of its children, no less than to rejoice in the virtues and graces of its heroes. We shall therefore find among the Catholic poor, as well as others, too numerous and too painful cases of sins against chastity and purity. A certain proportion of those unhappy creatures, who disgrace the streets of our large towns by the public profession of the most degrading form of impurity are, alas! lost children of the Catholic Church, and natives of Catholic Ireland; although what proportion these poor women may bear to the entire

number of the same class we have been unable to ascertain. All we can say is that they form a minority ; and as far as we have been able to learn, they have fallen into this miserable life, from one or other of the following causes. Sometimes they are Irish, born in England, and they have been driven into the streets, in consequence of the cruelty, the neglect, and the mismanagement of their parents. Sometimes it is a step-father or step-mother who refuses to give them support ; and as Irish girls often find it difficult to get places, they are thus thrown upon the wide world, without a home, or friend, or even a piece of bread to keep them from starving. Sometimes, simple and ignorant girls come over to this country in the vain hope of an honest livelihood ; and they are immediately entrapped into some loathsome den of vice by those demons in human form who trade upon the ruin of the souls and bodies of their fellow creatures. This at least is the experience of those who have had the best opportunities of forming a correct judgment upon the matter. “ They send them,” we have been informed in a private communication, “ over to this wicked city ignorant and simple to look for work, and they seem to get into mischief from want. There is, however, with them a foundation of faith and religion, however dormant, which once roused, easily leads them to make any atonement for the past.”

In estimating then the purity of the Irish poor, we are bound in justice to make a fair deduction for those cases of scandal and of sin which do really exist among them. But when we have made this deduction, the genuine and the sincere purity of the Irish people will still be the most remarkable feature in their character. Purity is the rule ; impurity the exception. There are certain kinds of sin which are almost wholly unknown among them. A young woman dreads nothing so much as bringing disgrace upon herself and upon her family. Mothers in general take great care of their daughters in this respect. Their elders and companions in the same court or village, counsel, advise, and watch over them, should they be living with strangers and apart from their immediate relations. They will endeavour to keep them at home in the evenings, restrain them from frequenting the low theatres and other places of amusement, and caution them against keeping company with the loose “ English” around them. Rarely does it happen that an Irish girl forms any improper connection previous

to her marriage; and more rarely still is there any infidelity in the married state. In a word, before an Irish Catholic girl has lost her self-respect, and plunged into vice, she must have broken through some of the most powerful restraints, both of religion and of association. She must long have neglected the ordinary duties of the Catholic life—her prayers, mass, confession, and communion. She must have exhibited an obstinate and disobedient spirit towards her parents, joined with a contemptuous disregard of their admonitions and authority, not very usual with the Irish. She must have disconnected herself from all her well conducted associates and companions. She must have done no little violence to her own deep-seated knowledge of duty and sense of right; and she must have had the effrontery to fly in the face of that “public spirit,” which on all these matters exists to a very high degree among the Irish Catholic poor. So long as an Irish girl is in any way true to herself, she has everything to keep her from going wrong. Her own religious feelings, and those of her relatives and friends, alike contribute to preserve her from vice. However little instruction she may have received, at least she has learnt to entertain a fear of this one sin. Often and often are these poor creatures exposed to great and violent temptations. Want, and poverty, and wretchedness, and misery, are in general no good school wherein to acquire and to preserve the unearthly jewel of a pure heart, and yet, where is the poverty greater than that of the Irish? They come over to this country, searching for the means of subsistence. Unknown and friendless, almost every door is closed against them. “No Irish need apply” is the motto and the rule of many a Catholic, as well as Protestant family. Friendless and houseless, not unfrequently their only home is the open canopy of heaven, and their only bed the cold pavement of the street. Not unfrequently worn with care and disappointment, they cast themselves down at the inhospitable gates of some city union, or take rest for the night in some deserted barn in the country; but in the midst of their desolation, the Hand of Almighty God is over them, and His angels cover them with an invisible protection, as they shielded Agnes and Agatha in the times of old. An evil thought, or an unholy suggestion, is not suffered to approach them; the midnight spirit of impurity passes them by, leaving them unassailed, and

the shadow of the Almighty shelters them from harm. "*Scuto circumdabit te veritas ejus; non timebis a timore nocturno. A sagitta volante in die, a negotio perambulante in tenebris; ab incursu, et dæmonio meridiano; Quoniam angelis suis mandavit de te: ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis.*"

Nor can it be maintained that this remarkable purity of the Catholic poor can be ascribed to causes which are purely natural. We are sometimes told by those who cannot deny the facts, and yet strive to avert their force, that this absence of impurity in the women of Catholic Ireland, is the result of a natural coldness of temperament in the character of the race. But nothing can be more preposterous than such an hypothesis. It is destitute of the faintest support in experience or fact. For, in the first place, human nature is always substantially the same, and to no sins is it more naturally inclined than to the sins of the flesh. And secondly, the Irish are an imaginative, an irascible, and, as is often said, an unstable people; and surely, these are the very qualities which, more than any others, predispose to sins against purity. Lastly, the Irish are, virtually, the same race as the Welsh. They belong to different branches of the same Celtic stock; and yet the Welsh are known to be the most immoral people in Europe, excepting, perhaps, the Swedes. No. It is no difference of race or temperament which has created this remarkable feature in the Irish character. It is not radical or national. It is religious. It is the Catholic faith which makes them, as a body, chaste and pure. It is the tone of mind formed by the Catholic religion, the restraints imposed by her teaching and control, the innocence cherished by her sacraments,—it is this, and this alone, which makes the Irish coster-girl of London differ from her Protestant companions in trade, and the Irish women in general, simple and pure, in the midst of surrounding vice and filthiness.

What has been advanced already we have no hesitation in asserting, can be corroborated by almost any one who has any real acquaintance with the Irish in England. There are priests in London, and other large towns throughout the country, men of long experience, who have laboured for years in the poorest parts of those towns, who will testify to the accuracy and truth of all that we have said. But we prefer to call in the aid of a witness, whose

testimony is beyond all suspicion, because he is neither an Irishman nor a Catholic, and because the interests involved in his publications are in no way promoted by the descriptions he has given of the Irish in England. There are those who would like his works all the better if they contained some round abuse of the Catholic poor, and if they magnified and dwelt upon their faults and failings, without any mention of their good qualities. We cannot, therefore, refer to a more unexceptionable, and a more trustworthy witness, than Mr. Henry Mayhew, a Protestant gentleman, who has made the condition, the habits, the prejudices, and the opinions of the poor in London his particular study. This witness has the further advantage of being already well and favourably known to the public. Almost every one is acquainted with his extremely interesting work on *London Labour and the London Poor*, which was reviewed a few years ago in this Magazine, and from whose pages we shall now make a few extracts, already perhaps familiar to our readers, but which they will not be reluctant to peruse a second time, in confirmation of the opinions we have advanced.

In his inquiries into the condition of the Irish poor, Mr. Mayhew found that—

“Almost all the street Irish are Roman Catholics. . . . I found,” he says, “that some of the Irish Roman Catholics, but they had been for many years resident in England, and that among the poorest or vagrant class of the English, had become indifferent to their creed, and did not attend their chapels, unless at the great feasts or festivals, and this they did only occasionally. . . . One Irishman, a fruit seller, with a well-stocked barrow, and without the complaint of poverty, common among his class, entered keenly into the subject of his religious faith when I introduced it. He was born in Ireland, but had been in England since he was five or six. He was a good looking, fresh-coloured man, of thirty or upwards, and could read and write well. He spoke without bitterness, though zealously enough. ‘Perhaps, Sir, you are a gentleman connected with the Protestant clergy,’ he asked, ‘or a missionary?’ On my stating that I had no claim to either character, he resumed; ‘will, Sir, it don’t matter. All the worruld may know my riligion, and I wish all the worruld was of my riligion and betther miu in it than I am; I do indeed. I’m a Roman Catholic, Sir, (here he made the sign of the cross) God be praised for it! O yis, I know all about Cardinal Wiseman. It’s the will of God, I feel sure that he’s to be ’stablished here, and it’s no use ribillin’ against that. I’ve nothing to say against Protistants. I’ve heard it said, it’s best to pray for them.’

‘The street people that call themselves protistints are no riligion at all at all. I serrave Protistant gintlemin and ladies too, and sometimes they talk to me kindly about riligion. They’re good custhomers, and I have no doubt good people. I can’t say what their lot may be in another worruld for not being of the true faith. No Sir, I’ll give no opinions—none.’

“This man gave me a clear account of his belief that the Blessed Virgin (he crossed himself repeatedly as he spoke) was the Mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, and was a mediator with our Lord, who was God of heaven and earth, of the duty of praying to the holy saints, of attending mass—(‘but the priest,’ he said, ‘wont exact too much of a poor man, either about that or about fasting’)—of going to confession at Easter and Christmas times at the least—of receiving the body of Christ, ‘the rale prisince’ in the holy Sacrament—of keeping all God’s Commandments—of purgatory being a purgation of sins—and of heaven and hell. I found the majority of those I spoke with, at least as earnest in their faith, if they were not as well instructed in it as my informant, who may be cited as an example of the better class of street sellers.”—P. 107, vol. 1.

Mr. Mayhew encountered a less favourable specimen of an Irish emigrant in the person of “a very melancholy looking man, tall and spare, and decently clad,” who gave him a correct account of his faith, but with hesitation, and who evidently felt rather spitefully than otherwise against Cardinal Wiseman. Had he been a gentleman he would have been a moderate Catholic, and a devoted admirer of Dublin Castle and “the Lord Lieutenant.”

Mr. Mayhew next describes the religious zeal of the Irish whom he visited.

“As I was anxious to witness the religious zeal that characterizes these people, I obtained permission to follow one of the priests as he made his rounds among his flock. Everywhere the people ran out to meet him. He had just returned to them I found, and the news spread round, and women crowded to their door-steps, and came creeping up from the cellars through the trap-doors, merely to curtesy to him. One old crone as he passed cried: ‘You’re a good father. Heaven comfort you,’ and the boys playing about stood still to watch him. A lad in a man’s tail-coat and a shirt collar that nearly covered in his head—like the paper round a bouquet—was fortunate enough to be noticed, and his eyes sparkled, as he touched his hair, at each word he spoke in answer. At a conversation that took place between the priest and a woman who kept a dry fish stall, the dame excused herself for not having been up to take tea ‘with his riverince’s mother lately, for thrade had been so busy, and night was the fullest time.’ Even as the priest

walked along the streets, boys running at full speed would pull up to touch their hair, and the stall-women would rise from their baskets; while all noises—even a quarrel—ceased until he had passed by. Still there was no look of fear in the people. He called them all by their names, and asked after their families, and once or twice ‘the father’ was taken aside, and held by the button while some point that required his advice was whispered in his ear.

“The religious fervour of the people whom I saw was intense. At one house that I entered the woman set me marvelling at the strength of her zeal, by showing me how she contrived to have in her sitting-room a sanctuary to pray before every night and morning, and even in the day, ‘when she felt weary and lonesome.’ The room was rudely enough furnished, and the only decent table was covered with a new piece of varnished cloth. Still, before a rude print of our Saviour, there were placed two old plated candlesticks, pink, with the copper shining through: and here it was that she told her beads. In her bedroom, too, was a coloured engraving of ‘the Blessed Lady,’ which she never passed without curtesying to.

“Of course [continues our author] I detail these matters as mere facts, without desiring to offer any opinion here, either as to the benefit or otherwise of the creed in question. As I had shewn how the English costermonger neither had nor knew any religion whatever, it became my duty to give the reader a view of the religion of the Irish street-sellers. In order to be able to do so as truthfully as possible, I placed myself in communication with those parties who were in a position to give me the best information on the subject. The result is given above, in all the simplicity and impartiality of history.”—Vol. i. p. 108.

Speaking of the women street-sellers of London, Mr. Mayhew thus describes the state of religion amongst them:

“As regards the religion of the women in street trades, it is not difficult to describe it. The Irish women are Roman Catholics. Perhaps I am justified in saying that they are all of that faith. . . . The poor Irish females in London are for the most part regular in their attendance at mass, and their constant association in their chapels is one of the links which keeps the street-Irish women so much distinct from the street-English. In the going to, and returning from, the Roman Catholic Chapels, there is among these people—I was told by one of the most intelligent of them—a talk of family and secular matters—of the present too high price of oranges to leave full sixpence a day at two-a-penny, and the probable time when cherries would be ‘in’ and cheap ‘plaze God to prosper them.’ In these colloquies, there is an absence of any interference by English street-sellers, and an unity of conversation and interest peculiarly Irish. It is thus that the tie of religion,

working with the other causes, keeps the Irish in the London streets knitted to their own ways, and is likely to keep them so, and perhaps to add to their numbers.

“It was necessary to write somewhat at length of so large a class of women who *are* professors of a religion, but of the others the details may be brief; for as to the great majority, religion is almost a nonentity. . . . A few women street-sellers, however, *do* attend the Sunday Service of the Church of England. . . . A few others, perhaps about an equal number, attend dissenting places of worship of the various denominations—the methodist chapels comprising more than half. If I may venture upon a calculation founded on the result of my inquiries, and on the information of others who felt an interest in the matter, I should say that about five female street-sellers attended Protestant places of worship in the ratio of a hundred attending the Roman Catholic chapels.”—Vol. i. p. 461.

“The testimony of this writer, who has certainly had great opportunities of arriving at the truth, will further corroborate what we have said (upon grounds altogether independent of his work) with respect to the difficulties and trials of poor Irish servant girls, in their endeavours to attend to their religious duties.

“There is, moreover, another cause which almost compels the young Irish girl into the adoption of some street calling. A peevish mistress, whose numerous family renders a servant necessary, but whose means are small or precarious, becomes bitterly dissatisfied with the awkwardness or stupidity of her Irish handmaiden; the girl’s going, or ‘teasing to go,’ every Sunday morning to mass is annoying, and the girl is often discharged or discharges herself ‘in a huff.’ The mistress, perhaps with the low tyranny dear to vulgar minds, refuses her servant a character, or in giving one, suppresses any good qualities, and exaggerates the failings, of impudence, laziness, lying and dirtiness. Thus the girl cannot obtain another situation, and perforce perhaps she becomes a street-seller.”—Vol. i. p. 460.

Here is the account of one of these street-sellers, who had been in service:—

“Some of my places were very harrud, but shure, again, I met some as was very kind. I left one because they was always wanting me to go to a methodist chapel, and was always running down my religion, and did all they could to hinder my ever going to mass. They would hardly pay me when I left, because I wouldn’t listen to them, they said,—the haythens!—when they would have saved my soul. *They save my soul, indeed! The likes o’ thim!*”—Vol. i. p. 467.

As to the morality of the Irish women, the testimony of Mr. Mayhew confirms in a remarkable manner all that we have asserted. Of the women and girls who sell fruit in the streets, he says, that they “present two characteristics which distinguish them from the London costerwomen generally—they are chaste, and unlike ‘the coster-girls,’ very seldom form any connection without the sanction of the marriage-tie. They are moreover, attentive to religious observances.”—vol. i. p. 104.

Again—the amusements of the street Irish are not those of the English costermongers, though there are exceptions, of course, to the remark. *The Irish fathers and mothers do not allow their daughters, even when they possess the means, to resort to the “penny gaffs” or “the twopenny hops” unaccompanied by them.*.....I may here observe, in reference to the statement that Irish parents will not expose their daughters to the risk of what they consider corrupt influences—that when a young Irishwoman *does* break through the pale of chastity, she often becomes, as I was assured, one of the most violent and depraved of, perhaps, *the* most depraved class.—p. 109.

“The difference in the street traffic, as carried on by Englishwomen and Irishwomen is marked enough. The Irishwoman’s avocations are the least skilled and the least remunerative, but as regards mere toil, such as the carrying of a heavy burthen, are by far the most laborious. . . The Irishwoman more readily unites begging with selling than the Englishwoman, and is far more fluent and even eloquent. She pays less regard to truth but she unquestionably pays a greater regard to chastity. When the uneducated Irishwoman, however, has fallen into licentious ways, she is, as I once heard it expressed, the most ‘savagely wicked’ of any.”—P. 458.

“The single women in the street callings are generally the daughters of street-sellers, but their number is not a twentieth of the others, excepting they are the daughters of Irish parents. The costermongers’ daughters either help their parents, with whom they reside, or carry on some similar trade; or they even form connections with the other sex, and easily sever the parental tie, which very probably has been far too lax or far too severe. . . . With the Irish girls the case is different; brought up to a street life, used to whine and blarney, they grow up to womanhood in street-selling, and as they rarely form impure connections, and as no one may be induced to offer them marriage, their life is often one of street celibacy.”—Vol. i. p. 459.

In making the following extract we do not of course

intend to justify the wild anger and the semi-barbarous revenge of a half drunken and ignorant man, but we use it as a remarkable illustration of the popular sense of the degradation brought upon all the members of a family, when one of the girls goes wrong. It is remarkable in two respects. 1st. Natural affection is usually so strong among the Irish that nothing except a deep sense of wrong and shame could root it out of the heart even of a half drunken wretch; and 2nd. the people, although terrified at the wild vengeance of the brother, do not interfere or say a word to the contrary. So strongly do they feel that the young woman deserved the curse of God for the disgrace she had brought upon herself and others.

The Irish servant whose testimony we have quoted with respect to the difficulty which people in her position find in attempting to attend Mass, gives to Mr. Mayhew the following scene from her early life. Her father, she says, died from the effects of a broken leg.

“Mother wasn’t long after him, and on her death-bed she said, so low I could hardly hear her, ‘Mary, my darlint, if you starruve, be vartuous. Rimimber poor Illen’s funeral.’ When I was quite a child, Sir, I went wid mother to a funeral—she was a relation—and it was of a young woman that died after her child had been borren a fortnight, and she wasn’t married; that was Illen. Her body was brought out of the Lying-in Hospital—I’ve often heard spake of it since—and was in the Churchyard to be buried; and her brother, that hadn’t seen her for a long time, came and wanted to see her in her coffin, and they took the lid off, and then he currused her in her coffin afore hus; she’d been so wicked. But he wasn’t a good man hisself, and was in dhrink too; still nobody said anything, and he walked away. It made me ill to see Illen in her coffin, and hear him curruse, and I’ve remimbered it ever since.”—
Vol. i. p. 466.

It is unnecessary to adduce the testimony of Mr. Mayhew to corroborate our assertions with respect to the mutual charity of the Catholic poor towards one another. The fact is universally admitted, and is often the subject of conversation among the English poor, who although as we have said, frequently extremely kind and charitable to their neighbours, have no bond of association which keeps them together, and makes them ready to submit to pecuniary sacrifices for their still poorer brethren, as we find among the Irish. “‘Tell me,’” said a Protestant tradesman to a very intelligent young Catholic journeyman,

“Tell me, how it is, that you Irish keep so much together, and help one another with money and assistance when you are in need? why there is nothing of the kind amongst us?” “It is,” replied the Catholic, “because we are all one; we all belong to one Church, and hold the one faith, whereas your people are split up into different parties.” “I don’t like the Irish,” said an English costermonger to Mr. Mayhew, “but they *do* stick to one another far more than we do.” “I think,” said another costermonger, “there is a family contract among the Irish, that’s where it is.”

But we should not do full justice to this division of our subject if, before turning to the less pleasing side of the picture, we did not say a few words about the known fidelity of the people to the Catholic religion. It is difficult for those who are not in the same class of life to estimate, in a true measure, the sufferings to which the poor are exposed every day, and every hour of their lives, on account of their faith. It debars them not merely from advantageous positions and profitable employments, but frequently from the very means of subsistence. The Catholic servant is either driven to a street life, because her conscience will not permit her to conform to the oppressive requirements of her situation, or she is subjected in retaining it to a series of petty and harassing persecutions, the hardship of which can with difficulty be estimated by those who are not acquainted with all the facts of the case. We speak with certain knowledge when we say that many poor Catholic female servants annually relinquish their places in Protestant, and especially in Jewish families, in order to discharge their Easter obligations. In fact, the Catholic religion is everywhere spoken against, and the poor have to realise, in all its sternness, the cross which the Faith has commanded them to carry. “Ye shall be hated by all men for my name’s sake.” All the rich gifts annually distributed among the poor at Christmas and other seasons, are withheld from the poor Catholic, not because he is Irish, (for the English are too generous to restrict their benevolence within a narrow nationality,) but because they cannot be given to those who are not Protestants of one kind or another. The least unfaithfulness would be certain to secure some of these gifts and advantages. A clever or intelligent young man or woman would be taken up by the missionaries, the Pro-

testant curates, and the benevolent gentlemen of the Evangelical Alliance, if he merely hinted a secret distrust of his Church, and offered to listen to Protestant instruction. The poor know this well. England stands before them with a loaf in one hand and in the other a scroll, with the word Apostasy in large characters written upon it. They have poverty, and want, and sickness in their homes. The winter is severe, work is slack, the children are half starving—tall boys and strong girls sit with listless apathy and a vacant gaze, meditating as it were upon their want and wretchedness—the fathers and mothers know not where to turn for food to fill their hungry mouths, or for clothes to cover their nakedness. One word would suffice in many and many a case to alter their temporal position. From want they would be changed to plenty and to comfort. If they would only allow their names to appear in the next report of the city missionaries—if they would become members of some Baptist, Methodist, Independent, Mormonite, or Church of England congregation—if they would malign their priests and blaspheme the Mother of God—whatever else they might lose, at all events they would be gainers for the present, so far as money, and clothes, and employment are a gain. Yet the cases of apostasy are fewer than are commonly supposed, for hard, indeed, is it to overcome the tenacity of an Irishman's faith. He will sometimes, alas, permit himself, under the pressure of grinding want, to be carried to the verge of open apostasy; but we believe that the instances are comparatively rare in which he actually oversteps the boundary line. He may indeed allow his name to swell the proselyting statistics of some reformation society, and himself to be paraded, to his own deep shame, before a gaping Protestant congregation; but so long as he stops short of the extreme and final step which separates him from the communion of the Church, there is a hope, which we believe in the great majority of cases is eventually realised, that he will repent of his great sin when his end is in prospect, and will die a reconciled penitent in Catholic unity. But the mass of the people, considered as a class, are, without question, faithful to the Church. Their faith has hitherto stood the severest temptations, and it has stood unmoved. The rain descended, and the floods came, and beat against it, and it fell not, because it was founded upon a rock. And therefore among the most prominent characteristics

of the Catholic Irish poor, we must always ascribe a place of proud pre-eminence to the unbroken fidelity of a faith a thousand years old.

Nor can it be said that the steadfastness of the Irish to the Catholic religion is the result of national sympathies and national prejudices; that it is a political as fully as much as a religious feeling; and that the Celtic dislike of Protestantism has its foundation in a Celtic antipathy to the Anglo Saxon race. Of all the calumnies raised from time to time against the Irish poor, none is more groundless nor more unfair than this one. They are much more likely to forget their country than to forget their faith: and it would be much nearer the mark to say that they are Irish because they are Catholics, than that they are Catholics because they are Irish. We are no friends to nationality, wherever it is to be met with, whether it be English, or Irish, or French. There is only one nationality which is not only consistent with, but is in some degree a real portion of true Catholicism. The more Roman a people is in its principles, its attachments, and its sympathies, the more thoroughly is it Catholic. And the reason of this is, because Rome is the centre and the source of Catholicism. It is the fountain from which faith and discipline, and rite and ceremony, alike emanate. It is the city and the *nation* of the Church, and it is impossible to be in heart and soul devoted to the Church, without being in heart and soul devoted to Rome. But all other nationalities are aberrations from the true development of a Catholic spirit, and they are therefore always to be kept in check, and, if possible rooted out. If, then, there be any nationality in the religious temper and spirit of the Irish, we neither defend, approve, nor excuse it. By all means away with it, cut it down and trample it under foot. But this "nationality," whatever it be, has nothing to do with the fervour and the stability of their faith. And however extensive may be their Anti-Saxon prejudices, these prejudices are not allowed to intrude themselves into the domain of religion. The Irish may wish to avenge themselves on England for the tyranny and ill-usage of many centuries; but their revenge is that of a Christian people. They would wish to introduce, as they are doing, the Catholic religion into the land, and to win over to its pale, those who now live and die in hostility to its sacred influ-

ences. They would do to England what in ancient times Greece did to Rome :—

“ *Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.*”

They would build churches, plant missions, make known the mysteries of the faith, and win back to the Catholic communion a race which had once been one of its brightest ornaments. And this we are convinced is the only revenge, as it is the sweetest and holiest, that they would wish to take. The least practical acquaintance with the manners and dispositions of the real Irish poor, would be sufficient to prove the truth of what we now say. When one of their neighbours or acquaintances is converted to the Church, you will see in their manners and expressions the marks of the most genuine joy and satisfaction. If he be on a sick bed at the time of his conversion, or in danger of death, they will say, “ And sure then its a comfort that he has been received, for now we can pray for him,” that is, in the event of his death. Moreover, none rejoice more sincerely at the numerous conversions that are taking place among the higher classes of this country than do the poor Irish. And by whom, too, have the English converts been received with greater enthusiasm, and with a gladder welcome, than by the Catholics of Ireland? Witness the crowds which flocked from all parts to hear the sermons of any of our more distinguished converts who have visited Ireland. Witness the profound reverence paid to Dr. Newman, and the high estimation in which he is held, we do not say by the dignitaries of the Church, for this is only natural, but by the vast body of the poor of Ireland. It is a well-known fact that no preacher is a greater favourite with the poor Irish than Dr. Newman;—a remarkable evidence, indeed, of that high and delicate perception of theological power, and that deep appreciation of personal sanctity, which characterises them, when we remember that Dr. Newman’s style of preaching, however attractive to the educated and refined, is not of that peculiar kind which is generally thought most likely to work upon the feelings of a fervid people. Truly these are proofs, if any proof be needed, of the absurdity of the calumny to which we have referred. No, you have wrested from the Irish their lands, their homes, their churches, and their religious establishments. You have made them exiles and wanderers over the face of the

earth. You have kept them in a condition of the lowest servitude for many centuries. You have reduced them to want, and misery, and degradation, and now you will crown your deeds of injustice by attempting to rob them of that which constitutes their glory and their crown. You would make the fidelity which has resisted the gold of England, and which has remained unmoved in the midst of famine and starvation, the miserable effect of a mere national antipathy. You would degrade a rare and wonderful supernatural gift into an unworthy and unchristian prejudice. This is certainly to add insult to injury, and it not only is unsupported by the faintest testimony or fact, but the thought itself is in every way unworthy of a generous mind. Whatever else may be the faults of Ireland, at least we must acknowledge with thankfulness, that as a body her people have been, and are, faithful to the Church.

II.—It is with a heavy heart that we turn from the more agreeable picture of the Catholic poor, to fulfil our promise of stating plainly and honestly all that is to be said *against*, as well as all that is to be said *for* the Irish in England. And first then, it is a melancholy, but indisputable, fact, that a large proportion of the juvenile thieves of London are “Irish Cockneys,” that is, the children of Irish parents born in London. We make this statement on the authority of Mr. Mayhew, in his extremely interesting and valuable description of “*the Great World of London*,” now in course of publication. Nothing can be fairer nor more free from the vulgar prejudices encouraged by “Exeter Hall” and its followers, than the tone in which Mr. Mayhew writes about Irish crime.—He states the fact which is incontestable, but he also adds explanations of the fact which to some extent at least, account for the disproportion between the Irish and other thieves. The English law which in matters affecting life and death is so majestic and so just, is in lesser things too frequently arbitrary and severe, and as administered by a magistracy neither over enlightened nor over refined, often degenerates into positive injustice and tyranny, and is frequently made subservient to the vulgar prejudices and accidental humours of some coarse city magistrate or some ignorant country squire. Many of our juvenile offenders are committed to prison, for such offences as “heaving stones,” “getting over a wall,” “stealing 4d,” and “stealing bread.” One poor boy had

to pay the penalty of one month's imprisonment for the heinous offence of "going into Kensington Gardens to sleep;" since it is a crime in the sight of English law, if a man "hath not where to lay his head." According to Mr. Mayhew, (1) the greater portion of boys confined in Tothill-fields prison, are there for picking pockets, indeed, as many as 66 in 194; (2) next to the picking of pockets, the purloining of metal constitutes the largest proportion of the offences committed by the young; (3) some few boys are committed for serious offences; (4) many of the other offences belong to the class perpetrated by those who are expressively termed "sneaks," namely, those who pilfer bread, oats, beans, rags, &c., &c. In addition to these there is a small class of boys who have stolen smallwares from their employers; but these, adds Mr. Mayhew, are most inexperienced offenders, and belong to a class who at least have been engaged in industrial occupations, and who should be in no way confounded with the young habitual thieves.

"6. Further, there is a considerable number who are confined for offences that not even the sternest-minded can rank as crime, and for which the committal to a felon's prison can but be regarded by every righteous mind, not only as an infamy to the magistrate concerned, but even as a scandal to the nation which permits the law-officers of the country so far to outrage justice and decency. To this class of offences belong the spinning of tops, the breaking of windows, the 'heaving' of stones, the sleeping in Kensington Gardens, getting over walls, and such like misdemeanours, for many of which we see, by the above list, that the lads were suffering their first imprisonment. Now the latter conclusion serves to shew that juvenile crime is not *always* begotten by bad, or no parental care, but springs frequently from a savage love of consigning people to prison for faults that cannot even be classed as immoral, much less criminal."—P. 420.

Mr. Mayhew makes the following sensible remarks upon Irish juvenile delinquency; and as we have stated the fact upon his authority, we are contented to accept also his own explanation of the fact.

"A large proportion of the London thieves are 'Irish Cockneys,' having been born in London of Irish parents. This shows we believe, not that the Irish are naturally more criminal than our own race, but simply that they are poorer, and that their children are, consequently, left to shift for themselves, and sent out to beg more frequently than with our people. Indeed juvenile crime will be

found to be due, like prostitution, mainly to a want of proper parental control. Some have wondered why the daughters of the poorer classes principally serve to swell the number of our street-walkers. Are poor girls naturally more unchaste than rich ones? Assuredly not. But they are simply worse-guarded, and therefore more liable to temptation. The daughters of even middle class people are seldom or never trusted out of the mother's sight, so that they have no opportunity allowed them for doing wrong: with the poorer classes, however, the case is very different; mothers in that sphere of life have either to labour for their living, or else to do the household duties for themselves, so that the girl is employed to run errands alone from the tenderest years, and when her limbs are strong enough to work, she is put out in the world to toil for herself. *She* has no maids to accompany *her* when she walks abroad, and often her only play-ground is the common court in which her parents reside. The same circumstances as cause the ranks of our 'unfortunates' to be continually recruited from the poorer classes, serve also to keep up the numbers of our juvenile delinquents, and draft fresh supplies from the same class of people. . . . That this constitutes the real explanation of juvenile delinquency, is proved by the fact that a large proportion of young criminals have either been left orphans in their early childhood, or else they have been subject to the tender mercies of some step-parent."—P. 386-7.

"We have before remarked, that the greater number of the professional thieves of London, belong to what is called the Irish-Cockney tribe; and at the boys' prison at Tothill Fields we can see the little Hibernian juvenile offenders being duly educated for the experienced thief. Some bigots seek to make out that the excess of crime in connection with the Irish race is due directly or indirectly to the influence of the prevailing religion of the country; and small handbills are industriously circulated among the fanatic frequenters of Exeter Hall, informing us how, in papal countries, the ratio of criminals to the population is enormously beyond that of Protestant kingdoms. From such documents, however, the returns of Belgium are usually omitted, for these would prove that there is really no truth in the theory sought to be established, since it is shewn, by the tables printed by Mr. M'Culloch, in his 'Geographical Dictionary,' that where the ratio of criminals to the poor population of the country as in papal Belgium 1-9 and in Romanist France 2-3 to every 10,000 individuals, it is in Protestant England as many as 12-5 to the same definite number of people, and in Sweden as high as 87-7; so that it is plain that mere difference of religious creeds cannot possibly explain the different criminal tendencies among different races of people.

"As to what may be the cause of crime in Ireland we are not in a position to speak, not having given any special attention to the matter; but the reason why there appears a greater proportion of Irish among the thieves and vagrants of our own country, admits

of a very ready explanation. The Irish constitute the poorest portion of our people, and the children, *therefore, are virtually orphans in this country*, left to gambol in the streets and courts, without parental control, from their very earliest years; the mothers, as well as the fathers, being generally engaged throughout the day in some of the rude forms of labour or street trade. The consequence is, that the child grows up not only unacquainted with any industrial occupation, but untrained to habits of daily work; and long before he has learned to control the desire to appropriate the articles which he either wants or likes, by a sense of the rights of property in others, he has acquired furtive propensities from association with the young thieves located in his neighbourhood. He has learnt too—which is much worse—thieves' morals, morals which once in the heart, it is almost hopeless to attempt to root out. But whatever be the cause, the fact is incontestable, that a very large proportion of the juvenile prisoners are the children of Irish parents. Indeed as one looks up and down the different forms in the boys' Oakum-room at Tothill Fields, the unmistakeable gray eyes are found to prevail among the little felons associated there."—P. 402-404.

It is grievous to contemplate the fearful loss which the Church is annually sustaining in consequence of the profligate training and abandoned lives of these outcast children; how many souls the temptations and the vices of London are day by day leading on to inevitable destruction, while no hand is stretched out to rescue them. Great will be the reward of those who apply themselves to discover some remedy for juvenile crime. We may hope that the establishment and the efficient working of "Reformatories" will be attended with a proportionate success; but it would be better, as it is certainly far easier, to prevent crime than to eradicate it after it has once taken firm root in the heart. Would that some good and earnest man to whom God has given the ability and the means, were induced to set on foot an home and a refuge for the destitute and orphan boys of London. Such an institution should be situated in this country, within easy reach of London, and yet far enough away to cut off all dangerous and pernicious influences. Little boys should be received into it at the very earliest ages. They should be removed ere they could be conscious of the atmosphere of vice in which they were born, and ere they could be corrupted by the bad language and vicious morals of those with whom their lot is cast. They should be placed under the care of the Church, and from their earliest years trained be-

neath her wing. They should be taught industrial occupations along with the ordinary branches of secular instruction; and living, as they would do, in an atmosphere of faith and religion, they would be thus, not merely reclaimed, but preserved from vice, and as a body would certainly become useful and valuable members of the Church and the commonwealth. An efficient orphanage or asylum for destitute little boys, who are too young to have committed crime, would become a valuable auxiliary to the Reformatories which have been lately set on foot. And both together would in a very short time effect a visible change in the condition and the morals of those destitute Irish children, whose misfortune it is, more than their fault, that they are no sooner born into the world, than they are through the very circumstance of their destitution and poverty thrown into the thickest part of the vice and wickedness of London.

We must bear in mind the great poverty of the Irish poor, in passing judgment upon another fault, which truth compels us to notice. If, as we have said before, a large proportion of the well-conducted Irish make great sacrifices in order to attend mass and the sacraments, there are many who live in a total neglect of the duties of their faith. Some have never been at mass since they landed upon the shores of England, and as to other duties, they are equally neglected and lost sight of. They have contracted a careless habit of omitting all religious obligations, and year after year only tends to increase their apathy and indifference. An Irishman of this class is a type of humanity by no means interesting or attractive. He is deficient in the independent character, the manly bearing, and the honest virtues of the English, while he has trampled to the dust the supernatural gifts which would have elevated and raised him. He is like the unjust steward; who neither feared God nor regarded man; and he carries about with him an *abandonment* of self, a sense of degradation, and a recklessness of character which is one of the strongest, and most efficient, incentives to crime. It is, however, rare to find such persons altogether past recovery. If, indeed, they be professed vagrants and "trampers," and have for a long time been addicted to this gipsy kind of life,—if they be notorious and confirmed drunkards, or if they be connected with low livery stables, with the turf and horse-jockeying, or with the vicious

haunts of our soldiers, then we fear that their recovery is hopeless: but in ordinary cases they are still open to religious impressions, and there is still a chord in their hearts which, sooner or later, may be effectually moved. Moreover, there is an excuse for some, at least, of those who, from one year's end to another, are absent from the great Sacrifice of the Church. It is their extreme poverty. They cannot do in England what they were used to do at home. The women cannot go to mass with caps in place of bonnets, with broken shoes, or perhaps with no shoes at all. The odious goddess of "respectability" reigns supreme in this civilized land, over Catholic and Protestant, over rich and poor alike. All do homage at her shrine, and burn incense before her; and, therefore, the poor Catholic cannot join in the offices of the Church, unless she has her bonnet, and her shawl, and her cloak, and her good shoes, and her gloves, and we know not what else besides. Moreover, many a poor boy and girl are kept away from their duties through want of real and pressing necessities. They are at the mass "in heart," as they will tell you, but how can they personally appear among decent people, themselves being all in disorder and wretchedness? They have no better clothing than the miserable rags which they wear from week to week, and which are not sufficient to keep them from the cold. They have shoes, so thin and worn, as to be hardly fit to bear them to the place where they earn their three or four shillings a week. And how shall they procure the cheapest and most ordinary raiment? They cannot purchase it with money, for they have it not! And they cannot obtain it from the rich, for the rich, too often, know nothing, and care nothing, about them. Alas! the hard hand of poverty weighs heavily upon them. Their misery and their sufferings are known to God alone,—and shall we, who have never experienced the depressing and deadening effects of habitual destitution, dare to pass upon their apparent negligence a stern and a severe sentence? God and His sweet Mother forbid! "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her;" for how many of those who are in a better class of life would bear with patience and with fortitude a sudden and a terrible reverse of fortune? how many would have the moral courage under such altered circumstances to appear in the presence of their equals, clothed

in rags, and in worn out garments, with distress and want too visibly stamped upon their brows?

Complaints are frequently made about the ignorance of the Irish population in England, and it cannot, we believe, be denied, that there is a true foundation for these complaints. They are often, no doubt, exaggerated. The ignorance is not so great as is sometimes supposed. For it must be borne in mind that a large proportion of the Irish poor have learnt their religion through the medium of the Irish language. It is the tongue in which they both think and pray. English is to them a foreign language, and while they are speaking it, they are really translating Irish idioms into Saxon forms of speech. Hence it may very often, and very naturally, happen that they do not understand an English expression, or an English question, whereas, were the same things said to them in Irish, they could at once reply to it. This gives them, at times, an appearance of being ignorant of things which they ought to know, and which they do know in their native language. It is only fair to mention this, and unless those who have to deal with them bear this in mind, they will be constantly committing serious mistakes, and be unwittingly doing them a wrong and an injury. Still it must be acknowledged that you sometimes encounter cases where the religious instruction has been very superficial and inadequate. There has been a want of accurate catechetical teaching, and it would seem as if no attempt had been made to do more than instruct them in those matters which are absolutely necessary to be known. From this want of instruction they suffer in a thousand ways, for ignorance is the parent of vice. It is ignorance which leads to drunkenness and other vicious propensities. It is ignorance which fills our prisons with men, women, and boys. It is ignorance which breaks out into anger, passion, and fighting. It is ignorance which leads parents to neglect their children, and children to disobey their parents, and which leads both to trifle with their faith, to receive bribes from the proselytizers, and to apostatize from the Catholic Church. Whenever you meet with drunkenness, fighting, and apostasy, as a general rule, you see the signs and the effects of ignorance; and if you would check and stop the former, it must be by doing all in your power to remove the latter. And there is this great advantage in dealing with the Irish people. They are quick and

intelligent, they possess retentive memories ; they have an aptitude for learning, and it always gives them pleasure to place themselves under instruction. They set a high value upon such education as is within their reach, and they often make many sacrifices in order to secure it. Hence there is no great difficulty in persuading them to submit to instruction, and still less in fixing it upon their minds. We can say with perfect truth, that were the Irish thoroughly grounded and systematically catechised in Christian doctrine, they would take their proper rank as one of the most intelligent people in Europe.

It is sometimes urged as a defect in the Irish Catholic mind that there is little apparent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament ; that many on coming into a church will scarcely genuflect before the altar, and seldom think of making a visit to Him who dwells thereon. But this complaint must be received with certain qualifications. That there is among the more uneducated and less instructed of the Irish poor, an absence of such devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, as we commonly meet with in foreign countries, must, we fear, be admitted ; but then the reason evidently is, because it has never been evoked. Most of these people come from the country parts of Ireland, and in the country chapels the Blessed Sacrament is rarely reserved. These chapels are, for the most part, closed from Sunday to Sunday, like the Protestant churches ; and they are within bare, unadorned, and sometimes even unprovided with a tabernacle in which the Sacrament could be reserved. This has most probably arisen from the missionary and provisional condition of the Irish Church, and from the difficulty of guarding the Blessed Sacrament when the priest's residence happens to be far from his church. But it is sufficient to account for this apparent defect of devotion to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. We say *apparent*, because it results from a mere want of education, of the opportunity to call it forth, and not from any want of faith. The vast number of frequent communicants among the poor in their own country, and in England, are proofs that they not only believe, but appreciate, and cherish, and find great consolation in the Real Presence of Jesus upon earth. Another proof that this devotion only requires to be drawn out and educated in order to manifest its depth and its reality, may be gathered from the undoubted fact, that the recent intro-

duction of the Quarant' Ore into the churches of Dublin has elicited an amount of devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament, which might challenge competition with that exhibited in any other part of the Catholic world. Besides, we must remember that there are really very few opportunities for rich or poor to make daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament. The churches are few in number, and sometimes in remote and inconvenient situations; while the hard necessities of daily occupation and labour fill up every moment of time, so that even where there is the will there may not be the way. Moreover, the age and the country in which we live are both of them adverse to devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Our life is a restless disquietude. It is a life of great material energy and activity, of eagerness to get on, of haste to become rich, and of throbbing, feverish, mental excitement. There is one word which will fitly describe the anxious and busy life of an Englishman in the nineteenth century, and that word is **RESTLESSNESS**. And there is nothing which renders men more incapable of tranquil contemplation, and of quiet prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, than the busy, restless life, which the temper and the necessities of the times imposes upon rich and poor alike. Any thing which would act as a restraint upon this busy, feverish state of existence, and which would train the young and the old to make reparation to Jesus Christ by daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament, would be an inestimable gain to the Church and society; for after all, the great power which upholds religion and conquers the world is prayer; and when the hands of the Catholic people are constantly uplifted in prayer, in the very presence of their God, the world is impotent to do them any real harm; heresy trembles and is put to confusion in its strongholds, souls are rescued from the delusions of the devil, and the glory of God is more and more extended upon earth.

A great excuse is to be made for those mixed marriages which frequently take place between Irish Catholic girls and Protestant labourers and small artizans. It is certainly a great matter in a temporal point of view for a poor girl who comes over to this country, without parents or relations, to secure for herself a permanent home, where, whatever her other trials may be, she is at all events preserved from dangers and temptations to which she would be inevitably exposed. The children of such marriages, as

we have said before, are always baptized in the Catholic Church, and their mothers will undergo great hardships in order to procure for them this privilege. Sometimes, also, if they be earnest and well conducted Catholics, the wives succeed in effecting their husband's reconciliation to the Church, and we believe that where this effect does not follow, it arises, in the majority of instances, from the fact that the women are utterly careless about their religious duties, or are too profoundly ignorant to command the respect and attention of their partners. Perhaps the great majority of these men have no religion at all. They know no doctrine, nor prayers, nor religious rule of life. They rarely are seen to enter any place of worship, unless on some odd occasion they accompany their wives to Mass or Benediction. They are indeed as prejudiced and as bigoted as their neighbours against the Catholic Church, but in spite of these prejudices they are not always inaccessible to better influences. They share with the body of their countrymen an undefined curiosity to inquire and learn about the Church, and they have a favourable impression of its spirit of almsgiving, and of its motherly care of the poor. Often, too, they have a superstitious fear of the priest, and sometimes a latent belief in his divine mission. Hence we are inclined to believe that in many cases the blame of their remaining unreconciled to the Church must be laid to the charge of their wives. If these latter were diligent in fulfilling their own religious obligations, observant of prayer, zealous for the Church, and careful to set a good example, many of these mixed marriages would have a happier result than is at present the case. But however this be, it is the fact, that in the majority of instances these mixed marriages entail upon the women nothing but sin and misery. They are prevented from attending Mass, because they must remain at home on the Sunday to prepare their husband's late breakfast and early dinner; and as he is utterly indifferent to religious observances, he soon compels his wife to be the same. Not unfrequently these men are addicted to hard drink, and then they waste the substance that should have been laid out in the support of their families; and when they afterwards cannot obtain all the creature comforts to which they are accustomed, they give vent to their spleen by the ill-treatment of their wives, whom they regard as belonging to an inferior and a lower caste in society. The children

having such examples continually before them at home, grow up as may be imagined. They have neither faith nor morals. Baptized in the Catholic religion, their religious training is either altogether neglected, or they are sent by their fathers to the national schools, there to be indoctrinated with the Protestant heresy. Upon the whole, the class of Irish women who are married to Protestant husbands are among the most hopeless of all who belong to the Church. It is true that you will now and then meet with bright examples to the contrary. You will meet with very earnest women, who take great care to bring up their children well, instruct them in their prayers, bring them to confession, keep them from the heretical schools, watch over their daughters, preserving them from loose companions and dangerous influences, and who labour with much zeal for the conversion of their unbelieving husbands. But in general it is not so. In general they become debased and degraded, the miserable butts and the wretched slaves of their besotted husbands; while occasionally they come out in the character of persons aspiring to "gentility," who are consequently ashamed of, or indifferent to, their faith; and of all forms of Irish nationality preserve us from Irish "gentility!"

But if any over-zealous admirer of the Irish poor would have his faith in their good qualities put to the severest test, he must make an excursion into those parts of England where the hops are gathered in the months of August, September, and October. The Irish have a positive mania for hop-gathering. It is a wild and unrestrained kind of life which seems to give them intense pleasure. It is, as they suppose, a short and expedite mode of laying up such a sum of money as will keep them going during the severe months of the winter. Consequently they flock in great numbers to the hop district from all parts of England, but especially from Bristol, Norwich, Brighton, and London. We believe that there are fewer importations from Ireland now than there used to be formerly. They put up in barns, sheds, out-houses, in fact, in any place where they can erect a covering to preserve them from the wind and rain. You will find the men, women, and children of eight or ten families all occupying the same room, or rather the same shed, with neither chair nor table, nor luxury of the humblest kind, and with no more costly couch than a wisp of clean straw. Such situations are not favourable to the

discharge of religious duties, nor do they tend to develop civilization. They are too frequently scenes of drinking, quarrelling, and swearing, but we believe, rarely, of any gross immoralities. Yet even here you must bear in mind the Divine precept, not to judge according to the outward appearances. For in these miserable sheds, and in the midst of these curious groups of apparently half civilized beings, you will find many and many a soul dear to God, and living in the unbroken enjoyment of His love. You will find many well conducted women and girls against whom the breath of caluniny cannot be raised, and whose diligent use of the Sacraments is worthy of all commendation. You will find many a little boy from the Oratorian schools of compassion, or from the borough, or Webb-street, or the Commercial-road, whom the angel of God has kept pure and innocent in the midst of his abject poverty. We must not judge the poor too harshly, nor suppose that indifference to material comfort necessarily betrays the presence of a low and corrupt interior. It is no part of our theology that outward comfort any more than outward cleanliness is akin to godliness. No doubt, the fact of different families crowding together into the most wretched barns, is often attended with danger to morals, and is always more or less a hindrance to piety ; but how can it be helped ? The poor must live. They must lay up, if they can get it, for the hardships of the approaching winter. The hops likewise must be gathered, and we must therefore tolerate the evils which cannot altogether be removed. The most that can be done is to endeavour to mitigate these evils, by the presence and the control of religion. It would be a great gain to the Church, if sufficient funds could be got together and placed at the disposal of the Bishop of the Diocese, with a view to the opening of a mission in the town of Maidstone, which is in the very centre of the hop district. A permanent chapel and a resident priest would give these people the opportunity of attending to the obligations of their faith, and in this way would operate in checking many scandals and evils that are at present uncontrolled. Some such plan we have been informed, was actually set on foot a few years since through the instrumentality of a distinguished convert, who had then just given up, for God's sake, a rich benefice in the neighbourhood ; but it came to nought through the want of money, and through the want of priests. But there

is no reason why the attempt should not be renewed. There are few places where a new mission is more needed, and where its effects upon the people would be more beneficial.

In our judgment, the most dangerous and unsatisfactory part of the Irish character is their hasty and passionate disposition. As they express it themselves they are very "near their passion;" and in this, as in many others, they bear a strong resemblance to a southern race. This sudden violence of temper leads them into a thousand scrapes from which a cooler and more self-possessed people would be free. It leads them at times to the committal of acts which appear to be more criminal and malicious than they are in reality. For like madmen, when one of these fits of anger seizes upon them, they lose all self-control. They become beside themselves with ungovernable rage and wild revenge. Like hot-headed children they fly on a sudden into a violent passion, deal blows all around, injure, it may be, their best friends, and when they come to their senses again, are extremely sorry for their faults, and extremely penitent for what they have done. But it must always be remembered (1) that these fits of unlicensed passion are more likely to seize upon those who have not been properly instructed and trained; and (2) that they are very seldom so abandoned to their rage as to refuse to listen to the mediation of the priest, and to be assuaged and calmed by his admonitions. This fault, therefore, is by no means beyond the reach of cure. Religious influences can be brought to bear upon them, and they are very seldom used without success.

But the favourite and universal accusation brought against the Irish, is that of a disregard to truth, and we suppose that we should be charged with the same fault, if we did not allow them to be brought in guilty. The charge, then, is true, so far as it implies the existence in the people of a suspicious temperament which makes them, first of all, think why you have asked them such or such a question, before they venture to make you a reply. And this suspicious temperament is partly a natural characteristic of the race, and it is partly the effect and the offspring of long misgovernment and oppression. The Irish have long been accustomed to look with distrust upon the acts of those above them, even when those acts have had all the appearance of springing from a real desire to do them good.

And the plain reason is, because at home their landlords, the Protestant clergy, and the government, have rarely held out a helping hand to them, without having some ulterior and selfish object in view. Either they wished to get rid of them from their properties, or they were seeking to undermine their faith, or were attempting to rob them of some political right; on this account, suspicion is natural to this class of Irish, and suspicion inevitably leads to equivocation and falsehood. It must, however, be borne in mind that there is an essential difference between the ordinary Protestant notions on the subject of veracity, and the true doctrine on that most important question of moral theology. There is a vast amount of phraseology which to Protestant England would be characterised as simply false, which in the Catholic estimate is either mistatement of the most venial description, or is no fault at all, or is a positive duty under certain circumstances. The Irish, no doubt deal largely in this sort of deceptive or evasive language. They are also, as every one knows, a highly imaginative people, and often represent subjects rather in the form which they assume in their own minds, than according to the literal facts of the case, as tested by a more rigorous and prosaic standard.

Again, the charge is true, so far as it is confined to the very ignorant and very uninstructed. But it is not true, to any serious extent, if it be brought against those who are careful and conscientious about their religious duties. Such persons are as scrupulous about telling truth, as the most rigid Saxon could wish them to be; and you very seldom find them transgressing the real bounds of truth and falsehood. But here we must request those who are the most severe in their censures of the Irish poor on this point, to have the goodness to look a little nearer home. A straightforward and honest regard for material truth—i.e. for truth in the natural order, has always been one of the good natural qualities of the English; and as it is no part of our object, to run down a great nation, we cheerfully and gladly pay our tribute of admiration to this attractive feature in the Anglo-Saxon character. But at the same time, it must, in fairness, be stated, that at the present day, either this good quality occupies a less prominent place in the national character than it used to occupy, or else it is grievously overlaid by the mischief of a false civilization. We see this quality of a honest and straightfor-

ward regard for truth of the natural order, in little English children, who are perhaps the finest children in the world, and of whom we cannot help feeling with St. Gregory of old—*Angli utinam Angeli*. But it disappears as they grow up. and when they come to mix in the world, and to take their place with men, it very often vanishes altogether. Witness, for example, the false returns that are made every year to the commissioners of the income tax, and what are these, but so many deliberate falsehoods and lies? Witness again, the frauds that are continually committed in trade, the adulteration of food, and the various impositions practised upon the public by tradesmen and shopkeepers. Or to take examples of another kind, read the newspapers, observe with what unscrupulous coolness the most prominent journals colour or deny facts, and diffuse calumnies, whenever a purpose is to be served by doing so, whenever it is judged expedient to malign the character of a foreign sovereign, or to misrepresent the conduct and motives of the Catholic Hierarchy. Observe too how members of Parliament will vote black white, and white black, in order to please their constituents, to support or oppose the Government, and to secure their seats. Observe too with what eagerness the public mind will seize upon the most unlikely falsehood against an obnoxious person or an obnoxious creed, believe it readily, pass it from mouth to mouth, reproduce it in a thousand different forms, and yet refuse to receive its confutation, however earnestly urged upon them; and lastly, witness the surprising coolness with which the Protestant clergy, in order to gain credit for themselves, or to screen themselves from the charge of “Popery,” will bear grave and deliberate false witness against the Catholic Church; how men in the highest positions in the Anglican Church, who have many Catholic relations, and who cannot, therefore, plead the excuse of ignorance, flippantly put forth in their speeches and their writings, the most absurd and the most calumnious statements about “Rome,” which the least diligence, or the slightest desire to know the truth, would prevent them from asserting. These things are not considered to be offences against the truth, simply because they are so common; but the fact that they are common cannot alter their intrinsic malice. They are, in fact, crimes of a deep dye. They are falsehoods of a far graver character than anything that usually falls from the lips of

an unlettered Irish peasant. They are sins of "false witness, lying, and slandering" against the one and only Church of God, and as such, whatever men may think of them, they are recorded in the book of the Divine judgments. In passing sentence, therefore, upon the untruthful propensities of the Irish poor, we must not lose sight of the spirit of reckless disregard to truth, whenever interest or prejudice stands in the way, which is extensively prevalent amongst all classes in this country; and if we must say which is the graver sin, the most offensive to God, and the most hurtful to man, we must acknowledge it to be that which carries a lying-spirit into those momentous matters which affect the higher and graver interests of mankind.

Such then is the great body of the Catholic poor of England in their material civilisation, their vices, and their virtues. As the Church upon earth does not consist exclusively of the just and of saints, we do not expect to find any large body of men without many a fault and many a sin. The tare has been sown in the same field with the wheat, and both must grow up together until the harvest. And therefore although it must ever be a source of pain to know that there are Catholics who are wholly ignorant of all that they ought to know and do, and that there are others who neglect and trample on the grace which has been so abundantly bestowed upon them, this can never cause offence or scandal to those who remember, what the Church of Christ really is, and is intended to be. Yet although the poorer Catholic classes in this country are not without their serious faults of ignorance and of vice, yet looking at them as a body, and on the whole, we have every reason to be thankful. They are not, as a body, inferior to the poor of any Catholic country, although they have had comparatively few advantages; and they contrast favourably in every respect, except the point of greater comfort, with the Protestant poor in the midst of whom they dwell. The Established Church in England has told more severely in its effects upon the English poor, than upon any other class in the community. It has done them no good, even in a social point of view. It has, no doubt, distributed at certain seasons gifts and presents of money, and clothes and bread, to a selected few in the different parishes; but it has never been able to reach, and to come at, the large masses of poor hidden in the lanes and alleys of our great

towns. It has simply stood between them and the only Body which could really give them a religion. It has acted towards them like the dog in the manger: it will not, and cannot, take care of them itself, and it will not allow the Catholic Church to enter in and to reclaim its own lost children. And what is the consequence? It is, that the heresy of three hundred years has made fearful and terrible havoc among the poor of England, who are naturally a religious people, and who possess many manly and many attractive qualities which claim our admiration and respect. The heresy of three hundred years has completely extinguished in them every spark of faith, and left them in a condition of almost hopeless indifference to all religious belief. It has left them in a state of ignorance which would be incredible, if we had not daily proof of its miserable existence. It has so loosened the very fundamental notions of moral obligations, that chastity is undervalued, thousands habitually live in concubinage, without even knowing it to be wrong, and the indissolubility of the marriage tie is denied, not only by the poor themselves, but even by their professed religious teachers. These teachers are very powerful to undo and to destroy, but they are impotent in their attempts to build up again. They are wholly without influence among the very classes which stand in most need of pastoral superintendence, and who are so far from feeling any attraction towards those who are set over them by law, that they more commonly dislike and despise them. Thousands of the children of the poor live and die unbaptized; and more infants are lost to heaven out of Protestant England than from any other nominally Christian country in the world. And worse, perhaps, than all, it is the untaught and uncared for wives and daughters of these neglected poor, who year by year, are being added to the numbers of those ignorant creatures, who suffer themselves to become the deluded victims of the most loathsome form of Protestantism that has as yet appeared in the world. Such have been the effects of three hundred years heresy. Such has been the work, most effectually, we must confess, achieved by an Established Religion, which has had in its favour, every advantage of wealth, power, influence, position, refinement, learning, and unbroken prosperity, which the money and the pride of England could bestow upon it.

The Catholic poor, on the other hand, have had neither money, nor clothes, nor bread. They are the Pariahs of

society—the very poorest of the poor. In a strange and an unfriendly country, everything is against them. The very air is redolent of Protestantism, which loses no opportunity of treating, with a vulgar scorn, no where else to be found, the religion of Jesus Christ. Every year the nation gives itself up to an annual pastime of insult to the Catholic faith, and the public journals defend this systematic insult as a rational and proper amusement. The poor have to bear, as we have said before, incredible hardships for their Church, while, like all other men, they are exposed to the usual temptations to betray God for lucre's sake. Yet what is their normal condition, as a body and as a class in society? They are a people peculiarly open to impressions of religion. They have a clear, a definite, and an objective faith. They profess a religion, and they love it. They pray, and they frequent the public worship of God, from which the poor of the establishment either voluntarily absent themselves, or else are practically excluded. They are amenable to the control of the Church, and they respect and have confidence in their clergy. The women are modest and chaste, and the seraglios of the Mormonites do not receive their supplies from the daughters of Ireland. The men abstain from intoxicating liquors in the ratio of six hundred Catholics to three hundred Protestants.* They have a desire to improve, to raise themselves in the scale of civilization, and they eagerly catch at any way of doing so, by means of learning and instruction. They have, as a general rule, no politics, are in no way connected with chartists, or revolutionists, or with any parties dangerous to the peace of the state. And they are all this in spite of the enormous disadvantages under which, socially and religiously, they labour in England. Surely then the Church may well regard these the poorest, but not the least faithful of her children, with some degree of pride and satisfaction. No one maintains, or would wish to maintain, that they are, in all respects, what they ought to be, and what they may yet become: but such as they are at the present moment, they form a good and an excellent *material*, which with comparative ease may be moulded into shape, and raised in the scale of Christian civilization.

* London Labour, &c., vol. i. p. 114.

They need instruction, training, and education. They have, indeed, a natural good breeding, and a courtesy of manner about them which is peculiarly attractive, and which, in the poor, never degenerates into vulgarity. But there are many other points in which they are deficient, and these they can only learn gradually, under the control of religion and under the softening influence of good education. But as we have said, they constitute, as a whole, a good and an easy material to work upon. And when we speak of the Irish poor, we must remember that they have never had a chance of being other than they are. It is only within the present century that they have emerged from the heavy hand of oppression and of tyranny, such as no other nation in Europe ever groaned under; and therefore instead of being a worn out and effete people, their future is still before them. What that future shall be, depends in some measure, upon what is done with the present generation in England and in Ireland. By a careful pastoral superintendence, by opening to them all the rich resources and sweet consolations of Catholic devotion, by accustoming them to the functions of the Church in all their beauty and magnificence, by solid and accurate catechetical and secular instruction, by education of the mind, and by accustoming the women to more feminine occupations, the Irish poor could be indefinitely elevated in the social scale; and as they would willingly meet half way the Catholic Church and the Catholic priests in their efforts to improve them, their future may very easily behold them an enlightened and happy Catholic nation, blending the manliness and energy of their Saxon neighbours, with the cheerfulness and softer traits of a Catholic people.

This great work has set in already; it has begun in the right direction, and in the right manner. Speaking of England alone—to which we are at present restricted—we apprehend that the work which has been done by the Church within our own time is almost marvellous—marvellous when you consider what has been actually accomplished, and the poverty of those who have had to accomplish it. Wherever, too, a mission has been started, there a congregation springs up, and children are brought together; and the labourer receives encouragement to practise his religion; and confessions are heard, and outcasts are reclaimed; and some check is put upon the acts of proselytizers, and thus a good beginning is made: the

bread is cast upon the waters, which is to be found after many days.

A good beginning is made, but it is only a beginning. The work which the Catholic Church must try and do in England is, for magnitude and importance, beyond all calculation. It must endeavour to bring home the duties and the blessings of religion to every Catholic house and family throughout the land. It must endeavour to reclaim those poor orphans and destitute boys, who, at present, form the staple supply of the rogues, and the thieves, and the bad characters of London. It must endeavour to rescue from their deplorable misery those fallen women, who were born in her communion, but who have so fearfully sinned against their own souls. It must *educate* the people, morally, religiously, socially. It must train up every Catholic boy and every Catholic girl throughout the country in good and holy principles. This is the work that lies before it, and stands pre-eminent, even as compared with that other great work of endeavouring to reclaim from heresy those who are not less really her children, because they have been, for the present, lost to her fold. But how is this gigantic task to be accomplished? We speak not, now, of that supernatural assistance which ever accompanies and attends the Church of Christ, which supports her in her difficulties, and mans her for her holy work. She is always sure to have the Divine blessing preceding, accompanying, and following her steps; but as God Almighty works through human instrumentality, and by visible means, the Church must be assisted in her mighty labours, by the prayers, the exertions, and the energies of all her members. There is not a single Catholic in the country who has not a direct interest in furthering to the utmost of his power the education, training, social amelioration, and religious superintendence of the Irish in England. The poor constitute the wealth of the Church, in the same way as political economists tell us that a large population is the wealth of a nation. When St. Lawrence was commanded to exhibit and surrender to the pagan governor the treasures of his Church, he brought forth the poor who were under his charge, adding, that *these* were the treasures of the Church, and it was no human inspiration which suggested him to give this noble answer. Politically and religiously the poor are the wealth of the Church. It is the poor

which enable missions to be started, and the practical working of Catholicism to be exhibited in the midst of an heretical population. It is the poor which affords to the Church an opportunity of bringing into play her various organized methods of employing her members in labours of charity,—her convents for education, her Christian Brothers, her sisters of charity, her orphanages, and her convents of the Good Shepherd. It is the poor which call into exercise the charity of the priestly office, and by the care and attention which they demand and receive, manifest to the whole world the intrinsic difference that exists between the Catholic priest, who lives for the good and the benefit of the people, and the heretical minister whose time and thoughts are occupied by the cares of a wife and family. The poor, therefore, are essential to the energetic and efficient working of the Church; and a community which loses its title to be “the Church of the poor,” loses one of the noblest characteristics of the true Church of Jesus Christ. All, therefore, who love the Church, will love the poor, and will labour willingly for their improvement. You have them at your very doors, ready and willing to be taught, if you will only set about it in the right way. Give them schools, and give them priests; educate them mentally and socially; bring to bear upon them all these kinder and gentler influences, to which they have too long been strangers; condescend to go among them, and visit them at their homes, to say a friendly word to them, to listen to their little complaints and troubles, and to laugh them out of their faults and prejudices. Do not be too austere in your censures of their many failings, nor expect to meet with perfection in the crowded alleys and lanes of London. You must, indeed, remember that we are all but men, and high and low have equally their faults and sins. You must prepare yourself to meet with much disappointment, and with some ingratitude. Those in whom you took the greatest interest will now and then turn out contrary to all your expectations. Some will go on well for a time, and afterwards take a sudden turn, and fall away. Well, these things are hard to be borne, but it will do you good to learn these practical lessons, if you are taught by them to labour not for yourself, nor for man, but for God alone. Depend upon it, however, that in the long run, you will have consolation enough. No man ever yet repented of having devoted his

time, his labour, and his money, to God, the Church, and the poor. It is certainly a far more rational course of life than to pass one's days in mere vanity and selfishness. It is a more profitable investment of wealth, than to waste it upon silks and satins, and the foibles of dress. And as every man has his day of reckoning, his "day of darkness and distress," his day of preparation for future judgment, we must add one further reflection. To have given heart and soul, and time and money, to God and the poor, will doubtless afford you happier thoughts in "that day," and a more pleasant retrospective, and a more tranquil conscience, and a more joyful hope, than if, hanging on the outskirts of fashionable society, you had expended your last sixpence in devoted attendance upon all "the lord lieutenants" who ever entered the Castle of Dublin, or in obsequious waiting on all those second-rate noblemen who did you the honour to admit you into their houses in town.

But as we have said the poor are not only the wealth of the Church, seen from a religious point of view, they also form its strength regarded politically. Whatever political consideration the Catholics in this country can expect to receive from the governments of the day, is entirely due to the fact that they are the co-religionists of the poorest and lowest class in the community. No government at the present day can afford to deal out any very hard measures against the Church of a large minority of the poorer classes. Whatever their private feelings may be, at all events they can have no desire that the vast Catholic population of London should be left without spiritual superintendence, to sink into vice and immorality, and to swell the numbers of our public criminals. At present they know them to be upon the whole a peaceable body of men, who trouble themselves but little with the politics of the country; but if the Irish were once to lose their faith, to cease to entertain any respect for their priests, and to become infidels and Protestants, they would at the same time join the ranks of Chartists and revolutionists, and would be distinguished even among such companions for their still greater violence and desperation. All politicians, and all aspirants to the government of this country, are aware of this, and therefore they would be the last persons to press too heavily upon the Catholic Church in England. It is not because they love us, but because they fear the poor, and because they know that we alone can train and control them. But

take away the Catholic poor from our large towns and cities, send them all back to their own country, or transport them to the furthest ends of the world, and then what treatment should we receive from Protestant England? We should be either left alone, because our numbers and our consequence would be alike contemptible, or we should be a second time trodden to the dust, because it could be done with impunity. In either case we should have no political status or consideration whatsoever, since without the poor of Ireland our numbers would not exceed those of many of the Protestant sects. It is the same also with America and the British colonies. Wherever the English tongue is spoken, there the Celtic Catholic carries the cross of Christ. Mr. Gladstone may dream of a new Catholicity hereafter to spring up, and to be founded upon the similarity of language, and the community of commercial interest. The writers in the *Times* may look forward to that distant period when England and America, the mother and the daughter, united under the banner of a common language and a common Protestantism, shall dictate laws to the world, and overthrow the See of Rome, but we apprehend that these dreams and visions are never destined to be realised. Whatever troubles may hereafter be permitted to afflict the Holy See, it is extremely improbable that they will come from the union of America with England. Protestantism must change its nature before it can ever become a bond of union; and the political interests of America are not likely to be exactly coincident with those of England. But Providence is making use of the English language and of English enterprise, although for a purpose which will not meet with the approbation either of Mr. Gladstone or the *Times*. The English carry with them wherever they go the Irish Catholic poor; and he brings his religion along with him, and builds churches and founds missions in America, Australia, and New Zealand. In these strange lands the Irish rise to comfort, wealth, and influence; and their political consequence is even now beginning to be felt throughout the empire. Thus then we see that even politically, and speaking humanly, the poor are the wealth and the strength of the Church. Be it our part to fit them for their new positions and their new places. Be it ours to *improve* them ere they leave our shores, that they may not carry with them the faults and the habits which in this country

bring them into so much trouble, and often cause them to be called by harsher names than they deserve. Be it ours to keep alive the band of brotherhood which unites the scattered members of the Church in one communion and fellowship, by a holier and a stronger bond than a similarity of language, and a unity of commercial relations. Above all, be it our most anxious care, that go where they may throughout the world, they may know, understand, and practice their holy religion ; and retaining unimpaired that wonderful faith, which they have inherited from their fathers, may illustrate it by gentleness, and purity, and love, and by all the virtues of a genuine Catholic people.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—1. *Punch's Pocket Book for 1857*.—"Brown, Jones, and Robinson."

2.—*Bradshaw's Railway Guide*.—"Electric Telegraph."

WE are quite as much as any one can be in favour of dealing seriously with serious matters, and only a martinet would compel us to treat every subject gravely. We liked a laugh when we were children, and we are reluctant to be cheated of a laugh now-a-days. Yet we look around us and find that the world has adopted a different view. Every improvement lessens our chance of being made cheerful, and we can sympathise with the weaver who must have thought that a shuttle went more merrily across the loom when he could hear himself laugh and sing than when he saw it shot to and fro amidst the din and buzzing of a thousand wheels. If any one looks quietly about him he will find that, one by one, the chances and hopes of fun are disappearing before the progress of mechanical changes, like the red squirrels before the spread of a Yankee colony in their native woods. We raise our voices, and no echo brings back to us the joyous sounds that we loved to hear in childhood. We were schoolboys, and if we asked a dear parent or absent playmate to write us a

letter, it came brimful of stories, and riddles, and puns. These fell off in quantity, aye, and in quality too, when Rowland Hill persuaded the sages in Parliament to introduce the penny postage. What was the consequence? Bankers and merchants could send prices current and bills of lading; attorneys could write more letters at their invariable charge of six-and-eightpence; people who had nothing to do could torment people who had more than enough on their hands with questions not worth answering; but our brothers found that their letters were not as lively as the square sheets that their big brother used to get when he was at their age. Still there was a way, if the will had remained, to make a letter bearing a Queen's head welcome and amusing to the reader, and you could underline the word that contained the point of your sentence, but Dulness stretched out his leaden fingers to inform us that he had invented the Electric Telegraph, and that it was ready to write your letters for you, provided you would pay double for all that was underlined, and provided you would contract your say into twenty words. Twenty words are soon said, and the reader discovers that brevity has ceased to be the soul of wit. Your speech darts like lightning, but no flash of genius marks its course. Philosophers reasoned about the matter, and settled that the Electric Telegraph must be extended to France, and now they hope to make it drag its length to America; but who ever received by it a lively repartee from a Parisian correspondent, and who can persuade himself that it will bring us the latest Jonathan fresh and racy from the far West? The Liverpool broker uttered a melancholy truth whilst the merits of the American line were being proclaimed at Liverpool a week or two since, when he exclaimed, "That's the way to tell the price of cotton."

Some said that the Telegraph was the necessary accompaniment of Steam Engines and Railways, and we believe them, for they are fit music for one another. When our fathers travelled, they could hear the stirring notes of the horn, as it woke up the peaceful inhabitants of the roadside cottages in the early dawn, but now the sleepers are startled, if the ceaseless rumbling of the trains has not made them as deaf as the villagers of Herodotus, who lived near the cataracts, by the sharp screech of a steam-whistle. We liked to scramble over the top of the

coach to hear the droll wit of the driver, or the odd remarks of the guard, but who loiters to chat with their modern representatives? There were no traveller's libraries in those days, volumes of stupid essays by unknown writers, or reprints of prosy dissertations, that ought to have been allowed to sleep for ever, like mummies in the pyramids, in the gloomy recesses of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*. Every one was obliged to listen and talk, and half the stories that live in our memory at this hour must have been gathered amongst the outside passengers, who suffered cold before wrappers and rugs were known, and who felt hunger before refreshment rooms had been invented. We were lucky when we could lessen our fatigue and increase our speed by a lift on a stage coach, for at times we found ourselves listening to the irregular tread of soldiers during their march from one garrison to another. There was fun and life enough at such seasons if you chanced upon an Irish officer or an Irish company; and there were occasions, too, when a kind captain could show his heart and nation: "You are tired, Mullins, get on my horse." The man obeyed, and rested his musket on the saddle; "Come," exclaimed the captain, "shoulder your musket; I intended the horse to carry yourself but not your gun into the bargain." During a march the officers had many opportunities of knowing the character and temper of the men, and shared gladly in the hearty laughter that followed a witty remark uttered in the ranks. Our officers travel at a reduced rate in first-class carriages, and their faithful companions in arms packed closely together in the second class, are restless and noisy, or cheerless and sleepy. All this while the navy has shared the common fate, and the blue jackets cannot find the same animation of spirits in their new-fangled ships. The screw that propels them is strikingly emblematical of the economy of their rulers, and with its grumbling and grating sound seems to forbid and check the frolic of other days. How could Dibdin indite a cheering lay of a funnel, and how would his muse be moved amidst the hissing and clanking of an engine under deck? Who can wonder that Charley Napier felt that sailors had lost the fun of their forefathers, and with the fun the vigour and the dauntless hearts that responded to the signals of Rodney and Nelson?

Is not the same decline of spirit manifest everywhere?

Boys graduate under Lord Shaftesbury to become shoe-blacks, and Eton will soon forbid cricket balls to those who cannot describe from Euclid their curve from the bat. The House of Lords sighs in vain for the keen sayings of Henry Brougham; and along the benches of the House of Commons no O'Connell scatters the sparks of his ready wit. The Manchester politicians would enforce all the rigour of the protective laws if any one should dare to spoil their statistical enumerations with a pun, or to tell an amusing anecdote of the times when the house was pleased to smile at the pertinacious Joseph Hume in his annual endeavours to limit Tory expenditure. Even the acute men at the Bar trade on the witticisms of a bye-gone age, and if law-reform goes on, we shall live to find Baron Alderson's jokes insipid, and his attempts to provoke a laugh will become

“Dry as a law-book, dry as the Lord Mayor,
Dry as the fountains in Trafalgar Square.”

Like one of his predecessors, he may *try* a joke and be obliged to reserve the *point*. The world will not listen to our trifling, and we shall be smartly chid if we strive to make the best of everything. And so we must not expect Sydney Smith to return, and we must allow each successive number of *Punch* to grow more dull than its predecessors, for in these matter-of-fact days we have no wish to be amused, and we think with the frogs, that what is sport to others is death to us. The English nation some months ago resolved to have a public holiday, but it was against the national temper to be amused. “Ces Anglais,” says Froissart, “mangeaient grandement, buvaient largement et s’amusaient mainte tristement à la maniere de leur pays.” When the war ended, we vainly supposed that every one would exclaim,

“O once again who would not be a boy?”

and that fireworks allowed by Parliament would sparkle about and cheer us like very children. A brushmaker in the Borough did make a slight attempt to alter the general formality of the rejoicings, and the following inscription appeared over his house—“In memory of a” (here was represented a conspicuous) “*brush* with the Russians.” But when we came to read the classified details of rockets,

and fountains, and wheels, and candles, we imagined we were reading the heavy list of dishes after a city dinner, and we felt that fun had departed, and that it was time for us to compose the history of its decline.

Under these impressions we look with a natural anxiety to the recurrence of our old annual friends of the comic order, and rejoice to say that in some at least of these, we can announce that "Fun" so far from having retrograded appears to be making satisfactory progress—as for example the "Punch's Pocket Book" for 1857; and we learn with great satisfaction that our excellent friends "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" promise to extend their travels, and that their excursions continue to amuse an increasing circle of lovers of fun.

II.—*The Office and Work of Universities.* By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D. D. Longman and Co.: London, 1856.

"The Catholic university" is beyond all doubt the greatest question of our times, all success to it, and universal support from all Catholics! Why should any cavils or irritating discussions be ventilated among us? We read in a recent Monday's Times an extract from the preceding Saturday's Catholic newspaper as a proof, according to the Times, of the admitted failure of the Catholic university! Whatever may have been the intention of the Catholic writer of the extract; however he may have kept within the limits of fair discussion; we entreat him to recollect "the chiel amang us taking notes," in a spirit of the bitterest hostility and most malignant dread of our success. Surely such a consequence of discussions, (however legitimate when we are not in an enemy's country), ought never to be lost sight of in writing for the public; and we are confident that we shall not be misunderstood in making these warning observations. We however must own that we find great consolation in inferring from the remarkable eagerness of the Times, which cannot lose one day in publishing a "failure," that that wily journal is fully alive to the consequences of the "success" of the university, and is well convinced that such "success" is inevitable. The publication which has called for this notice is a reprint of Dr. Newman's contributions to the "Catholic University Gazette," which bear all the marks of his originality and genius; and will well repay an

attentive perusal by any one (and that ought to be every Catholic) who wishes to understand and appreciate the enormous advantages which must result from the success of a Catholic university. It would in such a notice as this, be out of place to attempt any discussion of this interesting and important topic, and it is unnecessary for us to do so, as our readers are well aware how deep an interest this Review has at all times taken in the promotion of Catholic education in every form and country.

III.—*The Catholic Almanack, and Guide to the Service of the Church, for the Year of Grace, 1857.* (Cum permissu Card. Archiep.) Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby.

The publication for one penny of the mass of useful matter which will be found in this publication is, surely, one of the wonders of modern times. In addition to the usual information of an Almanack, and Catholic Calendar, we find a notice of Hampton Court and Cardinal Wolsey and a variety of Ecclesiastic Statistics of England since the establishment of the Hierarchy, and numerous useful religious and other admonitions, and other matter of considerable interest. We rejoice at the multiplication of cheap sources of useful information; and we trust that this attempt at the cheapest possible circulation of useful and necessary knowledge may be adequately encouraged. Those who may wish to possess a more elaborate edition of the work will find it in the form of an illustrated and interleaved Pocket-Book and Diary.

IV.—*An Elementary Greek Grammar, based on the latest German Edition of Kuhner.* By CHARLES O'LEARY, M. A. Professor of Greek in Mount St. Mary's College, Maryland. New York, Sadlier and Co. Dolman: London, 1856.

This work has the very great merit of simplicity and clearness. It professes to be and is essentially elementary; and is a selection from, rather than an abridgment of the two larger German works of Kuhner, the great merit of which has long been recognised. Our school literature is under great obligations to our brethren in America; as for example, in the valuable but very unimposing edition of Horace, by Anthon. The small Greek Grammar of the

American "St. Mary's," will, we hope, find its way into our own "St. Mary's" and our other colleges, in which, it is with great satisfaction we state it, there is a rapidly increasing attention to an accurate and fundamental knowledge of Greek, which can in no way be so well promoted as by the use of a plain and intelligible Grammar. We say "plain and intelligible" under the pressure of our recollection of having had to find our way to a knowledge of which we knew nothing through the medium of Latin of which we knew next to nothing. In these respects at least our generation is growing wiser.

V.—*An Exposition of the Author's Experience as one of the Assured in the Alliance British and Foreign Life and Fire Insurance Company, &c.* By ANDREW VAN LANDAU, Esq., Attorney-at-Law. London: Bartlett, 1856.

This pamphlet raises a question of great importance to the interests of the public, and is worthy of attentive perusal by all who wish to effect any assurance on Life. Our readers are well aware that in nearly every existing office for Life Assurance the profits are so arranged as to give a large portion of them in the way of bonus to the assured, and so as to increase the value of the Policy at a very rapid rate after a considerable lapse of years. In the early stage of assurance the proprietors retained the whole of the profits; and instances are within our knowledge of old assurances in which the assurer, without receiving any bonus, paid for many years a rate of premium which was greatly higher than the rate which the office had subsequently adopted as sufficient even with the addition of a share of profits; the offices acting on the principle that "a bargain is a bargain," and overlooking the obvious equity and justice of relieving parties who had entered into a bargain in ignorance of the true nature of the contract. We cannot therefore be surprised that the interests of the public may sometimes be sacrificed to those of the proprietors. In the cases to which we allude the older offices had reformed their original scheme; and, as we believe, in the majority of the well conducted offices the assured receive a well defined and large share of the profits, and their interests are further protected by a publication of full accounts. The specific method adopted by any particular office is a question for the

gravest consideration on the part of a person who is about to effect an insurance which he intends to be a provision for his family. Thus in the old Equitable the profits are given exclusively to a specified number of the oldest assurers; and in many others profits begin to be divided only after a specified number of years; and the relative values of offices in this respect will be tested by ascertaining the practical quantity of bonus on two policies effected on the same day and on the same life, and for the same amount, in any two given offices, at the end of a given number of years. Applying that test to certain offices which are mentioned in the pamphlet, and which we will call A and B, our author asserts that the following is the startling result. If £1500 had been insured on the same day in each of the two offices on the same man's life, and he had died after making thirty-one annual payments, his estate would receive from office A, bonuses to the amount of £326 19s. 10d. only; whereas his estate would receive from office B, bonuses to the amount of £1642 10s. 0d. If these results are accurately arrived at by our author, there can be no question that such a difference arising from skill or the want of it in the selection of an office, calls for the gravest investigation on the part of the public. The result of any two given systems of life assurance must be arrived at by the combination of various circumstances including among the most important their relative quantities of business and their relative modes of dividing the profits. The pamphlet before us raises the latter question by drawing attention to the principle adopted by the "Alliance." By the terms of assurance in that office, the assured's share of profits is left undefined and is made to depend on the will of the directors, who, however, profess (and under such circumstances are bound) to act in a spirit of "fairness and liberality to the assured." But according to this pamphlet, their measure of "fairness and liberality," is evinced by their having appropriated profits to the amount of £853,156, as follows:—To the Directors and Shareholders £611,703, and to the assured £266,008. Assuming these figures to contain a correct representation, (as to which we have no other means of forming any judgment,) we cannot help thinking that the question thus raised is deserving of consideration, not only as regards this particular office, but also because it proves as we think that the Legis-

lature might well be called upon to protect the interests of the public in regard to contracts for Life Assurance, on the ground that the nature of such a contract is necessarily beyond the reasonable comprehension of nineteen-twentieths of the persons who are obliged to insure their lives, and of whom ninety-nine out of one hundred never think of making any inquiry into the particular scheme of the office in which they insure. It is no part of our duty or wish to enter into the particular grievances which this Pamphlet professes to expose, but we think a notice of it is well warranted for the purpose of drawing the attention of our readers to a more careful consideration of a subject which applies to a very numerous class, and involves pecuniary consequences of the greatest importance to the well-being of families.

VI.—*The Golden Prayer Book; a Complete Manual of Devotion for Christians who, Living in the World, Aspire to Perfection.* London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

This Manual combines the important elements of *completeness* and *cheapness*; and supplies some deficiencies of “the Garden of the Soul.” Most of the other excellent Manuals which have been published from time to time, are too expensive to meet the popular want. In the *Golden Prayer Book*, our Clergy and the managers of our schools (to whom a considerable reduction is made) may supply their poor, and their children, with an excellent Catholic Manual at a very cheap rate. The matter is well and judiciously selected, by a zealous and energetic priest of the Diocese of Westminster, and the work bears the *Imprimatur* of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop.

VII.—*The History and Antiquities of St. David's.* By W. B. JONES, M.A., and E. H. FREEMAN, M.A. London: Parker and Co. 1856.

To the numerous class who take a deep interest in the development and progress of Ecclesiastical Architecture, we cannot too strongly recommend this very beautiful publication; its artistic excellences being beyond all praise. The architectural history of this very remarkable Cathedral occupies nearly half the work, and is rich in designs and descriptions of the greatest interest to the Architect

and the Antiquary. Readers who may expect to find some new light thrown upon the early religious history of the Cathedral will probably be considerably disappointed in turning over the twenty pages which are devoted to St. David and his history. Nor do his successors, including Giraldus, appear to us to fare much better than the founder. There is, however, a considerable collection of historical and statistical notices, which probably contain all that zeal and industry can supply for illustrating a subject which appears to us to be singularly wanting in religious interest.

VIII.—*Shadows of the Rood ; or Types of our Suffering Redeemer, Jesus Christ, occurring in the Book of Genesis*: being the substance of a series of Moral Discourses, delivered in the Church of the Assumption, London, during the Lent of 1856. By the Rev. John Bonus, B. D., Graduate of the University of Louvain, and Missionary Apostolic. London, Dublin, and Derby : Richardson and Son.

Mr. Bonus's, interesting volume—we believe his first publication—comes to us with the *Imprimatur* of Cardinal Wiseman, and we have little to do, therefore, but to bear testimony to its literary merit and edifying tendency. The precise ground upon which he has entered, (as he remarks in his preface,) has been as yet untrodden, even by our most eminent preachers ; though it is one which cannot fail to be most interesting to the pious reader. He has taken the portions of Scripture which are read in the Divine Office during the penitential season from Septuagesima to Easter ; and with the help of the patristic and mediæval writers, has given to the Catholic public the *Christian* sense of the Old Testament, showing how clearly the Cross and Passion of our Blessed Redeemer were foreshadowed under the Old Law, and discoursing separately on the various types of Our Suffering Lord. Thus, Adam is contrasted with “Jesus, the Expiation ;” Abel is the type of “the Priest of Calvary ;” Noah of “the Saviour ;” Abraham of “the Example of obedience ;” Isaac of “the Victim ;” Melchisedech of “the Priest of the Mass ;” Jacob of “Jesus the Supplanter ;” and Joseph of our Saviour as “rejected by the Jews, and accepted by the nations.” “It is the character of prophecy,” says the devout author, “to exhibit future personages, scenes,

and events, wrapped ever in that pale and misty atmosphere which belongs to allegory; as the early twilight exhibits objects indistinctly, and invested with a certain haziness, which is only then dispelled so as to discover their full outlines and proportions, when the light of the morning breaks forth.....S. Paulinus, (he says) in one of his epistles, has perhaps expressed my thought in one word: 'The Prophecies *veil* Him, Whom the Gospel *reveals*.' " The Rev. author has performed his task in a very satisfactory manner, and we have great pleasure in recommending these discourses to the Catholic public. He apologises for his frequent quotations from the Latin Vulgate, (which, however, are always translated,) by reference to illustrious examples; and those of our readers who are familiar with the popular works of St. Alphonsus and others, will not find this practice an inconvenience, even though they may not be acquainted with the Latin language.

IX.—*Fundamental Philosophy*. By the Rev. James Balmes. Translated from the Spanish by Henry Brownson, M.A. 2 Vols. New York: Sadlier and Co.; London: Dolman, 1856.

Our readers will recollect that on two occasions this *Review* has drawn attention to the admirable work of the celebrated Balmes, on European Civilization; and in those notices our appreciation of his genius and of his services to the great cause has been very fully recorded. As we are going to press we are favoured with a copy of Mr. Brownson's translation of a still more important work of this illustrious author; and as only a most careful and patient study of so long a work on so important a question could warrant a notice of it on our own responsibility, we must at present confine ourselves to a short extract from the preface which bears the signature of our most respectable Collaborateur Dr. Brownson—"His work on the bases of Philosophy is his master-piece, and taken as a whole, the greatest work that has been published on that important subject in the nineteenth century."....."He has advanced far, corrected innumerable errors, poured a flood of light on a great variety of profound, intricate, and important problems, without introducing a new, or adding anything to confirm an old error." Our reliance on the judgment of Dr. Brownson warrants us in giving every publicity

to these opinions, and we have no doubt he may be fully relied on when he adds, "This is high praise; but the philosophic reader will concede that it is well founded." We hope however, to have an early opportunity of expressing our own sentiments on this most important subject; as there is no greater desideratum in our literature than a well reasoned refutation of the numerous fundamental errors of Locke, Paley, Hume, Condillac, Fichte, Schelling, Spinoza and others; and we do not exaggerate when we express our firm belief that in this country it is essential to reconstruct the whole system of Christian philosophy from its very first foundations; and whoever will substantially assist in this great work will be entitled to our utmost praise and gratitude.

X.—1. *Catechism of the Diocese of Paris.* Translated from the French by M. J. Piercy. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

2. *Abridgment of the Catechism of Perseverance.* Translated from the French by L. Ward. London: C. Dolman; and Richardson and Son.

These two simple works offer to the instructors of youth ample materials for teaching the history of religion, its moral teaching, its dogmas, and its mysteries. In the religious teaching, and in the schools in France, the Catechism of Paris is read in conjunction with the Catechism of Perseverance, and the results, as we know, are admirable; and in some of our own schools this system has been adopted with remarkable success.

In No. 5 of the Catholic School, 1 Sess. 1856, Mr. Scott Nasmyth Stokes, as one of her Majesty's Catholic Inspectors of Schools, bears the following testimony to the value of one of these catechisms: "Many young teachers of exemplary conduct, and fair attainments, are most imperfectly acquainted with sacred history and the records of the Church. And perhaps I may still further suggest, in the way of remedy, that a portion of every pupil-teacher's time might be devoted, with great propriety, to the mastering of such works as the Catechism of Perseverance." None can doubt the propriety of extending this knowledge to the pupils themselves.

The Bishop of Northampton in his approbation of the Catechism of the Diocese of Paris, declares it to be "suit-

able from its *peculiar plan*, as well for the elementary instruction of young persons, as for the edification and benefit of those of riper years." Great pains have been taken with both the works, and foot notes referring to authorities have been added to the last editions of both the Catechisms, and this edition of the Catechism of Perseverance has been carefully collated with the large original work and with hagiographic and other authorities of undoubted accuracy. To these advantages we may add, that the modern names of places mentioned in the conversion of nations, are accurately given; and many chronological and other errors have been corrected. We can recommend these two sister works as safe and useful books of instruction and reference for all who wish to make themselves or others thoroughly acquainted with the principles of Catholicity.

XI.—*Horne's Introduction to the Holy Scriptures.* 4 vols., Tenth Edition. London: Longman and Co., 1856.

The fourth volume of this tenth edition of our old acquaintance, contains "An Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament," which purports as to "the critical part" to be "*re-written*," and as to "the remainder" to be "revised and edited by Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, L.L. D." So that in one very important element the work must be considered as new and original. This subject requires careful consideration, and a sufficient space for its discussion. These we cannot at present afford; but we propose to do so at an early period. In other respects the work does not call for any further notice or criticism.

XII.—*The Nature of Christ's Presence in the Eucharist; or the true Doctrine of the Real Presence vindicated in opposition to the fictitious Real Presence asserted by Archdeacon Denison, Mr. (late Archdeacon) Wilberforce, Dr. Pusey, with full proof of the real character of the attempt made by those authors to represent their Doctrine as that of the Church of England and her Divines.* By W. GOODE, M.A., &c. London: Hatchard, 1856.

The title page and preface of this work abundantly show that its object is to influence the pending cause of Mr. Denison, and to indoctrinate the lay minds of the Mem-

bers of her Majesty's Privy Council with the Low Church views of this question. In this view of the publication, and considering it as part only of the evidence in a pending suit, we think it would be premature for us to enter upon any discussion of the merits of the undertaking; especially as our Catholic conclusion on the whole matter is necessarily foregone, and is perfectly well known to Mr. Goode to be so. We however cannot but observe, in the interests of civilization and of charity that Mr. Goode has not in this work abandoned the unsparing use of hard words, which has characterized his former publications. He well knows that they break no bones and strengthen no arguments; and we should be glad if he could estimate the extent of the regret which this inconvenient practice has occasioned to many who, differing *toto cœlo* from Mr. Goode in all his opinions, cannot but respect his zeal and industry, and estimate his private worth. If as we anticipate the Lay Tribunal of ultimate appeal for the establishment shall decide that her real doctrines are simply Zwinglian, and that her members, if sincere, must renounce her communion, or must abandon all semblance of belief in any real presence of our blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist, we shall probably find it our duty to review the several decisions on this important question as they bear upon the awful position of those members of the Establishment who have heretofore clung to her communion under an impression (we should rather call it hallucination) that she did in fact hold some kind of Dogmatic Belief in some kind of real presence; an impression which this ultimate Lay Tribunal of appeal—should it take its instructions from Mr. Goode—will effectually remove.

While we are employed upon this notice we read with shame and indignation those portions of the judgment of Sir John Dodson in the case of Mr. Liddell, which in the plainest terms bring against the Catholic Church the direct charge of idolatry of the material Cross. We were aware of the extent of ignorance of our doctrines which is frequently exhibited in quarters which ought to be well informed as to our belief as a question of fact; but nevertheless we were not prepared to believe until we read it in print that the learned judge, as he is reported, should have believed that such a charge could be true, and still less that he should have found his proof in the language of our offices, and in particular in the "*Dulce Lignum*,"

which he is reported to have quoted. We do not know how far this imputation will be found to constitute the substantial foundation for his decision. If this shall prove to be the case we shall pause before we can bring ourselves to believe that the high judicial intellects and integrity which will have to decide this question in the Privy Council can be prevailed upon to give any weight to a charge which we had fondly hoped had long since been exploded and abandoned by all but bigots of the lowest intelligence and information. We must not, however, be very sanguine, as we know by experience that we must prepare ourselves for finding that no imputation is too absurd to be believed of the Catholic religion by a large portion of our fellow-countrymen.

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